

Current Literature

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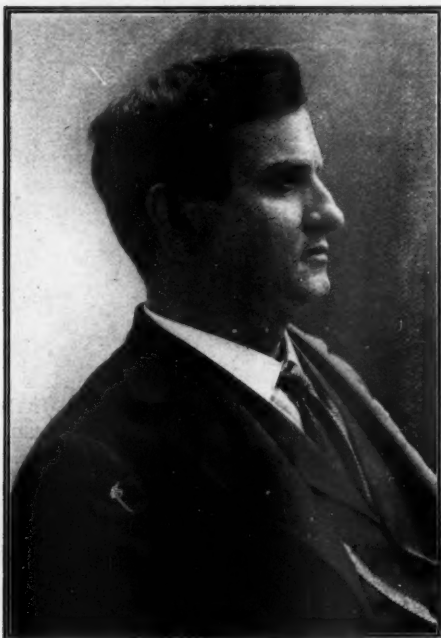
A Review of the World

IF CRITICISM of the President was the order of the day in Washington one month ago, criticism of the Senate is the order of the day now, not in Washington but in the country at large. This may be looked upon, in part, as the response of the country to the attacks upon the President, which have been interpreted by Democratic and Republican journals alike as the result of a coalition between affronted newspaper correspondents, Congressmen disappointed in matters of patronage and opponents of the measures which the President is especially desirous to see enacted. In the lower house of Congress this antagonism has produced small results. The Philippine tariff bill, the statehood bill, and the rate-regulation bill have all been passed by large majorities (the last named having but seven votes in opposition), and all in about the shape the President was supposed to desire. Everything of special importance, therefore, is now "up to" the Senate, and upon that small body of ninety men the whole attention of the country is at this time concentrated.

WHAT the New York *Sun* calls an "epidemic of Congress-baiting" has broken out in consequence, nearly all of it directed at the upper house. So perturbed are the Senators represented to be, more especially because of the magazine articles appearing or promised, that the suggestion has been considered by them of selecting one of their ablest spokesmen to deliver a carefully prepared response. "The Treason of the Senate" is the title of one series of these magazine articles. It is to run well through the year in Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, and is written by the novelist David Graham Phillips. The editorial announcement of the series is sufficiently lurid. For instance: "A searching and unsparing

spot-light, directed by the masterly hand of Mr. Phillips, will be turned upon each of the iniquitous figures that walk the Senate stage at the national Capitol." The first of the series appears in the March number. Nearly all of it is devoted to the career of Senator Depew, whose joviality and popularity are said by the writer to have cost the American people at least one billion dollars. Another "artist in exposure" is in Washington—Mr. Lincoln Steffens—who begins by finding the lower house "frightened," "factional" and "cowardly." Pitching into public men, *The Sun* remarks, "is now a regular and lucrative branch of magazine literature."

ANOTHER magazine article, severe but not sensational, appears in *The Atlantic Monthly* from the pen of Dr. William Everett. It is directed entirely at the Senate, about which, the writer thinks, most Americans entertain an uneasy feeling—a feeling that all is not well with that branch of our Government. Dr. Everett's article is not likely to allay this uneasiness. "Less by usurpation than by growth," he finds, "it [the Senate] has come to hold the President and the House of Representatives by the throat, and almost dictate to them whatever appointments and measures it sees fit." The development of this power he traces historically to the nameless fear of a monarchy that prevailed in the convention of 1787. The Senate was entrusted with a share in all three departments of Government—executive, legislative and judicial. It has had its ups and downs, but after every period of disfavor it has reasserted itself and gained ground every time. It assumes now to reject nominations on account of personal pique, or to hold them up indefinitely. The power to amend revenue bills has been stretched, especially in the case of tariff bills, to an indefi-



HAS FOUND HIS PITCHFORK AGAIN

Senator Tillman has lately renewed all the violence of invective of his earlier days. He thinks the President is guilty of "usurpation" in the Santo Domingo matter.

nite extent, even that of substituting a wholly different bill with a different preamble. If the Senate has not actually usurped any ungranted powers, Dr. Everett repeats, it "has so inflated those it has as almost to burst their constitutional limits, and it has done so with an assurance, an arrogance, an air of 'what are you going to do about it?' that has had no precedent in Parliamentary history for centuries." It has succeeded in thus inflating its powers by reason of four facts: (1) the long term of office (six years); (2) the continuous character of the senatorial body; (3) its comparatively small size; and (4) the social character that has developed and made of the Senate "a luxurious club." Dr. Everett writes:

"If the long tenure, the small numbers, the continuity and the sociality of the Senate increase its complacency and tempt it to defy the other departments of government, still more do they lead to its being extolled and courted in outside opinion. When an entire body consists of ninety and can always be controlled by less than fifty men, yet has its hand on the throttle valve of the machine of government, what wonder that its members are approached by every species of persuasion, personal, political, and social, and absolutely made to feel, if they did not feel so themselves, that they are the nation's rulers."

But Dr. Everett has no faith in any proposed amendment to the Constitution for the purpose of securing election of the Senators by direct vote of the people. His advice is: Let the President and the House of Representatives stand on their rights. "Let the President break away once for all from the stupidity, and as I believe the illegality, of the congressional spoils system, and absolutely refuse to listen to Senators' recommendations for office; let the House of Representatives risk the loss of revenue rather than let the Senate dictate its bills."

DEFENDERS of the Senate at this juncture are not lacking. Most conspicuous among the newspapers that take up the cudgels in its behalf are the *New York Sun* and the *Boston Herald*. The former decries what it considers intemperate criticism of both branches of Congress. Patriotism and fidelity to American institutions demand that we respect our national legislature. "Without confidence in lawmakers there can be no respect for law. Those who seek to undermine that confidence and to destroy respect are playing with matches in dangerous proximity to a powder magazine." The same paper maintains that a study of *The Congressional Record* shows intimate knowledge on the part of Congressmen, high intelligence and a laudable grasp of principles and details. The *Boston Herald* thinks the country is to be congratulated that the Senate acts as a check upon the half-baked and demagogic bills passed by the lower house at the dictates of its speaker, and upon the "hurry" recommendations "of an impetuous and impatient President who too often applies to grave matters of diplomacy or statesmanship the 'hair trigger' practice that he uses in hunting 'big game.'" Another influential and independent journal, the *New York Journal of Commerce*, is "on the fence." It maintains that so far as present policies are concerned, the Senate "is fighting the popular battle against the executive." In the President's foreign policy it sees a uniform element of danger, namely, the tendency toward centralization. At the same time it is convinced that the Senate's growth of power and decline in character present another serious menace, and of the two perils, senatorial aggrandizement and the centralization of power, it knows not which is more to be feared. It also, with Dr. Everett, calls upon the lower house to reassert its rights and re-establish itself in public confidence by greater care and deliberation in

its enactment of legislation. Ever since the "Reed rules" were enacted, another writer, Henry Loomis Nelson, tells us, the lower house has declined in importance. It has come more and more under the autocratic control of the speaker, and all that is necessary now for the President to control its action is a compact with one man. This call upon the lower house to defend its rights more vigorously and to resist the aggressions both of the Senate and the President is heard more and more frequently of late.

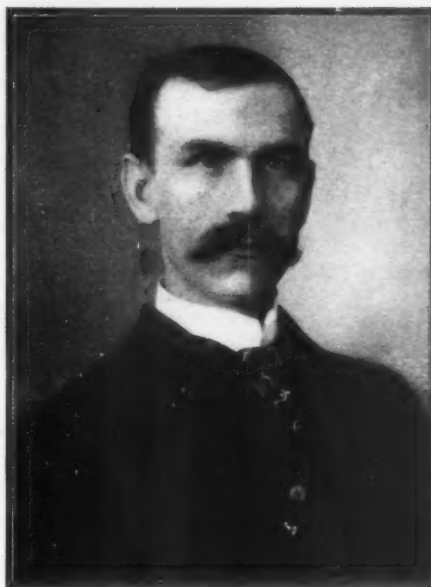
WHEN we get away from the Eastern States, the expressions of opinion concerning the Senate grow more positive and bitter, not because of what the Senate has or has not done this session, but because of what it is expected to do. Here is an extract from one of the leading Democratic dailies of Ohio, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, taken from a long editorial on "The President and the Politicians":

"There is no secret as to the real character of the contest at Washington. Behind the politicians in congress are crouched the great railroad interests, the trusts that have fattened on special privileges, the giant corporations that have dictated laws in their interest and disregarded laws conflicting with the success of their schemes. These corporations have their agents and servants in the house. They are strongly entrenched in the Senate. They are determined there shall be no 'square deal.'"

"The plan of campaign in the Senate is already developing. It is to be one of delays and pettifoggging attacks on the President that, it is hoped, will divert attention from the main issues. The management of Panama canal affairs, the Santo Domingo complications, the Philippines, the statehood controversy, everything that can be made use of for delay and everything that can by perverse ingenuity be twisted to the discredit of the President, or to impeachment of his judgment, will be taken advantage of by his pretended friends but secret enemies in his own party. It is hardly possible that these tactics will prevail to shake the faith of the people in President Roosevelt, even if they are successful in staving off for a while legislation the public have demanded and the President urged."

In many other Democratic papers, as well as Republican, the same bitter tone is maintained. Here is a similar representative utterance from the South, from the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal* (Dem.):

"The Senate has become an appendix to the trusts and the protected interests. It represents the people no longer. There are some men in it, of course, who do look out for the popular will, but the Senate as a whole, and under Republican auspices, is a mere instrument of Republican corruption."



THE APOSTOLIC SENATOR

Reed Smoot, the Mormon, is still fighting for a right to represent Utah in the Senate. It is charged that his vows as an Apostle are at variance with his professed fealty to the flag.

The antagonism to the President is resented by the *Indianapolis News* (Rep.) with equal fervor. The fight against him is in reality, so *The News* thinks, a fight against the people, and it says:

"We should remember that the professional politicians have always been hostile to Theodore Roosevelt, and that the whole monopolistic influence is bitterly antagonistic to him to-day. And now that the President has on his hands the biggest fight he ever had, these old enemies feel that they can pool issues, defeat the legislation asked for by both the President and the people, and show at the same time that the President is not after all a formidable figure. We believe that that is the game now on foot. He is as unpopular with the Aldriches and Platts and Depews as he always was, and he is quite as popular with the masses as he was a year ago."

OUR foreign policy and the modifications which it is thought to be undergoing at the present time furnish a topic which has elicited several notable addresses in the Senate and a vigorous discussion by the press in all sections of the country. The discussion has assumed various phases. The arrangement made by the President for the collection of customs duties in Santo Domingo is one and perhaps the most acute phase. The sending of delegates to the Morocco Conference is



MAY SUPPLANT GORMAN AS DEMOCRATIC LEADER

It was while Senator Gorman was away that the caucus of Democratic Senators was held, under the leadership of Senator Bailey of Texas. He is but 42.

another. These two events and some recent interpretations of the Monroe doctrine as made by President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft have brought that historic policy again to the front. The powers of the President in foreign matters and the constitutional powers of the Senate have been involved in the discussion. And, finally, the decision of the Democratic Senators to take caucus action against the Santo Domingo treaty, and the revolt from the caucus of Senator Patterson, of Colorado, have created something like a political sensation.

THE Santo Domingo treaty was negotiated by the President and placed before the Senate last year. That body adjourned without action and the treaty, therefore, remained pending. Shortly after the adjournment of the Senate, the President received a cablegram which may become historic. In the usual economical verbiage of cablegrams, it informed the President that the Santo Domingo Government, under the pressure of foreign creditors and of domestic peril, offered to place in charge of the custom-houses in its Southern ports

and in four Northern ports a citizen of the United States, under whose administration of the customs 45 per cent. of the money was to go to the Dominican Government and 55 per cent. to be deposited in New York for distribution among the nation's creditors after ratification of the pending treaty. The creditors were all or practically all willing to accept such an arrangement. It was made. President Roosevelt "nominated" for receiver of the duties Colonel George R. Colton, a retired officer of the United States army. He was appointed by President Morales, and he entered upon his duties. The arrangement is one somewhat similar to that provided for in the pending treaty, but there are differences. Senator Spooner thinks the differences are important. Senator Tillman thinks they are unimportant and charges the President with usurpation of power in making such an arrangement when the treaty was still pending.

UNDER the treaty when it shall have been ratified, the United States will take charge of Dominican custom-houses, and collect and have charge of all receipts. It is also to appoint a commission for the purpose of adjusting the debts of the republic, amounting nominally to about thirty-three million dollars. Under the present arrangement no such direct responsibility is incurred by our Government. Colonel Colton, though *nominated* by President Roosevelt, was appointed by Morales, his salary is paid by the Dominican Government, he collects revenues and deposits or pays them out under a decree of the same government, acting "solely under the authority of that government." Such was Colonel Colton's own testimony before the Senate committee, and its accuracy has not been challenged. In eight months, ending November 30 last, Colonel Col-

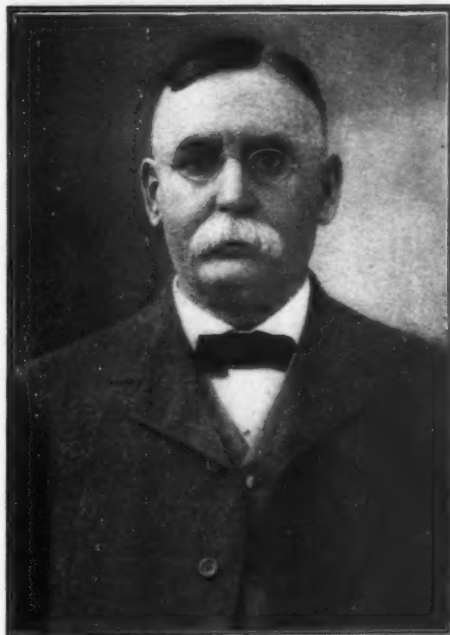


TOO MUCH ROOSEVELT

—Donophy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ton had collected \$1,445,000, turning over 45 per cent. (less costs of administration), or \$550,000, to the Dominican Government, a sum in excess of the entire amount hitherto collected by Dominican officials. The remainder of the sum collected has been deposited in the National City Bank of New York, awaiting the ratification of the treaty and the adjustment of the Dominican debts before being distributed to the creditors. This seems to be all there is in the situation at present, despite the language of the President in a speech at Chautauqua last August in which he seemed to imply that the United States itself is responsible for Colonel Colton's acts. "Under this arrangement," he said, "we see to the honest administration of the custom-houses"; "we are protecting the custom-houses"; and "the Government is actually getting more from the 45 per cent. that we turn over to it than it got formerly when it took the entire revenue." Senator Spooner, after a long and brilliant defense of the President's course, was interrogated by Senator Culberson concerning this speech. He did not attempt any explanation. He had defended the President's official acts; perhaps he thought that explanation of the President's unofficial utterances was not a part of his duties.

WHETHER or not the President has exceeded the constitutional limits of his power in the arrangement with Santo Domingo is a somewhat technical question that pales into comparative unimportance before the question raised by the treaty itself. The pres-

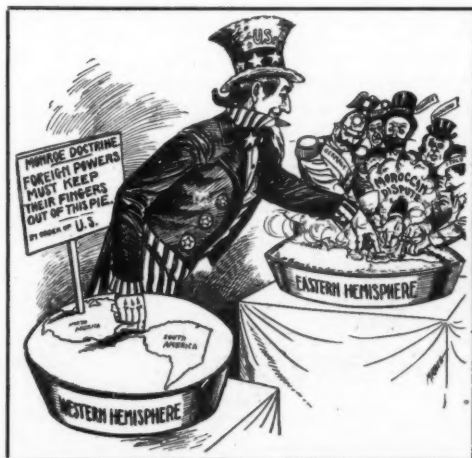


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HE BOLTED THE CAUCUS

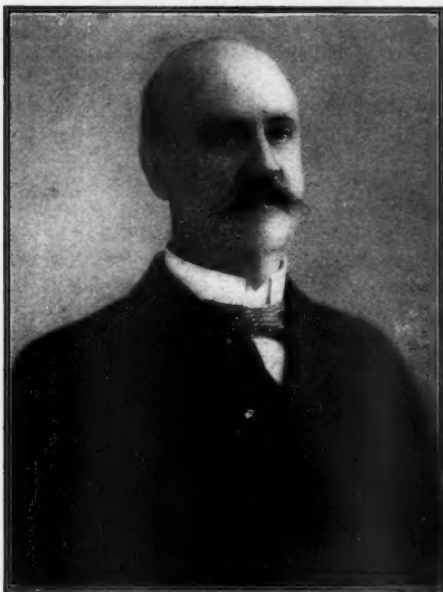
Senator Patterson, of Colorado, claims that the caucus of Democratic Senators on the Santo Domingo treaty was a violation of the Federal Constitution. He has introduced a resolution saying so.

ent arrangement is a temporary device legally binding the United States as a nation to nothing. The treaty, if ratified, will be permanent and will bring the nation into new international relations that may constitute a very important precedent. Already it is reported that the Italian Government has made inquiry as to the likelihood of our entering into a similar arrangement with Haiti. There are many other countries in Central America and South America which are in a chronic condition of financial trouble similar to that of Santo Domingo. If this treaty is to be ratified, where will this course lead us? Are we to assume a protectorate over the rest of these shaky republics whenever a European nation threatens to collect debts at the cannon's mouth? Is the Monroe doctrine to receive a new and startling extension, such as may constitute us a sort of receiver for any bankrupt country in this hemisphere? Such questions as these are asked by the enemies of the treaty. The answer made is that this treaty, if ratified, commits us to nothing further. It will constitute a special arrangement made under exceptional circumstances, with a nation but ninety



A RULE THAT WORKS ONLY ONE WAY

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.



DIDN'T WANT US TO GO TO ALGECIRAS

"To save the country from a violation of the policy laid down in Washington's farewell address," Senator Bacon, of Georgia, protested against our participation in the Morocco conference.

miles distant from our possessions in Porto Rico. And, moreover, it will be an arrangement effected as the result of an appeal from Santo Domingo itself.

A VERY eloquent speech on this subject of our foreign relations, particularly the Santo Domingo affair, was made several weeks ago by the new Senator from Maryland, Senator Rayner. In the course of this, his maiden

speech, the Senator paid high tribute, both to President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft; but he rejected emphatically what he called the "Roosevelt corollary" to the Monroe doctrine, and included in his rejection the policy of President Cleveland in the Venezuela controversy. He stood for the Monroe doctrine as it was originally promulgated, but not as it has been expanded of late years. He undertook to establish these two propositions:

"First—That the President is in error when he states that 'we are within our rights and other governments are within their rights when they actively intervene in support of the contractual claims of their citizens.'"

"Second—That he is equally in error if we are to be governed by precedent when he states that 'upon the seizure of a custom house to enforce claims recognized by international law in south or Central America we become a party in interest under the Monroe doctrine and must prevent this action upon the part of foreign governments.'"

Intervention in the case of Santo Domingo, he held, is not to preserve political liberty (the purpose of the Monroe doctrine), but to collect the debts of usurious bondholders. One of these bonded debts he explains in some detail. It amounts to £750,700, on which Santo Domingo is bound to pay, for interest and sinking fund, the sum of £58,900 annually. And all the actual money Santo Domingo ever received for this was £38,000, or £20,000 less even than the annual payment required. Said Senator Rayner:

"We must realize that this new Monroe doctrine is strictly a financial doctrine. The tragic figures of Bolivar and Miranda and a hundred other heroes, who swept up and down the Spanish main, have disappeared from view, and the Santo



THE SKY-LINE OF SANTO DOMINGO'S CAPITAL

Effective naval action off this port is not easy. The mouth of the Ozama River debouches here and is accessible beyond this point only to small vessels. The roadstead is dangerous to battleships, which must be cautiously piloted.



A LEADING THOROUGHFARE IN SANTO DOMINGO

More than one regiment of foreign troops has policed this street in the course of recent crises. A German force held the town on one occasion and camped here in the open.

Domingo Improvement Company and the West-erndorps, of Amsterdam, and Messrs. Bichoff-schein and Goldschmidt now appear upon the scene. *Arma virumque cano* is an epic dream. The theme is money, the legend is cash and the foreign hordes who are advancing into the State Department are a syndicate of relentless mercenaries and money-lenders, who traffic in calamity, look upon national misfortune as so much merchandise and who for a venal profit would call a vendue and auction to the highest bidder the liberties of mankind."

SENATOR SPOONER'S speech in the Senate, January 23, was not delivered as a reply to Senator Rayner's. The Wisconsin Senator's purpose was not to discuss the treaty with Santo Domingo, but to defend the President's temporary arrangement while the treaty is pending. And he expressly disclaimed any intention to become involved in an attempt to sustain any amendment or alleged corollary to the Monroe doctrine. But he insisted, as Senator Lodge had also insisted, that Santo Domingo presents an exceptional case, agreeing with other Senators that the United States has no general call to become the receiver of bankrupt nations to the south of us. For a hundred years Santo Domingo has had "an irredeemably bad history from almost every standpoint." The people have been "the prey of foreign usurers and of domestic black-mailers and revolutionists." Senator Spooner took no exceptions to Senator Rayner's de-

scriptions of the usurious character of the nation's debts. He concluded his speech as follows, speaking of the pending treaty:

"It is believed that their honest debt, instead of being \$33,000,000, is less than \$10,000,000. Every year has been a year of horror, and it is now



WANTS TO ANNEX SANTO DOMINGO

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, has a bill reviving General Grant's pet project.

within sight of our flag. That is one thing which distinguishes the case from all the rest. It is 90 miles from Porto Rico.

"Nor, Mr. President, is that all. There is another element in it which appeals to every man, I think, who stops to consider it, which will distinguish it probably from all to the southward. Santo Domingo asks the United States to do this thing. What? To help her to face the sunrise. To help her work her way out of the darkness. She wants to pay her debts. She can never rehabilitate herself until some one stronger than she investigates these claims, and, having influence with the creditor nations, scales them down to what is honest and right. All they want is to be protected from revolution by an honest collection of revenues until their debt is paid, and they believe that during that period of time the contrast between prosperity and anarchy, between law and peace and bloodshed and violence will teach that people to prefer the improved condition. To whom else could she apply? We gave her warrant to apply to us. How? When? Where? When we went to war to free Cuba, and, after we had freed her, taught her people by an object lesson in their midst the true theory of government, organized a government and left her, under the resolution of which my friend the Senator from Colorado [Mr. TELLER] has a right always to be proud, to her people. What other nation has done that? And to us, her neighbor, known all over the world as not only a powerful and rich, but just and generous and liberty loving nation—little Santo Domingo appeals to give her a chance—that is all—for life and peace; not to compel her to pay usurious interest to rascals, not to force her to pay what she does not owe, but to give her a chance. Is there any other case like it? She is a derelict little nation out in the near by sea. Ar, nation has the right to clear the sea of a derelict. It is a danger. Is it not on the whole safer and better to extend to her our aid than to turn away from her appeal, with the complications certain to follow?"

THE Santo Domingo question has now become a partizan one. The fact is generally deplored, for it is commonly admitted that in dealing with foreign nations we should present a nonpartizan front—a line of conduct, by the way, which all nations profess to desire but seldom achieve. For the partizan developments in this case Democrats blame Republicans and Republicans blame Democrats. The overt act which advertised the partizanship phase of the question was the action of the Democratic Senators in holding a caucus and acting upon two resolutions, one opposing the Santo Domingo treaty, the other declaring it the duty of every Democratic Senator to vote against ratification of the treaty if the resolution opposing it were adopted by a two-thirds vote of the caucus. Both resolutions were adopted and Senator Bailey then gave notice that any Senator not abiding by the action of the caucus should be

excluded from all future participation in caucus meetings. The next morning an editorial appeared in the New York *Sun* to which is credited, rightly or wrongly, an important influence on subsequent events. The editorial, entitled "Caucusing Against the Constitution," began as follows:

"It seems to us that no deeper disgrace ever yawned before a minority than that to which the Democrats of the Senate are invited by the promoters of the caucus plan of disposing of the Santo Domingo treaty. What are these Democratic Senators thinking of? Are they blind to the significance of the proposed application of caucus rule to their part in the making of treaties?"

The editorial proceeded to set forth the individual responsibility of Senators, under the Constitution, in the matter of treaties. It held that never before in all the history of the Government had the caucus method been applied to treaty-making. It means that in a full Senate of ninety members, twenty-one Senators can by caucus method defeat a treaty. It added:

"It has been the glory of all great parties since our Government was instituted that in matters of foreign policy, and particularly in the performance of the Senate's high function as a part of the treaty-making power, the party whip has been absent, or at least invisible. The present proposal to produce the whip and to apply it publicly for the suppression of the advice and consent of the Senators subjected to party dictation, merits, in our opinion, the serious attention of patriotic Americans.

"Considerably more important, we should say, than the failure or success of this particular treaty are the questions whether the power of the United States Government to do business with foreign nations by means of treaties shall continue to be exercised according to the mathematical formula which the Constitution prescribes, and whether the decision of the fate of treaties shall be transferred from executive session to party caucus."

SENATOR PATTERSON, of Colorado, a Democrat, evidently took the same view. He had left the caucus before a vote on the resolutions was taken. He now proceeded to introduce in the Senate a resolution to the effect that caucus action on a treaty is "in plain violation of the spirit and intent of the Constitution of the United States," speaking to his resolution on much the same line as that presented in *The Sun* editorial, and paying tribute to the President as one who "in his great struggle against railroads and trusts is doing a greater work than any President since Andrew Jackson." Senator Bailey took him sharply to task and defended caucus action

on the ground that the President, by partizan considerations and the use of patronage, had whipped the Republican Senators all into line in support of the treaty, and the Democrats were justified in meeting such tactics with caucus rule. This is the line of defense followed by the Democratic press. The *Detroit News* (Ind.) calls attention to the fact that the caucus is a "purely voluntary meeting" of no official character, and if the argument against it were carried to its logical extreme "a Senator would be debarred from consulting with any of his colleagues, or even with the President himself, lest the result of the consultation should influence him to substitute the judgment of the other for his own." It refers to the "steering committee" of the Republican Senators as "a less formal substitute for the caucus." The *Atlanta Constitution* thinks that "from a party standpoint" the effort of the Democratic Senators to get together and present something like harmony of action after several years of division is to be commended. This aspect also strikes the *Philadelphia Bulletin* (Rep.) forcibly, which thinks the fact that the Democrats are again getting "into shape as a fighting opposition" is the most important phase of the question. The *Philadelphia Ledger* (Ind.) thinks, on the other hand, that "a strict and servile obedience to a party caucus lash" cannot be justified either in case of a treaty or in case of any ordinary legislative measure, on which also a member of either house is bound to act according to his own convictions. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Rep.) is opposed to the Santo Domingo treaty, but it holds that Senator Patterson is "unquestionably correct" in his opposition to caucus rule. It argues as follows:

"It is establishing a boss in the form of a party majority. This power when exerted is generally a minority of the whole legislative body, because if there is a majority of the body in favor of a given action the attempt to drag dissenters into line by party authority is unnecessary. So that caucus authority, besides destroying individual freedom of action, is, if successful, a means of securing what is really desired and approved by no more than a minority of the members."

NEARLY all the opposition to the Santo Domingo treaty in the press is due to a belief that it is likely to implicate us in similar relations with numerous other countries. "We know of no single argument advanced for our intervention in Santo Domingo," says the *New York Evening Post*, "which does not apply, or could not be made to apply, to all other re-

publics in arrears and in difficulty between us and Cape Horn. And the greater part of their debts, like those of Santo Domingo, is practically of the nature of gambling debts. Speculators have simply taken chances, as in a lottery, and now we are to guarantee the lottery." In another editorial on "Uncle Sam as Pan-American Receiver," it sets forth the size of the job it thinks we would be shouldering by ratifying the treaty. It says:

"Santo Domingo first placed a loan with foreigners in 1869. On it she has been in default for more than twenty years. Colombia has had a foreign debt for some 83 years, during about 47 of which no interest was paid. The corresponding figures for Guatemala, Honduras, and Venezuela are, respectively, 78 and 48, 78 and 72, 83 and 41. Costa Rica and Nicaragua have been in default for more than half the time. Salvador has repudiated a part of her foreign debt. Thus it appears that, if Uncle Sam is going to set himself up in the business of liquidating all outstanding Pan-American debts, he will not lack for occupation!"

LOVE kept such a fiery vigil in the bosom of Alfonso XIII last month and the tender passion has taken such possession of the whole soul of Princess Ena of Battenberg that the *Madrid Época* is led to conjecture that this radiant pair will wed prior to the date in May now tentatively fixed. But the many entanglements, social and political, that must ensue if this marriage be made suggest themselves to a correspondent of the *London Times*. As Queen of Spain, Ena will be "most Catholic," although she was reared as a Protestant. When she comes on a visit to England it will be in Westminster Cathedral that she will worship while the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics will receive her and she will take her confessor to Buckingham Palace. The nonconformist conscience is described as in a state of revolt, and high churchmen can not enjoy the perfume of the full-blown rose of Princess Ena's passion for a king who has made her a Roman Catholic. Even the clerical *Volkszeitung* of Cologne is in a state of disedification. A political conversion to the faith, says this Roman Catholic organ, can please nobody. So the aching adieu of Alfonso to Ena at Biarritz three weeks ago really initiated a struggle of their linked destinies against a too ecclesiastical world. She handed him two exquisite roses which she took from a vase, avers the *London Mail*. The King kissed them tenderly and placed them inside the left breast of his coat next to his heart. And so they parted.



THE SILVER WEDDING PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY

Their names and characteristics are given (with portraits) in "Persons in the Foreground" on page 39 of this issue.

KOTOPHOT BERLIN



THE SPANISH KING WITH THE AUSTRIAN LIP

This physiognomical characteristic is not pleasing to Spaniards, reminding them of Austrian influence, long dominant at Madrid. The Spaniards call their King's mother "that Austrian woman."

THEY are in love. They are young. Let the Vatican think only of that, pleads the *Correspondencia de España* (Madrid), a liberally disposed organ, transported by its own admiration for an English princess with a boundless capacity for love and overjoyed by the defeat of an Austrian "candidate" for the glories that will be Ena's. But the *Universo* (Madrid), organ of the hierarchy in Spain, remains significantly unmoved. Spain's ambassador at the Vatican, it observes, has arranged a visit from the princess to the Pope. "Her Highness will then abjure the errors of Protestantism," we read, "and be received into the one true faith." Carlist organs, nevertheless, openly deplore in the King an attachment based, as they contend, not upon strength of character but upon strength of passion. They reproduce German insinuations that Princess Ena's temper is a hot one. They are impressed by no English newspaper notions of her perfect loveliness. They praise, instead, the fascination of an unnamed German royal maiden whom the King saw while visiting Emperor William.



TO MARRY THE KING OF SPAIN

Princess Ena of Battenberg is the cause of much agitation on account of her religion, which is Protestant. Her intended, Alfonso XIII, discovered in her a warm sympathy with Roman Catholicism. The Vatican is now investigating.

WHEN the Hepburn rate bill passed in the House of Representatives, on February 8, the most important policy advocated by the President since he entered the White House was supposed to have made an important advance. The bill is a sort of composite photograph, so to speak, of nineteen other bills for the regulation of railroad rates, which had been submitted by different Congressmen and referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, of which Mr. Hepburn is chairman. "In the preparation of this [Hepburn] bill," says the report accompanying the bill, "the committee has been aided by their study of all the bills and probably has borrowed something from each one." That was diplomatic, and one result of the diplomacy was the unanimous support of the bill by the Democratic and Republican members of the committee, and almost unanimous support by the House itself. All amendments were voted down and the bill was adopted with but seven votes in the negative. The bill passed on to the Senate and consideration

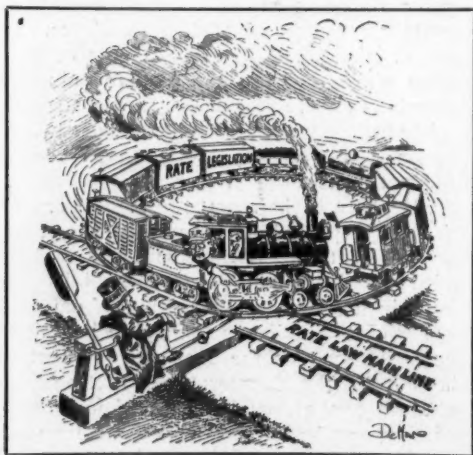


TRYING TO BLOCK THE WAY

—Smith in Indianapolis *Sentinel*.

of it began the very next day in the Senate committee.

SEVERAL surprises came in the House discussion. Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, who one year ago was especially prominent as a champion of Federal control of corporations, and was considered a spokesman of the President, voted "No" after a vigorous attack on the bill. At the rate of 200 words a minute for two hours he assailed the bill



ENGINEER ROOSEVELT—"Let me out on the main line!"

—DeMar in Philadelphia *Record*.

and belittled the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose "utter incapacity" to adjust rates as proposed in the bill he endeavored to establish by court records, showing that in thirty-two cases in which the commission has passed upon charges of unjust discrimination, the courts in their review of its decisions have overruled it twenty-four times. Mr. Littlefield is a fine orator and he addressed not only a full House, but many members of the Senate, who were present to hear him. Speaking further of the commission, he said: "They know nothing about either the railroad business or the other great business interests of the country. If you turn over the railroad business to such hands you will not only ruin the railroads, but all those other enormous business interests which have been developed and made possible by the railroads." Still more important was his positive statement that the bill does not meet the President's views. "In the zeal with which both political parties are running a race," he said, "they have gone far beyond the President's desires." Every Democrat in the House voted for the bill, and there were many radiant flights of glowing oratory. Here was one by Congressman Heflin:

"When the Democrats get back in power and regulate these economic institutions and arrangements in the interest of the great mass of the people and strike off the hand that holds up the producer and the hand that robs the consumer, we will exclaim: Land of our fathers, through thy length and breadth a tremor passes. Look! The dark is done, and on thy proud form shall shine the splendor of the sun. Thine own children, with heads erect and light on all their faces, are happy in the triumph of Democracy's creed!"

"We like to see Mr. Heflin's countenance illuminated," commented *The Sun* (New York); "but what Democracy's creed is nobody knows." And *The World* (New York), after reading this and other similar speeches, observed: "The Hepburn bill is more than legislation; it is a prose-poem. It mounts to the Senate on wings of song."

WHETHER the President's approval has been given to this Hepburn bill or not is manifestly important. Mr. Littlefield's statement is re-enforced by the utterances of Senator Lodge, who is supposedly very close to the President. The Senator's speech on the bill, February 12, reviewed the whole subject of rate legislation. He has reached two conclusions as a result of his study. One is that the matter cannot be dealt with as a simple

question of right or wrong. "Success depends absolutely on the manner, the measure and the form of the legislation." The other conclusion is that a mistake in this matter "will not only cause commercial and financial disaster of a magnitude almost beyond computation, but will involve possibilities of political change and alterations in our form of government the gravity of which cannot be overestimated." He classified the evils complained of in railroad administration into three classes: (1) Discriminations between persons; (2) Excessive rates; (3) Discriminations between localities. The first of these evils seem to him so serious that he does not think it would be possible to draft legislation too drastic to prevent them. The present law has largely checked the system of rebates, but it should be amended to make violation or secret evasion punishable by imprisonment. Another amendment should give the proper authorities power to examine the books of railroad companies whenever rebates are suspected. Rebates have been practically eradicated in England, said the Senator, and can be here; but government rate-making of itself furnishes no remedy for this class of evils. Nor does it furnish a remedy for excessive rates, says Mr. Lodge. He reviews the effect of government rate-making in the various nations of the Old World, and finds that it has invariably tended to *prevent* reduction in rates and to make them inelastic. "No railroad dares to lower a rate," he says, "if it can possibly be avoided, because of the restrictions imposed by law on increasing the rate when it becomes necessary. . . . On the continent of Europe, generally, rates are 50 per cent. higher than ours, and show the same quality of inflexibility and the same lack of adaptation to changing conditions which we find in England." As to the third class of evils, discriminations between places, Senator Lodge says:

"The experience of other nations shows that government rate-making has not stopped discriminations in the slightest degree. It has substituted discriminations made by the government for the discriminations which are brought about by economic forces, the competition of markets and the action of business interests. It hardly, I think, needs argument to show that discriminations forced in this way through political action would be peculiarly unfortunate in the United States."

NEVERTHELESS, Senator Lodge will vote for a rate-regulation bill, but it must furnish "the most absolute protection against hasty or prejudiced action through provision for an appeal to the courts of the



THE NEW RATE-REGULATION BILL BEARS HIS NAME

Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, is serving his tenth term in Congress. He was born in Ohio seventy-three years ago.

country." Anything that strikes at free access to the courts "strikes at the very heart of the measure" which has been urged by President



THE RATE BILL IS IN HIS HANDS

Reports from Washington are that the President is pretty sure to accept whatever changes in the rate bill Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, advises.

Roosevelt, so the Senator maintains. He quotes not only the President's message of last December, but recent utterances by Secretary Taft and ex-Secretary (now Senator) Knox, and the provisions of the Esch-Townsend bill passed a year ago, to prove that review by the courts has been all along maintained as an indispensable feature of rate legislation. The emphasis the Senator laid on this point implies that he will not support and does not believe the President will support the Hepburn bill without change, for that bill is criticized for its uncertain utterance on this phase of the question, in marked contrast to the Esch-Townsend bill. The important section of the Hepburn bill, and the one containing the only reference to review by the courts, is as follows:

"SEC. 15. That the Commission is authorized and empowered, and it shall be its duty, whenever, after full hearing upon a complaint made as provided in section thirteen of this Act, or upon complaint of any common carrier, it shall be of the opinion that any of the rates, or charges whatsoever, demanded, charged, or collected by any common carrier or carriers, subject to the provisions of this Act, for the transportation of persons or property as defined in the first section of this Act, or that any regulations or practices whatsoever of such carrier or carriers affecting such rates, are unjust or unreasonable, or unjustly discriminatory, or unduly preferential or prejudicial, or otherwise in violation of any of the provisions of this Act, to determine and prescribe what will, in its judgment, be the just and reasonable and fairly remunerative rate or rates, charge or charges, to be thereafter observed in such case as the maximum to be charged; and what regulation or practice in respect to such transportation is just, fair, and reasonable to be thereafter followed; and to make an order that the carrier shall cease and desist from such violation, to the extent to which the Commission find the same to exist, and shall not thereafter publish, demand, or collect any rate or charge for such transportation in excess of the maximum rate or charge so prescribed, and shall conform to the regulation or practice so prescribed. Such order shall go into effect thirty days after notice to the carrier and shall remain in force and be observed by the carrier unless the same shall be suspended or modified or set aside by the Commission or be suspended or set aside by a court of competent jurisdiction."

The last twelve words above give all the bill has to say about review by the courts. The Esch-Townsend bill contained 150 lines on the subject, drafted by Attorney-General Moody. And the Elkins bill, introduced in the Senate February 13, devotes an entire section to review by the courts, giving to them authority to suspend the rates ordered by the commission by means of injunction.

HAS popular interest in the subject of rate regulation subsided of late? The assertion that it has is made by the *New York Sun*, which points in proof to the very small number of petitions on the subject sent to Congress while the Hepburn bill was pending in the lower house. On February 2, for instance, it observes, when one speaker referred to petitions "just literally flooding this house," three pages and a half of *The Congressional Record* were filled with the titles of petitions presented to Congress; but of these hundreds of petitions only three were about rate regulation. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce* says: "There is no question among members but that the whole rate agitation is the President's work. Men from all parts of the country say that it never would have sprung up at this time had it not been for his efforts." This view seems to the *Springfield Republican* "supremely ridiculous." The agitation for rate regulation, it says, "grows out of a popular agitation which dates back 20 years or more, which has found repeated expression in many state enactments, was supposed to have found satisfaction in the federal act of 1887 and was renewed when it appeared that the courts had devitalized the act of 1887." And the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* thinks that the vote in the lower house admits of no other interpretation than that the country at large "demands adequate governmental supervision of railway freight charges."

WHETHER or not this is a correct interpretation of public sentiment, the press of the country indicate no subsidence of public interest in the subject. No subject, in fact, is more widely discussed at the present time, and the opposition to the present form of rate-making, as exemplified in the Hepburn bill, seems to us to be fully as vigorous and frequent as the support. This is particularly evident in the Eastern papers, and not only in those usually classed among the more conservative journals. In New York City, for instance, *The Journal of Commerce*, *The Evening Post*, *The Times* and *The Sun* are not alone in opposition to the bill. Journals such as *The World* and *The Press* that appeal to a more radical class of readers are equally vigorous in their hostility. *The World* (Dem.) calls the bill "a half-baked hodge-podge of uncertain phrases," and comes out against rate regulation in general on the ground that

Federal control of railroads will make them redouble their political activity and increase the corruption of national politics. *The Press* (Rep.) calls the Hepburn bill a "bunco" bill that "gives the railroads every possible advantage that can be taken by means of the law's delays," and says that the President does not indorse it, and its passage in the lower house means that he has been beaten there and "that is all there is to it." Some of the strong conservative journals in the East, such as the *Boston Transcript* and the *Philadelphia Press and Ledger*, lean in the direction of rate regulation, but cannot be quoted emphatically on one side or the other. Even in the South and West protests against the Hepburn bill are not infrequent. The *Kansas City Star* criticizes it because it does not confer on the commission power to reclassify freight, an omission that would "largely neutralize" the usefulness of the bill. The *Columbia, S. C., State* thinks the bill is about what the President wishes, but has no doubt that the Supreme Court will declare it unconstitutional. The *Richmond Times* asks for serious consideration of objections advanced by a contributor. It sums up these objections as follows:

"The commission is composed in the main of Northern and Western men. The North and West are allies against the South. In all cases of discrimination in favor of the South, what will the decision be? Give this power to the Federal government and no Southern man will ever be elected to the presidency. The North and West will see to that. Our cities and ports will soon have passed the zenith of their greatness, and will decline. The factories, foundries and mines and all our infant industries will be closed."

AMONG the staunchest advocates of rate regulation in general is the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.). The sole question at issue, it thinks, is whether the immense power that attaches to the making of rates should be left in private hands. If it is so left, the country must remain "subject to the arbitrary will of a great private monopoly whose operations affect profoundly every citizen and every community and every industry in the broad land." The *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.) thinks that the argument is "irrefutable," as advanced by Bourke Cockran, Senator Clay and others, that the alternative of rate regulation is public ownership of railroads. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Rep.) thinks the proposition involved in rate-making is very simple:

"From the construction, more than the actual enactments of the law of 1887, that measure was

held to give no authority to the commission for an effective remedy in cases typified by the Kansas oil rate, the refined oil rates northward from New Orleans as compared with those going in the opposite direction, and the practice of charging 50 per cent. more freight to Denver than on the same freight that passes through Denver several hundred miles farther to San Francisco. The bill proposes merely to give it power to make the remedies effective. All the attempts of the corporate advocates to becloud that fact failed of their purpose."

One of the utterances widely quoted in favor of rate regulation is that by President A. B. Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western railway. He says:

"It is my conclusion that, because the railways have assumed the common law obligation of common carriers, and because they are public highways, it is fair and right to control their rates by law, and that, because railways are monopolies, the law of self-preservation, as well as of fairness and justice, demands that the people, through the government, should control railway rates by law."

WHEN the first day of April dawns, the agreement which President Roosevelt's Coal Strike Commission secured between the strikers and the operators over three years ago will have come to an end. After that, what? The question has been hanging over industry all winter, and as we go to press it is still unanswered. The coal miners both in the anthracite and bituminous fields are demanding an eight-hour day, a ten per cent. increase of wages, and "a trade agreement between the operators and the unions which will be a full and complete recognition of the union." The operators demand a continuance of the present scale of wages and hours, as established by the commission three years ago, and which gave the miners at that time a ten per cent. advance. Efforts to "get together" have been made, but so far in vain, and it is not using too strong language to say that the country stands aghast at the prospects if an agreement is not reached. The strike, if it comes, will be more extensive and probably more prolonged than it was before. The men, organized and unorganized, who will be directly involved will number over half a million. The unions report in their treasuries a surplus of \$2,679,134.43, and a special tax of \$1.00 per week per member has been levied which is counted on to increase this surplus by April to over five million dollars. The operators, on the other hand, report a large supply of anthracite coal on hand. If the miners win their fight, the result will almost certainly be a further advance in the price of coal. If a strike comes,



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SOME OF THE WIVES OF MOROCCO'S SULTAN

This is a photograph taken by the Sultan himself. Authoritative interpreters of the Koran at Fez do not agree regarding the precise number of wives allowable to Abdul-Aziz. Ordinarily a Mohammedan may have but four. Some authorities report that his palaces contain a much larger number of wives (including the lady on the wheel) than this picture indicates.

the loss to the public will be tremendous, for it will involve all sorts of industries. There will be no "soft coal" this time to use as a substitute.

WHAT the public will be "up against" in the event of a strike is thus set forth by the *New York Tribune*:

"It is reported that there is only a two weeks supply of soft coal in stock. The twenty-five or thirty millions of tons of anthracite expected to be accumulated by April 1 would carry the industries of the country only a short way. Production would be limited to the non-union mines of West Virginia and to districts where the strike order was imperfectly effective. The price of such coal as reached the market would be well-nigh prohibitive. The threatened strike would dwarf by comparison that of four years ago, which will be long remembered for the losses and suffering it caused. At that time bituminous coal was being produced abundantly, and industries continued in operation, though the people suffered from want of domestic fuel. Now industrial coal is to be cut off, too, and in a few weeks, such is the threat, railroads must cease running, machinery must stop turning and industries must come to a standstill. In a word, we are brought unpleasantly face to face in all its essential details with the menace of a general strike. In the hands of the workmen of one industry is the means to tie up all."

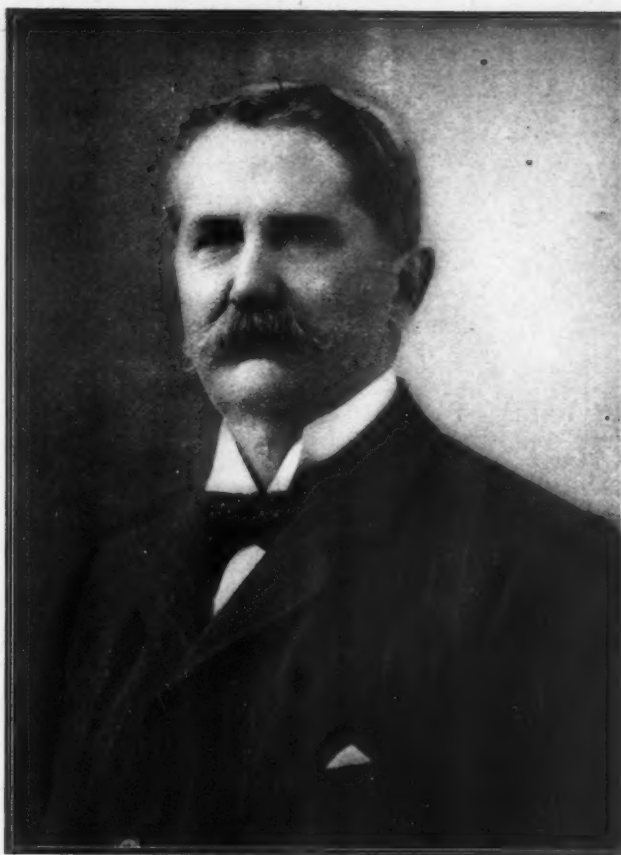
A result still more fateful, in the judgment of the *Providence Journal*, may ensue, namely, a long step toward socialism. It says:

"Something will have to be done to avert the suffering that a second prolonged strike would entail. The country is not ready for socialism, nor has it accepted the familiar theories of those who believe in Government ownership; but even conservative citizens may be pardoned if they feel that the quarrels of capital and labor in Pennsylvania and the States of the adjacent West cannot be permitted to inconvenience the public as they inconvenienced it three years ago. Coal is a prime necessity in this day and generation. We require it for the most ordinary functions of our social and industrial establishment. David B. Hill's retirement from politics may be said to date from his introduction into the Democratic platform in New York State of a plank for Government ownership of the mines. . . . Yet if another strike takes place we may see identical resolutions offered in conventions of both parties by men who have never hitherto regarded themselves as political radicals."

CERTAIN European organs, searching for a scapegoat for the Morocco conference, have precipitately raised President Roosevelt to that bad eminence. He was impetuous enough, complain some French dailies, to dispatch two envoys to Algeciras before discovering that the Morocco conference must necessarily discuss one set of questions disguised in the form of another set. He blundered thus fatuously, if the *London National Review* is to be credited, because the German ambassador had previously ionized the diplomatic air of Washington so as to make it a conductor of the dynastic electricity from Berlin. Emanations from the presidential mind reveal a Roosevelt still convinced that the Morocco conference was called to settle the affairs of Morocco. How devoutly the *Dépêche de Toulouse* wishes the President did not err! His administration is unwittingly partizan in aiding Germany to undo the pact between France and Great Britain, a pact upon which the foundations of world politics, from a European standpoint, have been made to rest. "We see America," laments also the *London Outlook*, "sitting and voting on a purely European question." It leaves out of account one fact for which Senator Spooner vouched last month in the Senate, namely, that two great powers declined to go into a Morocco conference unless the United States, as one of the signatories to the Madrid convention, sent delegates with the rest. The inference is that had this country stayed out, no conference could have been held.

THIS British weekly's indictment of our Executive is very emphatic. Mr. Henry White temporarily quitted Rome, where he is United States ambassador, to advocate at

Algeciras such things as the open door, an international police and the better treatment of Jews. True, Mr. White and his colleague are delegates, not plenipotentiaries. They have no authority to sign any treaty without instructions from the Department of State, and any treaty they do sign must go to the Senate for ratification. The *London Outlook* refrains from comment on the form of these instructions, but their limitations throw upon Mr. Roosevelt, it notes, a wide and active responsibility. For some time yet, perhaps, Mr. Roosevelt will be as much preoccupied with all that underlies the Morocco question as Prince Bülow or Premier Rouvier, to say nothing of the London Foreign Office. Even that, we are told, is a matter of less importance than the policy which, between them, Messrs. Roosevelt and Root have announced. It is a policy which to various organs of British imperialism seems ostentatiously meddling with interests exclusively European—interests dynastic and political at that. It is notorious, we read, that one of the controversial matters between Germany and France at Algeciras concerns the army of control, or, to employ the current euphemism, the "police." On this question, says the *London Outlook*, the United States has already declared its mind. Mr. White and his colleague are in the conference, therefore, not to harmonize, but to take sides. Mr. Roosevelt interposes in a matter which within the past few months has brought the two leading powers of Continental Europe to the verge of war. He can, he apparently desires to, throw his weight on the side of one and against the other. Simultaneously he warns Europe away from South America in the name of the Monroe doctrine. That is an attitude which the *London Outlook* thinks must in the end prove quite untenable. And its view finds some support in the press of the United States, where criticism of the same sort appears, but less frequently than a month ago.



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THE VOICE OF AMERICA AT THE MOROCCO CONFERENCE.

Mr. Henry White, ambassador to Italy, represents the Roosevelt policy at Algeciras. He was pursued last month by correspondents eager to know what the President meant to do as between France and Germany.

HAD President Roosevelt realized how deliberately Emperor William thrust the police question into the forefront at the Morocco meeting, he and his Secretary of State, insinuates a writer in the *Paris Aurore*, might have been more circumspect in publishing instructions to Mr. White. Emperor William's object, say London organs like *The Times* and *The Mail*, was to disrupt the unity of French relations with British world policy. England's trump card in winning the amity of France is a free hand for the Paris government in Morocco. William II is determined that England shall not play that trump card. He leads into a new suit by playing the police at Algeciras. His delegates insist that the armed forces maintaining order in Morocco shall not be those of the republic, but that French soldiers may preserve order only on



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MOROCCO'S SULTAN DRESSED IN TURKISH UNIFORM

This portrait is an anomaly inasmuch as the Sultan of Morocco should, in the eyes of his orthodox subjects, repudiate all the dogmas expounded on the sacred authority of the Sultan in Constantinople. A Turkish uniform worn by their Sultan would scandalize the more pious among the Mohammedan faithful.

the frontier toward Algiers. The *London Standard* specifies the objections to this scheme. International forces have failed to maintain order in Macedonia, in Crete, in Egypt. An alternative is to place Morocco under the control of one neutral and disinterested power. But it would be difficult to choose a neutral power. Even if a nation like Denmark or Switzerland were willing to undertake the task, the necessary authority would be lacking. On the other hand, if Italy or Austria were suggested, France would be affronted. Italy is a Mediterranean power, like France. Why, inquires the British daily, should Italy be asked to step into Morocco and perform a task which Emperor William thinks France cannot undertake without menace to the interests of Europe? Possibly the German Emperor has "spheres of influence" in his mind. He has applied that principle to China and he is, according to his English critics, eager to apply it in South America. Meanwhile, we are assured, President Roosevelt helps to apply it in Morocco.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has no partner in the game at Algéiras, as German officially inspired organs see the play. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* is inclined to admire Mr. Roosevelt's indifference to the influence which his own hand may have on that of any other player. This daily does not understand that the United States has taken sides, at any rate to the extent that London opinion seems half inclined to dread. When the *London Morning Post* asserts that the United States Government favors the idea of an international agreement for the policing of Morocco outside the border region, the *Berlin Post* observes that this does not mean very much and the *London Times* replies that it means, if put into practice, a severe blow to the friendship between France and Germany. "More than ever," it adds, "the conviction is general abroad that the Moroccan difficulty retains its original character as part of a policy directed by Germany against the Anglo-French *entente*, and in watching the progress of the business at the conference it is important to bear this in mind." The whole system of international policy, from Emperor William's point of view, is based on maintenance of bitter rivalry between France and Great Britain. His immediate aim, our British informant continues, is to have a makeshift arrangement put into shape at Algéiras. France must thus see that British friendship has no practical value.

WAR between France and Venezuela dragged out a technical existence all last month, with President Castro on the offensive. That statesman committed an act of war, explains the *Temps*, when he refused to let a French diplomatist return to the Venezuelan shore after boarding a French steamer. The diplomatist wanted his official correspondence before Castro had a chance to intercept it. Venezuelan statutes, it should be explained, permit Castro to open and read anybody's correspondence. He has been reading even the American minister's correspondence, it is said, and seems to be incensed by what he found in some confidential communications from the Department of State to our representative at Caracas. The Venezuelan President regards as personally offensive Minister Russell's efforts, made under instructions from Washington, to assist in the peaceful settlement of the Franco-Venezuelan dispute. But Castro subsequently consented to be mollified. He tolerates Mr. Russell for the time being, but he will transact no official business with French diplomatists. The Paris government was supposed to be preparing a bombardment of Venezuelan ports. Suddenly everything was halted.

MANY French statesmen rightly or wrongly suspect that Germany is behind Venezuela at this juncture, declares the *London Telegraph*. It is possible, explains the *Matin*, that France might discover Germany in Venezuela just as she finds her in Morocco, hampering her movements, delaying agreements and skilfully raising objections. Germany, we read, does not want war. But she is trying to give France embarrassment. Hence the dispute with Castro may be productive of more complications in Europe than the published facts imply. Here, contends the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, we have a tissue of English fabrications of a kind to which the London

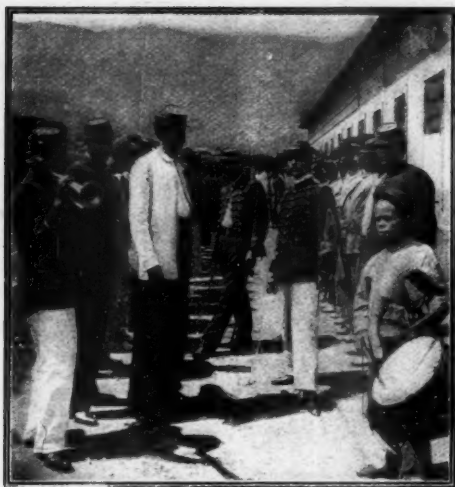


Courtesy of The World's Work.

"THE RESTORER OF VENEZUELA"

This is the title by which Castro hopes to become known in the pages of his country's history. Bolivar is the model whom he has taken for imitation in all things, say officially inspired Caracas dailies. This painting was executed at the request of the Venezuelan Congress.

Times is prone. Anyhow, it does not suit France, evidently, to re-enforce her naval division in the West Indies to any considerable extent. Even if she went to the length of threatening, and even bombarding some port, argues the *London Telegraph*, France would incur the risk of killing her own citizens, her own friends. The Monroe doctrine stands in the way of territorial occupation. There is the middle course of blockading one or more ports and seizing the revenues, as has been done on various occasions with Turkey. But other European powers have claims on the



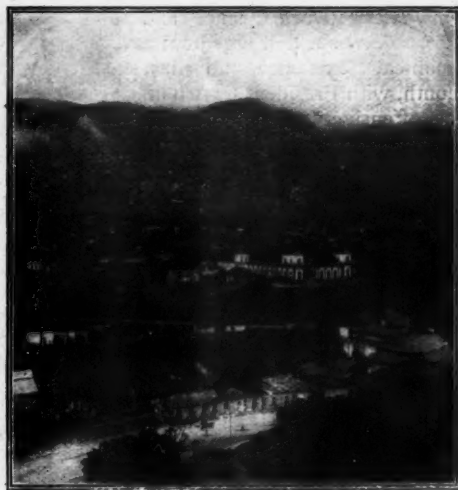
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THE FLOWER OF CASTRO'S ARMY

It is rumored that there is disaffection in these ranks, prelude to the decline and fall of the present Venezuelan empire.

customs. France is thus on the horns of a dilemma. She will play a waiting game.

CASTRO now has on his mind something far weightier than his latest war with a great European power, says the London *Morning Post*. He is maturing plans to make himself dictator of Colombia and Ecuador in addition to Venezuela. That and resistance to the United States, with a determination to keep Venezuela for the Venezuelans, sum up his program as our contemporary outlines it. Castro talks of himself as a second Bolivar, another Caesar, a Washington returned to earth. His public addresses and the replies to them from Congress and the censored press are compared with Nero's panegyrics of himself. Castro is "the restorer of Venezuela" and his heart is "inspired by ideals sublime and grandiose" while the blessings he has bestowed upon his country are "as refulgent as the light of the king star as it shines in the zenith." Such are the eulogies with which the halls of Congress at Caracas are made to echo. Venezuelans of the Andine province from which Castro hails take him at his own valuation. They are proud to learn that the annual meeting of Venezuela's Congress has been changed to take place on the anniversary of the date on which Castro set out from the inland mountains to overthrow his predecessor in the dictatorship. His journeys through the land are now marked with the pomp, the extrava-

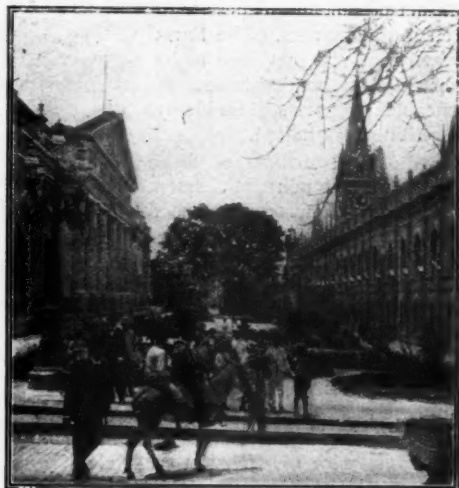


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"MIRAFLORES"

This is the palace at Caracas in which Castro and his boon companions are accused of re-enacting the infamies of the imperial palace in the time of Nero.

gance, the adulations and the revelries of a Roman emperor. One of the dates of Venezuelan independence has been altered on the national escutcheon to the anniversary of Castro's birth. His bust is now replacing that of Bolivar on the latest issue of Venezuelan postage-stamps. Such facts, set forth and vouched for by the London *Morning Post*, give us, it thinks, the measure of the man to-day.



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IN CASTRO'S CAPITAL

This is the main street in Caracas. On one side is the University, on the other the Government building.



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CORRIDOR OF THE PRESIDENTIAL
PALACE AT CARACAS

The aide-de-camp to President Castro is in conversation with one of the executive secretaries.

CASTRO has now annulled the American asphalt concession, the Italian mining concession, the Belgian waterworks concession, the French cable concession, all under due process of Venezuelan law. He is devoted to the constitution as authoritatively interpreted by the supreme court of the republic. That tribunal is absolutely his instrument; it



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CASTRO'S MAN-OF-WAR

It is an antiquated craft, the basis, presumably, of President Castro's allusions to "the naval forces of the republic," now being put "in a state of efficiency."



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CASTRO WAS BORN IN A VENEZUELAN HUT
LIKE THIS

It stands in a mountain village near the place of Castro's reputed birth in one of the Andine provinces of Venezuela. Castro himself is proud of his humble origin, attesting, he thinks, the possibilities of Venezuelan institutions.

is charged in British dailies. A chief justice who was chief justice in fact, as well as in name, we are told, disappeared when he had the tactlessness to discover over a hundred men in prison at Caracas, thrown there by executive order. Salt, coal, pearl fisheries, matches, coffee, rum, sugar, coco, gold mining, banks and railroads are all laid under contribution by Castro. Every business and all undertakings of whatsoever kind exist on sufferance. They must pay for the privilege of being protected. Nor is this analysis of the situation, drawn from British sources, unsupported by the press of other European countries. Foreign dailies are filled with accounts of Caracas in turmoil and of Castro feasting in his palace at Miraflores or at some inland retreat, guarded by his troops and surrounded by his partizans, mostly discredited men and women. Yet Castro, according to the *London Post*, is to all appearances secure. He has perfected his defensive machinery. His army, his telegraphs, his closely woven mesh of espionage, his censorship over the press, over foreign despatches, even over private letters, would appear to keep him informed of all that happens. He could crush a rising instantly. That is not the understanding of the *Paris Temps* and a few of its Continental contemporaries. They hear that Castro's fall cannot

be long postponed. All classes of Venezuelans, except the native mountaineers, want relief from Castro's exactions. A plot is maturing. Venezuela may have a new President before long.

BUT President Roosevelt ought to deal summarily with Castro at once, urges the Paris *Temps*, inspired by the French Foreign Office. It suggests that the United States assume financial control of Venezuela, thus assuring all nations of the reparation and satisfaction due them. Did the *Temps*, retorts the London *Times*, ever hear of Santo Domingo? Does it know that between the President and the Senate there is an open conflict because Mr. Roosevelt proposed to do by treaty what he is now invited to do in respect of Venezuela? There is no reason to believe, thinks the London *Times*, that the United States Senate would look favorably on any such treaty with Venezuela, still less on any interposition by Mr. Roosevelt without a treaty. The President of the United States has repeatedly declared his intention of remitting the whole subject to Congress at the proper moment. In the

meantime the French ambassador and Mr. Roosevelt are in friendly conference. Mr. Roosevelt has the benefit of the report made by Judge Calhoun, who went to Caracas for first-hand information. So sensational are the revelations in this report, according to insinuations in French dailies, that, if made public at all, it will have to be edited. The next move is with France, asserts the London *Times*, adding that, though it may be postponed, it will doubtless be taken, and taken with effect.

EXCITEMENT in France grows intense as the time for the national election draws near. That event has been fixed for the coming April. The date may be advanced or retarded a little even at the eleventh hour, for the ministry has power to fix the precise day to suit itself. But the new President, Mr. Fallières, who duly succeeded M. Loubet last month, turns out something of a stickler for constitutional observances, and no election can legally be held, he thinks, earlier than next month, unless the machinery of dissolution be brought into play. Prime Minister Rouvier



THE VENEZUELA CIRCUS

WILLIAM II: "Decidedly, I begin to understand my sympathy with the turbulent Moroccans. Don't talk to me about the Japanese trick dancers or the negro clowns. President Castro, of Venezuela, can give lessons to us all."

—Paris *Kire*.

considers that the machinery of dissolution is virtually in abeyance. It has only once been brought into operation since 1877. A newly chosen parliament is hardly in full working order till its second year, and it must expire, in any event, by the end of its fourth. To shorten this period by dissolution would be to doom the legislative apparatus to impotence. A French Chamber of Deputies, therefore, is always permitted to live out its full term. The executive is thus deprived, according to the *Temps*, of a resource which is essential to the proper working of a parliamentary constitution. Yet were Rouvier to bring about a dissolution in the full constitutional sense of the term—for the word is employed a little loosely in French politics—the episode would be extraordinary. But there have been hints of it, although the Chamber has almost expired as it is. The deputies, during this closing session, were more occupied in securing their own return, says the *Gaulois*, than in attending to the public business.

THE ministry which is now to appeal to the French electorate for a fresh lease of power is providing the people with their first opportunity to pass judgment upon the separation of Church and State. It is Premier Rouvier's misfortune, say extreme Socialist organs like the *Lanterne*, to have failed to rally to himself many of the strongest elements in the combination that sustained his anticlerical predecessor. Combes, foe of all clericals, boldly admitted not merely radicals but socialists to full membership in the ministerial combination. Under Rouvier the extreme socialists and some moderate ones have declined to be conciliated even by the appointment of ministers of their own school of thought. But Premier Rouvier's political life has been one continued fight against adverse circumstances. This is not the first time, observes the *Figaro*, that he has had to complain of the cowardice which has allowed colleagues to throw him to the wolves. The fact is largely responsible for the cynicism with which he is declared to be awaiting the issue. His government began last month to enforce that provision of the law separating Church and State which calls for inventories of ecclesiastical property. Certain prelates and priests assumed an attitude of defiance. The *Gaulois* declared that atheistic officials had deliberately profaned vessels of the sanctuary, even attempting, in some instances, to violate tabernacles. The result was a series of riotous



A DIPLOMATIST BOYCOTTED BY PRESIDENT CASTRO

This is the former secretary of the French Legation at Caracas, M. Taigny. He went aboard a steamer to get his letters, and was not allowed to return to shore. He went to Washington last month for a conference with the Department of State.



JAPAN'S GALLICIZED PRIME MINISTER

The Marquis Saion-ji cordially indorses the saying that every good man has two countries—his own and France.

scenes in some of the celebrated houses of worship in France. The Pope appeased the fury to some extent. He enjoined prelates, priests and people to obey the law. The government, on its side, abated the zeal of officials. They were bidden not to invade tabernacles, since in them the sacred elements are kept. The Rouvier ministry fears, nevertheless, says the *Matin*, that renewed scenes of turbulence may yet impart an air of martyrdom to the clericals. The Premier is in a hurry to have the elections out of the way.

THE result will completely vindicate the anticlerical policy initiated by Waldeck-Rousseau advanced by Combes and consummated by Rouvier. That is the prophecy of those who study the situation dispassionately in England and in Germany. But Rouvier himself is believed to be in imminent danger of a fall. His one chance of surviving is thought to be the possible election of a moderately inclined radical and republican majority. A Chamber filled with extreme

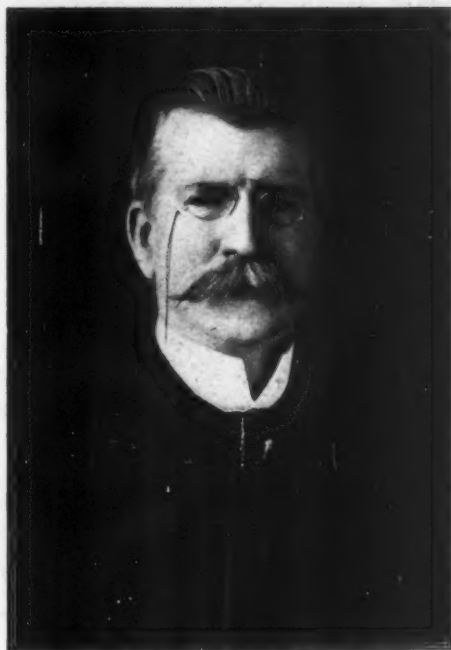
radicals and out-and-out socialists would make short work of the financier Rouvier. The expectation of many English dailies is that Rouvier will give way before very long to a Prime Minister of more sternly anticlerical mood. But, if the unexpected happens, if the parliamentary elections result in the return of a clerically inclined majority, there must ensue a fundamental revolution. There would be a presidential crisis, predicts the *Lanterne*, and a papal nuncio would once more head the diplomatic corps. That separation of Church and State which now plunges so many clerical souls in anguish would then be undone by the forces of reaction. The surprises of universal suffrage are illimitable to the *London Standard*, which says it would be rash indeed to predict precisely what the voting urns may have in store for France.

IN sending an American fresh from the imposing office of Governor-General of the Philippines as ambassador to Japan's Emperor, President Roosevelt is supposed by French organs to have had in mind Tokyo's ambition to purchase the archipelago won by this country from Spain. Gen. Luke E. Wright is even said to have been instructed regarding his attitude in the event of the rumored negotiations assuming definite shape. Often as the United States Government has repudiated any intention to sell the Philippines to Japan, the rumor is revived in papers like the *London Times* and the *Paris Journal des Débats*. The transaction would be little less than an act of treason to the whole white race, thinks a writer in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*. The *Figaro* intimates that if the archipelago is ever put into the market William II might bid animatedly against Mutsuhito. The new Japanese prime minister, the Marquis Saion-ji, is a Jingo, say the Europeans, and he would be very happy to negotiate with Ambassador Wright on a cash basis. Meantime he is strengthening the forces of Japan. The Diet at Tokyo contains members with a propensity to ask what Great Britain is doing to render her own armed forces adequate to the ambitious position implied in the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Some London dailies resent such curiosity. Others find it legitimate. The *Asahi Shimbun* observes that the spirit of such inquiries will not be misunderstood

by Japan's ally. They might be out of place were a less soldierly statesman than General Terauchi in the Saion-ji ministry. He wants a strong England to stand by the side of a strong Japan.

IN forming his ministry, Marquis Saion-ji was forced, seemingly to his regret, to retain a few of the colleagues of his predecessor. Our old friend, Baron Komura, had to go, his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs being assumed by Count Kato, one of the original advocates of an Anglo-Japanese alliance, who must not be confused with the Mr. Kato who was long Japanese adviser to the Korean Government. Count Kato is said in German organs to owe his influence to pressure exerted from London, where he was once the Mikado's minister. The most significant thing to Berlin is that the new Prime Minister retains the old Minister of War and the Minister of Marine. These two statesmen saw Japan through her war with Russia. They are equally committed to a policy of military and naval expansion. General Terauchi wants his country's army to be as strong as that of Germany, and it is the determination of Vice-Admiral Saito to make Japan the third naval power of the world. Holding respectively the portfolios of War and the Navy, these Cabinet ministers are said by the *Jiji Shimpō* to have prepared the appropriation bills so staggering to the Diet some weeks ago. Terauchi likewise promised the Diet to make inquiries into the state of England's army. The *London News* says "Well!"

IT MAY surprise students of the Russo-Japanese war to learn that Japan will soon commence the building of battleships in her own yards. Her ability to attempt the feat is due to the energy of the Minister of Marine. He amazed the Mikado by exhibiting a squadron of new submarines at a recent naval review. Many vessels of this type are understood to be now building under the supervision of Vice-Admiral Saito, who superintended the launching of the armored cruiser *Tsukuba* at Kure last month. The event was a memorable one, European military organs taking a lively interest in the forthcoming tests of this product of Japanese naval architecture. With the new Japanese battleships and cruisers approaching completion in Europe and the additions to the Mikado's navy gained through the recent war, Japan's rank as a sea power makes her, in the opinion of the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, a menace to the United States. Japan, more-



OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

Governor-General Luke E. Wright, LLD., has been transferred from the Philippines to Tokyo. He was once Attorney-General of Tennessee and his father was Chief Justice of that State. He will be sixty next year.

over, has just completed her new ordnance factory near Tokyo, covering over eighty acres of ground and comprising a plant fitted to equip the largest of her battleships with the most formidable batteries. "The Jingo," observes the *Paris Figaro*, "are stronger than ever in Japan." But the organ of the new Prime Minister explains that Japan is doing no more than her duty to her self as one of the great powers of the world.

IN the fulfilment of such a mission as the uplifting of China—a land believed to contemplate a general massacre of all resident foreigners—Japan finds herself, thinks the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, in a position not unlike that of an intelligent teacher who knows very little more than his pupils. Japan must often study the day's lessons with much diligence the night before. She has gone to work with all the fond enthusiasm of a dutiful elder sister. The progress already made is certainly startling. We see Japan still somewhat uncertain on her feet, teaching a huge and unwieldy China how to walk. Many of the circumstances are wholly encouraging. China and Japan have



WANTS JAPAN'S NAVY MADE BIGGER
THAN OURS

He is Marquis Saito, who last month, as Minister of Marine, supervised the launching of the first battleship laid down in a Japanese yard, and surprised the Mikado with a submarine fleet.



THE MIKADO'S MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Mr. S. Makino was recalled from his post as minister in Vienna to enter the cabinet of the Marquis Saion-ji.

practically the same written language, although the spoken tongues are not identical. Japan is at home in the Chinese classics, the foundations of her own ancient but now discarded culture. Tokyo can think in Peking terms. Baron Komura is even credited with the remark that between Japan and China exists an affinity suggesting that which has made all the English-speaking peoples alike subjects of King Shakespeare. Intellectually, socially and morally, the influence which Japan can bring to bear upon China is incalculably great. The native newspapers in China are in many cases Japanese enterprises. The national universities and schools are subject to influences exerted from Tokyo. Japanese products invade the Chinese market in ever increasing quantity. China's army is slowly reforming itself under the supervision, if not the control, of Japanese military experts. Even the police of Peking are officered by subjects of the Mikado.

HOW vast a transformation Tokyo aims at in China becomes apparent to the Berlin *Post* from the fact that the traditional attitude of China toward Japan has always been one of disdain. Peking has looked down upon Tokyo as a thing immeasurably beneath contempt. The Japanese have been regarded as borrowers of their best from the storehouse of Chinese civilization. This conception was based upon reality. The old civilization of Japan had an origin exclusively Chinese, and one result of this circumstance is the detestation felt by the aristocracy of China for Japanese ways and Japanese ideas. But this sentiment, as the European press agrees, is not shared to-day by the masses of the Chinese people. They are more and more coming to regard the Japanese as the saviors of their country from the hated foreigner. Only in the wholly benighted provinces does the traditional hatred of all things Japanese yet linger. Nor is the traditional conservatism of the old school of Chinese culture quite impervious to the influences so persuasively brought to bear by the Japanese. That much is plain to the *Journal des Débats* (Paris). The schools in Tokyo and in the provincial island cities are resorted to in ever increasing numbers by the flower of the Chinese youth. Manual laborers from the provinces ruled by the dynasty of Peking acquire their skill and a mastery of new handicrafts in the factories and workshops of the Mikado's subjects. Even the officials who rule

by the grace of the Son of Heaven are sometimes brought to perceive the enormous advantages to be derived from an acquaintance at first hand with the lore of which Japan is accumulating such quantities. Revolutionized, truly, are the conditions which in days long past made China's literature and Buddha's creed sources of the best and brightest in Japan's national life, when the government of the Mikado imitated with provincial servility the administrative system devised by the Mandarins, and when the ambitious youth of Japan streamed for light and learning to that Peking which was the intellectual capital of the world they knew. Japan must now exert the dominant influence in the great Chinese upheaval for which the powers are preparing.

IN TRAILING robes of scarlet and ermine, five titled representatives of King Edward VII conducted the medieval ceremonies incident to the first gathering of the newly elected House of Commons on the 13th of the month just past. Never did the Lord Chancellor command the Usher of the Black Rod to desire the immediate attendance in the House of Lords of a more motley gathering. The eighty odd home rulers were a familiar enough sight; but some hundred and fifty unionists were all that had survived of that splendid majority with which Arthur James Balfour had passed the Chinese Labor Act and the Education Act. A sea of unfamiliar faces represented the majority of more than four-score over all other factions combined with which the people of Great Britain have equipped Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. More impressive than all the rest of the commoners, as the presage of social changes to come, were nearly three-score wage-earners returned to this Parliament as a result of what the *London Mail* deems "the revolution of 1906." In this more or less cohesive group were two factory hands, two compositors, a gas house laborer, a navy, a shipwright, a railroad conductor and representatives of callings even humbler. Many have to be supported out of the funds of the trade-unions which fought for their seats in the house. The labor members are a political phenomenon which, to quote the *London Mail* once more, has never hitherto been witnessed in that august assembly. Gone is the "first club in Europe." "Gone, too," adds our contemporary, "is the lustre of the letters 'M.P.' on the prospectus of a company." The inevitable result of the great change, it



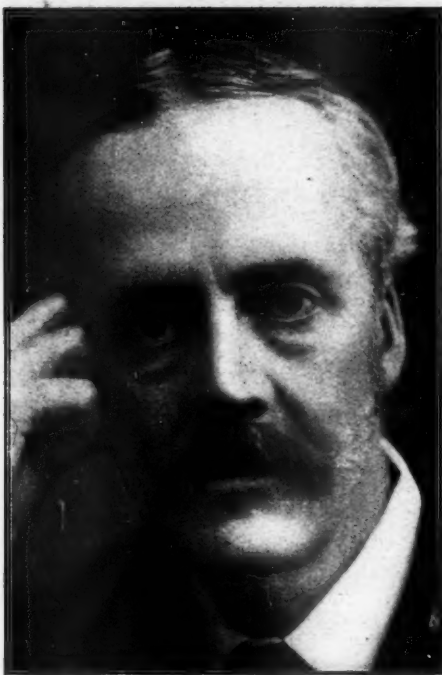
JAPAN'S MILLIONAIRE POLITICIAN, KEI HARA

He has entered the new ministry at Tokyo to manage internal affairs. His wealth is estimated at \$7,500,000.



THE FIGHTER OF FAMINE IN JAPAN

Mr. Matsuda enters the Saion-ji ministry owing to his intimate acquaintance with Japanese and Korean agriculture. He predicted the Japanese famine last year.



MR. BALFOUR, WHO HAS JUST ESPOUSED PROTECTION IN CHAMBERLAIN FORM.

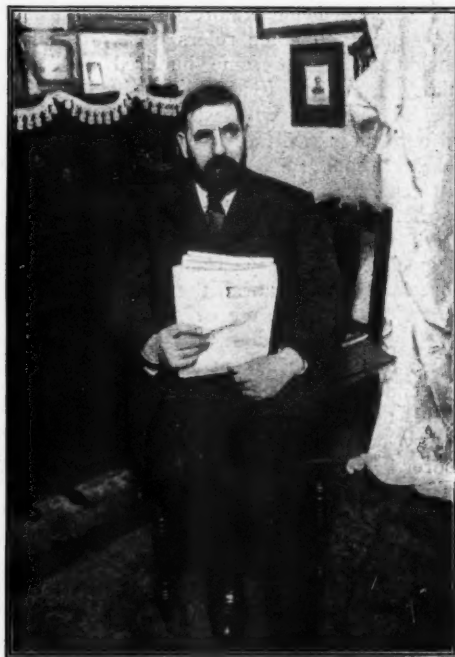
"The establishment of a moderate general tariff on manufactured goods, not imposed for the purpose of raising prices or giving artificial protection against legitimate competition, and the imposition of a small duty on foreign corn are not in principle objectionable."

predicts, must be a formidable attack on the most solidly entrenched vested interests in England and a clamor for the abolition of the House of Lords. But the *London Saturday Review*, despising popular government, exclaims: "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!"

AS a preliminary to the spectacular event of the 19th, when the King opened this amazing Parliament in state, the Commons proceeded to the election of a Speaker. The result heralded none of the revolutions anticipated by despairing Conservatives. The honor was bestowed, by the Prime Minister's motion, upon the Right Honorable James William Lowther. This gentleman, in his official capacity, theoretically knows every member, but practically he is believed by the *London Standard* to devote half his time to studying the photographs of new members in the six-penny weeklies, and trying to identify the originals on the crowded benches before him. Mr. Lowther has been Speaker in the past, but

to-day he is likened to a new master in a strange school. His right honorable friend Mr. Balfour, was not visible. The former Prime Minister has found a safe seat—a Conservative stronghold in London with more voters than residents; but he could not be made an "M. P." in time for the opening session of the House. Missing, too, were all but three members of the Balfour ministry, defeated, one after another, in constituencies supposed to be Conservative. "In such a battue of the big game," laments the *London Saturday Review*, "the fate of lesser ministers has really almost been unheeded by the public. Yet several of the brightest of the younger men who held office under the last government have lost their seats." The only consolation to his beaten supporters that suggests itself to Mr. Balfour, takes the form of prophecy. He assures his countrymen that they will yet vote his party into power. He refrains, however, from specifying the date.

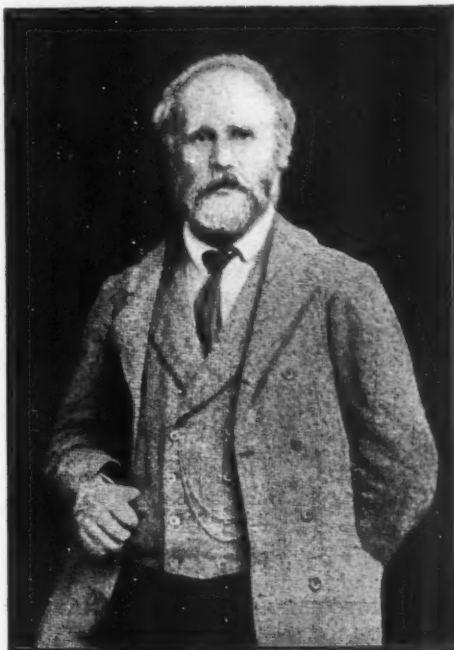
A VERY conspicuous figure was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. His faithful Birmingham has returned to the House a solid phalanx of seven Unionists, headed by himself. Mr.



A BRITISH LABOR LEADER WHOM THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK INDORSES.

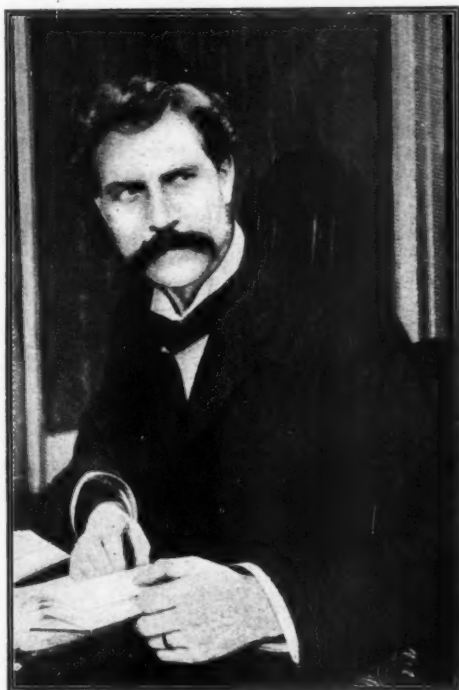
Mr. Will Crookes has been elected to the House of Commons on a very socialistic platform, but it is not socialistic enough for the countess.

Chamberlain himself was returned by a majority of over 5,000—a significant figure in the general shrinkage of Unionist numbers. The triumph is personal, says the *London Times*, but Mr. Chamberlain's foes attribute it to his careful imitation of American methods of organization. His managers have a card index of every voter in Birmingham. The electors are regularly visited. Favors are granted on Tammany principles. The factories are filled with men who owe their places to the Chamberlain influence. Every new arrival in the constituency receives a call from the representative of "the great Joe." Such facts, according to the free-trade organs, are an informing commentary upon the *London Times'* description of Mr. Chamberlain as "a clear thinking, painstaking and well informed man dealing with an electorate which has been taught very largely by himself to appreciate sound arguments." The *London Spectator* is alarmed by Mr. Chamberlain's political tactics. "He has begun to coquet openly with the labor



THE LEADER OF THE BIGGEST LABOR GROUP
IN PARLIAMENT

Keir Hardie was last month chosen chairman of the "L. R. C." labor group, which repudiates John Burns as not a "straight" laborite. Mr. Burns (unlike Hardie) does not lead an integral labor party.



BRITISH LABOR'S ORGANIZER OF VICTORY

J. Ramsay MacDonald is credited with the preliminary work upon which the success of the labor campaign in England was founded. For generations his ancestors have been village fishermen and blacksmiths. He is now secretary of the "labor representation committee" which elected 25 of the 34 "straight" laborites in the House of Commons.

party," it declares, "and he has made the sinister and significant remark that the Irish are of necessity protectionists." Mr. Chamberlain wants, in other words, to ally the remnant of the Unionists with the home rulers and with the labor members in order to carry a protection measure through the House of Commons. A free-trade landslide has left him as incorrigible as ever.

BUT Mr. Chamberlain has already sustained a rebuff in his efforts to come to terms with the forces of labor. These members fall into three groups in the House of Commons. Far the most powerful, as the *London Telegraph* explains, are the delegates of the "labor representation committee," about thirty in number. Well drilled and disciplined, they are already marching as a single regiment through the arena of parliamentary war. Keir Hardie is the best known fighter in these ranks, John Burns being in another category altogether. So great has been the success of Keir Hardie and his fellows at the polls that the trade-unions are already embarrassed, according to the *London News*, by the necessity of financing



HE IS PHOTOGRAPHED NEARLY EVERY DAY

This is his latest, and he looks even younger than it indicates him to be, although he is seventy or so. It is superfluous to say that this is Joseph Chamberlain.

so many members of Parliament, who, unlike our own members of Congress, do not receive any official salary. Next in importance to these thirty, must be reckoned the band of eleven miners who constitute an integral labor group of their own. Finally we have a disorganized crowd of some fifteen independent laborites, John Burns being the only international personality among them. To Mr. Chamberlain has been attributed a wily scheme for the unification of these broken political pieces by the paste of preferential tariff. He has been foiled by John Burns, who has a different kind of cement. It is derived from a promise to negative the principle established by the Taff Vale decision.

THIS Taff Vale decision is to British labor what the Dred Scott decision once seemed to the American abolitionist. The labor unions want the right to strike without legal liability to damages for the consequences of the strike. They writhe beneath the effects of a judgment by a high judicial authority to the effect that a trade-union, although not a corporate body, can be sued as a legal entity and that its property—meaning strike funds—is liable for the illegal acts of its agents or officers acting under its authority. It is this principle, we read in the *London Telegraph*, which has acted as a

centripetal force among the trade-unions of Great Britain, drawing them into something like political affiliation and bringing them in unprecedented thousands to the polling booths to vote for the Keir Hardies and the Will Thornes. The mere suspicion of being favorable to the principle of the Taff Vale decision has been fatal to the prospects of any candidate for parliament in a constituency dominated by labor. Yet Mr. Asquith, right-hand man of the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, could not develop in himself any hostility to the Taff Vale decision until his right honorable friend and colleague, Mr. John Burns, had transmitted vibratory impulses from a proletariat in agitation to the seat of the Chancellor's official consciousness. So magical was the effect that a plea for labor legislation found its way into the speech from the throne read aloud by King Edward to an aristocracy of birth and intellect.

THAT aristocracy, if we may infer anything from the *London Times*, was perturbed. Dozens of peers have a vested interest in the decision on the reversal of which the labor

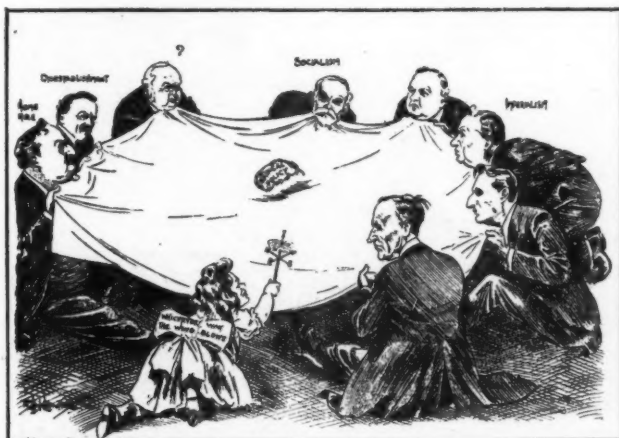


JAMES BRYCE, THE NEW SECRETARY OF IRELAND

"Is it correct to say *Ochone* or *Begorra* in these circumstances?"

—Punch (*London*).

members have begun to concentrate their energies in the Commons. Picketing is to be made legal, if John Burns and Keir Hardie can accomplish so much by reconciling their long-standing differences. Many another rusty weapon in the trade-union arsenal will be given a legislative burnishing. That is the meaning of the alliance between labor and liberalism which Mr. Chamberlain thinks he can disintegrate. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has given a definite pledge and John Burns has guaranteed. The labor bill soon to be introduced is pronounced revolutionary by those who profess to have knowledge of it. Nor can any British court pronounce an act of Parliament null and void after the fashion of the United States Federal courts in dealing with the Washington lawmakers. The *London Standard* is in something of a panic at the prospect. Its information is that the labor members will also support the Prime Minister's bill to undo the Education Act. Once that abomination to the nonconformist conscience has been ended, there is to ensue so drastic a revision of the taxes on land that country squires and territorial aristocrats have already raised a cry of confiscation. If we conceive Germany's Social-Democratic party transplanted from the Reichstag to the Commons, we may then, according to the *London Morning Post*, get an idea of the legislative nightmares that are sure to make their appearance in this Parliament. But the House of Lords still endures and can be depended upon to stand by the "vested interests" to the last gasp, as it has done so often before.



A POLITICAL PARTY

—London Evening Standard.



THE AMERICAN WIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

She was Miss Mary Crowninshield Endicott, daughter of Grover Cleveland's Secretary of War. She married Mr. Chamberlain in 1888, being his second wife.

IN ADDITION to these socialistic nightmares the eye of Mr. Balfour discerns that of home rule, which was almost forgotten by students of the election returns in England until Mr. John Redmond and the *Freeman's Journal* began to conjure it forth again. Then Mr. Balfour announced a bargain between the home rulers and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "He has made," said the former Prime Minister of the present Prime Minister, "some sort of a bargain with Mr. Redmond. He concealed that transaction. But no one doubts that there is such an arrangement, though the terms may be a perplexity to most of us and are unquestionably a perplexity to me." Again Mr. Balfour asked: "What is the instalment of reform leading toward that state of things which the Prime Minister has promised Mr. Redmond, and for which Mr. Redmond has promised the support of the Nationalist party in Ireland?" If this had been meant to "draw" Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it

succeeded. "There is no foundation from beginning to end for the whole story," he cried. It was "pot house babble" scandalous as evidence of the depths to which a Balfour could sink. "There are solid grounds of agreement between the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists," admitted Sir Henry, and he named three of them. First was an intense longing to be rid of Mr. Balfour and his ministry. Next was an equally earnest desire to improve the administration of Ireland. "And the third is the belief that in Ireland self government is the best and safest and healthiest basis on which a community can rest." This only means, says the *London Standard*, that a home-rule bill on Gladstonian lines will not be introduced because the House of Lords would reject it. The necessity of the situation compels an attempt to circumvent the House of Lords. It means "Home Rule on the sly," says the *London Times*. Mr. Redmond meanwhile is holding conferences with labor leaders.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is also having his conferences with labor leaders, but most of his time is spent in an attempt to bring together the fractured parts of the Unionist party. That body, however, is still unable to

stand at ease upon the Chamberlain platform, nor does it appear more comfortable upon the Balfourian retaliation plank. "The crisis ended," "a united party," and similar headings in organs like the *London Times*, *Mail* and *Standard* imply, however, far more harmony between the standpoints of Balfour and Chamberlain than the persistent rivalry between their followers for control of the Unionist organization would indicate. Mr. Chamberlain declares that he and his "tariff reformers" are ready to accept Mr. Balfour's leadership. That statesman no longer clings to the plank of retaliation as he drifts down the stream of defeat. He consents to don the life-belt of protection, but, as Mr. Chamberlain implies, he does not know how to put it on. The former Prime Minister is now undergoing a process of instruction and gentle suasion. Or it may be that the *London Chronicle* is nearest the truth in its intimation that Mr. Chamberlain abandoned the frontal attack on Mr. Balfour in favor of an enveloping movement. And if Balfour and Chamberlain between them win the day at the next election, predicts the *London Morning Post*, a staggering blow will have been dealt to the economic structure of the United States.



MR. JOHN REDMOND: "Well, my weight doesn't seem to matter much now."

—*London Punch*.

Literature and Art

NORDAU'S NEW ONSLAUGHT ON NOTED MODERN ARTISTS

Since the publication of "Degeneration" Nordau has written nothing of so radical a character and of so far-reaching importance as his latest book "On Art and Artists."* While it contains favorable appreciations of some of the great modern artists it deals rudely with the reputations of a number of others who have long been set up as idols and generally regarded as the highest interpreters of the modern artistic spirit. Undaunted by the fact that the world does not seem to have been in any hurry to accept his verdict on Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Oscar Wilde, as formulated in "Degeneration," Nordau sallies forth again to do battle against a later school of "degenerates." Rodin in especial excites his wrath and Bouguereau, John W. Alexander and Whistler, all fall under the ban of his condemnation. In justification of his uncompromising attitude, he says:

"There is scarcely anything I hate so much as opportunistic criticism which does not take sides honestly for or against those manifestations in art that come with noisy, pretentious claims to modernity and progress, but which, with the shrewd circumspection of the bat in the fable, seeks to have an understanding with the hostile camps of the birds as well as of the mice. . . . Intolerable are those clever fellows, the ever-smiling, smug, obliging, intangible eclectics, who praise, but with reserve; who blame, but with restraint; who bandy about such well-known and harmless phrases as, 'of course there is some exaggeration here, but a peculiar individuality cannot be denied; and 'it is certainly not a perfect creation, but the work has a certain promise.' These people, who speak so sweetly, are the real poisoners of the public taste. It is because of their efforts that tendencies that would otherwise lie outside the limits of the law enjoy a sort of 'equal rights,' granted them, so to speak, by an æsthetic-historical tribunal."

That Nordau's own method continues to be diametrically opposite to that of the critics thus described by him the book affords ample evidence. In no uncertain tones he accuses Rodin of "hysterical epilepsy," of appealing to "the morbid impulses of his neurotic followers," and of adopting a technique which "breaks with tradition and indulges in childish eccentricities." He says further:

"Rodin's unpardonable sin is his adherence to an æsthetic principle which is confessedly impressionistic. The only thing that interests him in a figure or a group is the line of motion. His work retains that line of motion with persuasive veracity, but with an accentuation so exaggerated that it almost reaches the point of caricature. Meanwhile he neglects everything that does not contribute to the expression of that line. Now sculpture is an art wholly incompatible with impressionism. In the nature of things it demands an unflinching and unswerving candor in its reproduction of nature. . . . Rodin halts in his work just when he has arrived at what we may call a promise. His work is never a fulfilment. He is a sculptor working with the eye and the hand of a painter, and he applies the painter's methods to the execution of works which must be looked at from a thousand different angles."

"Rodin overstepped the outermost limits of his folly when he made his monument of Balzac, which Gogo, who accepts many humbugs, couldn't quite swallow. . . . 'Le Penseur,' a colossal statue exhibited in 1904, is almost as disastrous as the Balzac, . . . but he's much less comical, for he isn't clad in a meal-sack. The figure is nude and so ill-wrought that no one can see it without a sensation bordering on horror, unless, of course, he has a liking for depraved art. . . .

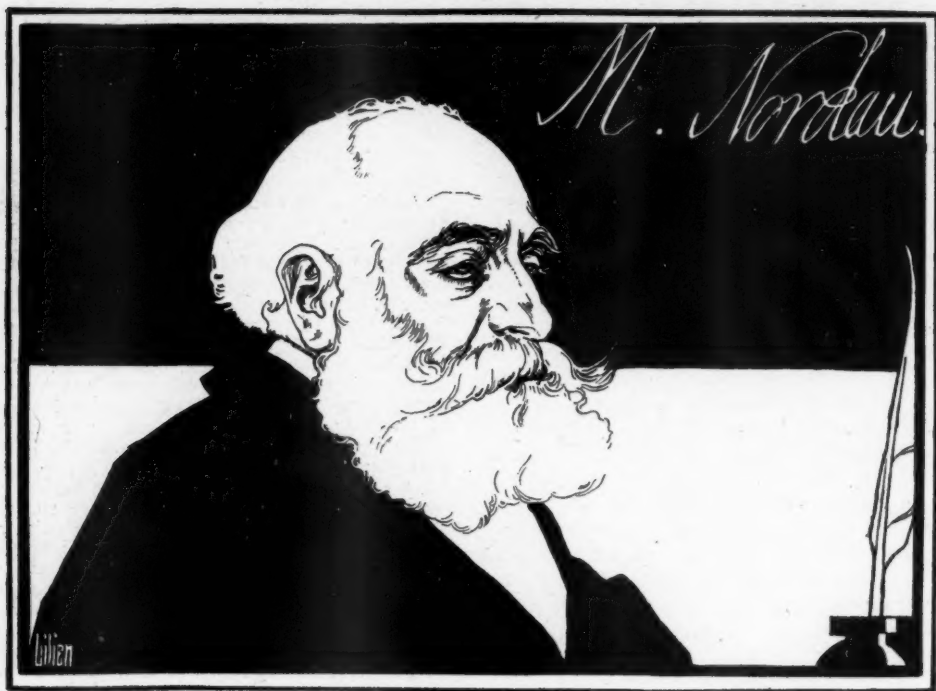
"All this is most lamentable, for Rodin was originally a highly gifted artist."

Bouguereau is "slaughtered" with equal heartlessness. The "contempt for Bouguereau" expressed by the modern artist Nordau himself shares and intensifies. He says:

"Bouguereau pleases the inadequately trained eye because he paints prettily. But in art the pretty thing is the very contrary of the beautiful, for it is the untrue. The naturally fine feeling or the happily educated conscience perceive as beautiful only that which is true. What is pretty is necessarily untrue, for it represents something which is gotten without pain; which does not arouse contradiction, does not compel any exertion on the observer's part, and does not make any demands upon him to adapt himself to the peculiarity of the artist. . . . The artist who aims at the pretty thing does not seek truth. He is only thinking of the multitude whom he wishes to please. He does not represent what he sees and what makes an impression upon him, but only what corresponds to the faint, inaccurate conception of things that the majority of people have. He is the crowd's courtier. He flatters their shallowness and incapacity. He wants them to say with a self-satisfied smile: 'This man is a great artist, for he has the same views as I have!'"

The two American painters dealt with, John

*VON KUNST UND KÜNSTLER. By Max Nordau. B. Blischer, Leipsic.



MAX NORDAU

(From a drawing by E. M. Lilien.)

W. Alexander and Whistler, fare no better than Rodin and Bouguereau. Alexander, in Nordau's eyes, is "the inventor of acrobatism in portraiture." To quote:

"He is an American who possesses enviable cleverness and security. He is master of the instruments of expression in his art and has a sure feeling for the harmony of those soft, toned-down colors which in France are known as 'Liberty' shades, after the name of an American business man in the Avenue de l'Opéra who first brought into fashion dress, furniture and wall-stuffs of those peculiar, bloodless and, as it were, chlorotic colors. With his skilful drawing and his charming harmonies of cool, pale-blue, gentle-green, pale white-yellow and tender rose, he might, perhaps, have pleased some connoisseurs, but would scarcely have attained world-wide fame. So he hit upon the idea of painting women in the most startling positions. He became the inventor of acrobatism in portraiture. His women lie in orgiastic torsions on the ground or on sofas, with their feet up in the air and their heads hanging over the edge; or their figures are doubled in curves, like screws, or coiled up like sleeping dogs, staggering the harmless observer, and suggesting to the corrupt imagination certain lustful pictures."

On much the same grounds Whistler is

condemned. His method of portraying women, we are told, is the result of a "hyperæsthesia" which is "a decided state of disease." Says Nordau:

"The violence with which he treats young, high-bred, nervous women has an uncanny effect upon me. I am thinking of his 'Lady Meux,' and of other capricious specimens of femininity exhibited in the Paris and London salons during the past five years. He plants his model before us in some strange position. Sometimes she stands with her back turned toward us, but as if with a sudden caprice wheels her head around; another time she shows the full face and looks at us fascinatingly with mouth screwed up and agitated, penetrating eyes. These spoiled, capricious beauties are arrayed in remarkable toilets; often not a finger's breadth of skin is left bare, beside the face and hands; and yet they cry aloud of sensuality. They are bundles of sick nerves that seem to tremble in excitement from the crown of their heads to their finger-tips. It is as if they wished to incite the men to wild dare-deviltry, and at the same time held their claws ready to tear their victims to pieces with a loud cry of joy. All the mad bacchanalianism, all the sphinx-like relentlessness that Ibsen was unable to embody with verisimilitude in his 'Hedda Gabler,' speaks distinctly from the pictures of Whistler's women."

SHAKESPEAREAN SCENES IN BAS-RELIEF

The scenes and characters of Shakespeare have, of course, inspired the efforts of innumerable pictorial artists; and certain detached figures from his plays have been embodied over and over again in marble and bronze; but there is something unique in the way in which a New York sculptor, Mr. R. Hinton Perry, has embodied in bas-relief representative Shakespearean scenes, each one including numerous characters, and telling the main story of a play. In large panels, nine feet by four, he has embodied his conceptions, the series forming a frieze to which the newspaper and magazine writers still call attention. The New Amsterdam Theatre, in which these bas-relief representations of Shakespearean drama and comedy appear, is thought to surpass all other buildings of like character in the beauty of its interior decoration. The "Art Nouveau" has here found its first large expression in this country. Representations of the human figure, of animals, birds, flowers and foliage, follow the structural lines of the building, and furnish a setting for the work of eminent American painters and sculptors. In the lobby of the theatre are Mr. Perry's great bas-reliefs, ten in number, five of them on Wagnerian subjects and five on Shakespearean. In finish and composition, in grasp and in detail, they form a tribute such as the sculptor's art has perhaps never before attempted to pay to the great myriad-minded dramatist and to the Shakespeare of music.

The Shakespearean scenes reproduced

herewith are selected from three tragedies—"Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Richard III"—and



ROLAND HINTON PERRY

Whose bas-relief representations of Shakespearean subjects, in the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, form a tribute such as a sculptor has probably never before attempted to pay to the great dramatist.

two comedies—"As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The greatest



"HAMLET"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

of Shakespeare's plays are thus represented, and though, by reason of the rich coloring of the medieval costumes, such subjects may be felt to lend themselves more readily to painting than to sculpture, Mr. Perry has been able to achieve notable effects of expression. In each theme it has been his aim to give the keynote of the play, to condense the whole situation into a single, suggestive phase. He shows Hamlet, for instance, the man of morbid temperament, inclined to introspection and melancholy, at the moment when the ghost appears, walking the ramparts of the castle of Elsinore. In the same way, "Macbeth and the Witches" and "The Battle of Bosworth Field" catch moments pregnant with dramatic interest and significance. The last-named panel has

gained the illusion of motion, of atmosphere, of elaborate detail. It is a *tour de force* in the inflexible material which is the sculptor's medium. The effect is that of a Gobelin tapestry. By a skilful manipulation of the space, crowding it with detail, yet using as few lines of indication as possible, Mr. Perry has succeeded suggestively in telling the whole story, when, literally, he could not have told the whole story. The subordination of detail alone makes of this panel a lesson to the spectator. Every accessory is studied and authentic. Spears, armor, the accoutrement of the horses, anatomical truth, the manner and attitude of attack, were all the subjects of research, and the handling of the theme is heroic.

An original note appears in Mr. Perry's



"MACBETH AND THE WITCHES"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)



"IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

presentation of Shakespearean heroines. In the panel representing Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, the figure of Orlando, carving the name on a tree, stands out most strongly. But while the figure of Rosalind is gently subordinated, she remains the central personality of the scene.

Plaster copies of the Shakespearean bas-reliefs hang on the façades of the sculptor's studio, which is the scene of varied artistic activity. Mr. Perry's best known work is probably the "Court of Neptune" fountain, before the entrance of the Congressional Library at Washington. During the past year he has created nothing more beautiful than a bust of his own little daughter. A solid noble breadth is the basis of this work. Upon it

the sculptor has known how to throw the most ephemeral, sprite-like gleams. Mischief and wonder are expressed in the tilted head and the arrested gaze. The hair is treated simply, but with great skill, and the neck is a combination of child-like force and frailty. The features, modeled with sincerity, are flashing with life. This beautiful work, in which the sculptor and father has perpetuated the soul of his own child, is in purest marble. A still more recent work is a life-size bust of General Sickles. The subject is a magnificent one, for the features are almost Bismarckian in their embodiment of force and resolution; but of a Bismarck turned into a gentleman, with a capacity for tenderness as well as dogged leadership. One art critic recently pronounced this bust



"THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)



MRS. ROLAND HINTON PERRY
Painted by her husband.

of the General the finest piece of sculpture he has yet seen by an American artist.

Another and more conventional work on which Mr. Perry has been engaged is a group of two figures for the Chickamauga battle-field. The figures represent a Confederate and Union soldier clasping hands in token of a reunited country.

Mr. Perry is a painter as well as a sculptor, and his first studies were in the pictorial line; but the "pinching of clay" had a fascination which he could not resist. He still paints at intervals, and the portrait which we reproduce is not only of interest as a specimen of his skill upon canvas, but has an additional interest just now, in that it is the likeness of the lady (Mrs. May Hanbury Fisher) whom he recently made his wife.

Three other notable works by Mr. Perry are his "Circe," his "Primitive Man and Serpent," and the "Golden Girl" which he made to crown the dome of the Pennsylvania State Capitol, in Harrisburg. The first two are elemental and barbaric in feeling. The last has something of the Grecian spirit. The woman figure stands, one hand holding a long, lithe wand, the other outstretched. Her face has intensity of vision, firmness of chin, nobility of profile.

Roland Hinton Perry is still comparatively young, having just rounded his thirty-sixth year.

THE FIRST OF LIVING POETS

This proud title undoubtedly belongs to Algernon Charles Swinburne, and has been freely accorded to him by critical commentators in many countries. "His best lyrics," says a writer in the *London Speaker*, "have a perfection and variety of rhythm which were not only never achieved before, but seem never to have been contemplated as possible of achievement in English poetry"; and George Barlow, the author of an article in *The Contemporary Review* (London) which deals with the spiritual passion, rather than the lyrical gifts, of Swinburne, goes so far as to make this statement: "No poet that has ever lived, no poet ever likely to arise, has surpassed, or will surpass, Mr. Swinburne in the rare and priceless gift of spiritual sublimity." These glowing estimates are a part of the current criticism evoked by the recent publication of Swinburne's collected poems and dramas. They are typical of the spirit in which his English admirers pay him homage.

Swinburne also has his enthusiastic devotees in this country; but of three critical estimates lately printed, only one—that of Prof. George E. Woodberry—is in the nature of panegyric. The other two—by Paul Elmer More, of the *New York Evening Post*, and William Morton Payne, of the *Chicago Dial*—evidently represent efforts to pass judgment uninfluenced by glamor or sentiment. Mr. More's verdict is the least favorable of the three. Writing in the third volume of his "Shelburne Essays,"* he confesses to a feeling akin to "personal repulsion" in contemplating Swinburne. He says in part:

"The reader of Swinburne feels constantly as if his feet were swept away from the earth and he were carried into a misty mid-region where blind currents of air beat hither and thither; he longs for some anchor to reality. In the later books this sensation becomes almost painful."

"The satiety of the flesh hangs like a fatal web

* *SHELBURNE ESSAYS*. Third Series. By Paul Elmer More. G. P. Putnam & Son.

about the 'Laus Veneris'; the satiety of disappointment clings 'with sullen savor of poisonous pain' to 'The Triumph of Time'; satiety speaks in the 'Hymn to Proserpine,' with its regret for the passing of the old heathen gods; it seeks relief in the unnatural passion of 'Anactoria'; turns to the abominations of cruelty in 'Faustine.' . . . Now the acquiescence of weariness may have its inner compensations, even its sacred joys; but satiety, with its torturing impotence and its hungering for forbidden fruit, is perhaps the most immoral word in the language; its unashamed display causes a kind of revulsion in any wholesome mind."

"To Swinburne the sound of liberty was a charm to cast him into a kind of frothing mania. It is true that one or two of the poems on this theme are lifted up with a superb and genuine lyric enthusiasm."

"The rhythmic grace of his metre is like a bubble blown into the air, floating before our eyes with gorgeous iridescence—but when it touches earth it bursts. There lies the fatal weakness of all this frenzy over liberty and this hymeneal chanting of sky and ocean; it has no basis in the homely facts of the heart."

"No inconsiderable portion of Swinburne's work is made up of a stream of half-visualized abstractions that crowd upon one another with the motion of clouds driven below the moon. He is more like Walt Whitman in this respect than any other poet in the language."

"A true poet who respects the sacredness of noble ideas, who cherishes some awe for the mysteries, does not buffet them about as a shuttcock; he uses them sparingly and only when the thought rises of necessity to those heights. There is a lack of emotional breeding, almost an indecency, in Swinburne's easy familiarity with these great things of the spirit."

William Morton Payne's estimate appears in the introduction to a newly issued volume of selections of Swinburne's poetry.* He finds Swinburne's greatest strength in the sum total of his achievement:

"When the comparative claims made for the greater poets of the nineteenth century shall receive their final adjudication at the tribunal of criticism, there can be little doubt that to Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, in this ultimate reckoning, there will be conceded a higher place than that allowed to Swinburne. Keats and Coleridge, by virtue of a few perfect poems; Browning and Arnold, by virtue of a special appeal to the intellectual rather than the strictly æsthetic element in appreciation, may also be cherished by many with a deeper affection. Some may discover in Byron's 'superb energy of sincerity and strength,' a more positive inspiration; some may recognize in Landor's superb yet wistful restraint a finer example; some may even find in the artistic passion of Rossetti or in the golden haze of Morris a surer stimulus to the deeper sensibilities—but with all at least, Swinburne will be found fairly comparable in the impressiveness of his achievement as a whole. The rich diversity of that achievement, the splendid artistry of its performance, and the high and



MR. PERRY'S BUST OF HIS DAUGHTER
GWENDOLEN

austere idealism which informs it, are qualities that may safely be trusted to save it from the oblivion in which the work of all but the greater poets becomes engulfed soon after they have passed away from among men."

Professor Woodberry's new volume on Swinburne* is, in a certain sense, a vindication of the poet—a moving plea for the full and unstinted recognition of his genius. He says he supposes that "no English poet has ever had so wide and familiar acquaintance with the poetry of foreign climes. . . . He achieved such familiarity with past literature that his mind became capable of an attitude of contemporaneity toward it." Moreover:

"The truth about Swinburne is the exact opposite of what has been widely and popularly thought—weakness, affectation, exotic foreignness. The traits of æstheticism in the debased sense of that word are far from him. He is strong; he is genuine; he is English bred, with a European mind, it is true, like Shelley, like Gray and Milton, but in his own genius, temperament, and the paths of his flight, charged with the strength of England. In his nature-verse there is sympathy with power, grandeur, energy, marking the verse unmistakably as that of a strong soul; in his social verse of all kinds, political and religious, there is the same sympathy marking it, making it clarion-like, to use his own

*SELECTED POEMS OF SWINBURNE. D. C. Heath & Co.

*SWINBURNE. By George Edward Woodberry. McClure, Phillips & Co.

metaphor, for liberty, progress, man, for the truth and love of the Revolution, for the ideal of the Republic as the great and single aim of the race. In his passion-verse there is the same breath of the power of life; and that farewell to life in which the pagan mood ends, by its insistency, its poignancy, its plangency, the sweetness of its regret, the bitterness of its despair, is the death-recoil of a great power of life, of joy and dream and aspiration in youth, of a power to seize the things of nature and of the spirit, to live over again the experience, to think over again the thoughts of man, to have man's life.

"Liberty, melody, passion, faith, nature, love, and fame are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from his first, almost boyhood, touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two-score years with music that has been blown through the world."

On the continent of Europe, Swinburne's reputation is steadily growing. To the French people he was long ago introduced, most fittingly, by Victor Hugo, the master whose praise he was never tired of singing. The Parnassians and Symbolists received with great enthusiasm the English poet in whose song they found traces of their own idols, Gautier and Baudelaire. Until the South African War there existed in Paris a Swinburne Club. At that time the poet printed the well-known sonnet in which he defended the English policy with more patriotism than good taste. The Frenchmen of those days were very hot-headed and fervent sympathizers with the Boers. So they decided that a man who

could write in defence of "British tyranny" was unworthy of their admiration, and the Swinburne Club came to an untimely and ignominious end.

The tide of Swinburne enthusiasm has reached Germany. It was through Max Nordau that he was first brought to the notice of the German reading public. Nordau, it will be remembered, was kind enough to Swinburne to reckon him among "the higher degenerates whose language was at least clear and whose thought coherent." But until recently Swinburne was only known to a limited circle. Now, a number of his best poems have been translated and issued in book form by Otto Hauser, himself no mean poet, and for that reason well qualified to interpret Swinburne's work to his compatriots. Of his book the literary critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt* writes as follows: "For the first time there appears in German translation an English lyricist, whom his own land reckons among the poets of the first order and who with us, too, will, perhaps, soon be assigned an unalterable position among the poets of the world's literature. We speak of Algernon Charles Swinburne, of all lyric poets one of the most peculiar. He was a symbolist before symbolism, and thought and wrought realistically before the coming of the naturalistic clique,—in short, a potent personality, of Promethean independence."

THE EXTINCTION OF FICTION WORSHIP

* We read the novels of to-day and after a fashion we discuss them, declares the Rev. W. J. Dawson in his striking study of English prose fiction recently published.* But who, he asks, now waits for the appearance of any novel "in a fever of expectation"? Who "weeps and laughs" over new novels, who is kindled into "vigorous love or hatred" of their characters? In fact, if the circumstances are soundly viewed by Mr. Dawson, it must be that for some century and a half the Anglo-Saxon race was prone to an excessive fiction worship. The cult, in its true form, died out with Dickens. "He peopled the imagination of his countrymen with the creatures of his art. He created a personal bond between himself and his reader unique in the entire history of literature. When in later life he appeared

as the public interpreter of his own books, he was received with the most frantic demonstrations of affection. Never had any writer such a hold upon his readers—never again can such a phenomenon be anticipated." But the reading world of our day has traveled so far beyond "a cult, a passion, an adoration, a fanaticism," as Mr. Dawson calls it, for any display of genius in the art of writing fiction that "it is impossible for us to-day to understand the kind of feeling with which Dickens was regarded by his contemporaries." In seeming conflict with some critics of the public taste who speak of "fiction frenzy" as rampant to-day, Mr. Dawson thinks our emotions have been rendered practically immune by long subjection to the contagion. He brings the point out most clearly, perhaps, in what he has to say of Richardson:

"By what strange power or virtue did a man

*THE MAKERS OF ENGLISH FICTION. By W. J. Dawson. Fleming H. Revell Co.

so essentially homely achieve this prodigious fame? The secret is, after all, quite simple. He was the originator of the novel of sentiment. The charge which Dickens brings against Defoe of an entire lack of tenderness and sentiment in his death of Friday is a charge which lies against all Defoe's work. Defoe never thinks of touching the fountain of tears, and probably could not have done so had he wished. The lack of sentiment is even more marked in Swift, for he takes a cruel pleasure in exposing human frailty and has no tears even for the most pitiable of human miseries. Richardson strikes a new note. He introduces sympathy and pathos into English fiction. He investigates the human heart not to sneer at its emotions but to dignify them. His sympathy with women is remarkable. He understands them perfectly, he reverences them, and he applies to them an analysis which is as delicate as it is acute. No wonder he found himself the idol of female coteries: he was the anointed Prophet of the Feminine. Women read his books with a kind of breathless interest which the sentimental tales of Dickens excited in our own day, and wrote him passionate letters, imploring him not to kill his heroine or to save the soul of his hero, much as the early readers of Dickens implored him not to kill Little Nell. One of his favorite correspondents, Lady Brads-haigh, has vividly described her emotions over 'Clarissa Harlowe.' She wept copiously over the book, laid it down unable to command her feelings, could not sleep at night for thinking of it, and needed all her fortitude and the active sympathy of her husband to enable her to persist in the agonizing task.

"There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of her confession. We have become inured to the sentimental novelist and are on our guard against him. Our feelings have been outraged so often that if we yield ourselves to his spell it is with deliberation and with a due regard to the consequences of our weakness. But Richardson dealt with unsophisticated readers, rich in virgin emotions."

From this standpoint, it is a step to the conclusion that many well-known phenomena of fiction worship are unthinkable to-day. "Every one recalls the story of the old gentleman on his death-bed who thanked God for the likelihood of living till the next number of 'Pickwick' came out. Not so familiar, but equally significant, is the story of the man who rode several miles at midnight that he might awaken his friend with the great and welcome news: 'Carter's dead!'" Things like that do not happen now, or if they do they are exceptional. The novel-reading mind has grown fastidious, even among the masses. And the literary palate is jaded when the viands are on the whole more appetizing than ever before:

"In one respect the modern novel shows a great advance on its predecessors—viz.: in its technical perfection. Its art may be thin and poor, but its craftsmanship is excellent. The



THE REV. WILLIAM J. DAWSON

For a century and a half, he thinks, the Anglo-Saxon race was prone to an excessive fiction worship; but the cult, in its true form, died out with Dickens.

story is usually told with vivacity and clearness, the plot is skilfully contrived, the interest is sustained and the writing often has a real grace of style. The average of sound literary craftsmanship is to-day much higher than it ever was. If we take at random any half-dozen novels of the present season and compare them with the novels produced by writers not of the first rank fifty years ago, we are struck at once by the great advance in technique. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every season there is published one or more novels which would have made a great reputation fifty years ago. The average of good craftsmanship in fiction has risen in the ratio of increased literary perception and education among the people."

Potent, likewise, among the forces making for the extinction of fiction worship is the popular knowledge of the secrets of the craft. When a brilliant novel appears from a new pen, readers no longer leap to the conclusion that a fresh genuine genius has emerged. Too many disappointments make us wary. "Every season brings us some new novel which achieves distinction. . . . The author strikes a vein of observation which is fresh and original—he pictures something he knows, and the result is that his work receives an applause which even a Thackeray or a Dickens would have regarded as unstinted." Nor can we forget that literary history is to-day so

well known that novel readers are familiar with the mistaken judgments of their novel-reading fathers and grandfathers. Not that the novel is destined to lose its hold. Far from it. It is likely to evolve steadily. "It seems yet more likely that the time will come when every man who has anything to say on art or science or religion or sociology will seek to say it in fiction. These tendencies will inevitably produce a more general perception

of fiction as a serious form of literature. We shall regard it less as a means of amusement than of instruction." Finally, the novelist is not to blame, if he find himself no longer the object of a cult or a worship. "All the love stories have been told; every possible situation in which lovers find themselves has been exhausted. . . . No doubt it is much more difficult to write a great novel to-day than a century ago."

IS JOURNALISM THE DESTROYER OF LITERATURE?

According to Julian Hawthorne, the well-known novelist and newspaper writer, journalism is antagonistic, by the very law of its being, to pure literature. "What lives in literature," he says, "dies in journalism." The daily paper, as he admits, is the characteristic voice of the age, and never exerted a wider influence than at the present time. Moreover, it is often "splendidly officered, sagaciously managed, admirably done." But the fact remains that its "mode of speech is of the material plane"; it "involves no appeal to the spiritual affiliations of men." On a newspaper diet "heart and soul are atrophied," and literature, "the characteristic utterance of the spiritual plane," languishes. Mr. Hawthorne's utterances on the subject come with additional force owing to the fact that, after achieving no inconsiderable success in the realms of purely creative fiction, he has of late years devoted the major part of his time to journalistic work of various kinds. Few men are better qualified than he to discourse intelligently on the relations of literature to journalism. One seems to detect the note of personal resentment toward the work of his later years.

Perhaps it will be asked: Is not the newspaper an educational force? Does it not broaden a man, remove his prejudice and abate his provincialism? Is it not a sort of universality of general knowledge? Even to these questions Mr. Hawthorne refuses to give an affirmative reply. He says (in *The Critic*, February):

"If we catechize a graduate of this university, the result is not reassuring. The area of his available information is, indeed, unrestricted; but he is also free to select from it only what he fancies, and these are items which tend to inflame, rather than to dissipate, his provincialism

and prejudices. Finding, too, so many things apparently incompatible offered for his belief, he ends by drifting into scepticism; while his sympathies are bankrupted by the very multitude of the appeals to them. Thus he acquires an indifference which is rather that of impotence than of philosophy; for the indifference of the philosopher is due either to faith in a state of being purer than the earthly, or else to a noble superiority to destiny; whereas the mind of the newspaper graduate has simply lost virility. Instead of mastery of marshalled truths, he exhibits a dim agglomeration of half-remembered or mis-remembered facts; and because the things he cares to read in his newspaper are few compared with those he skips, he has lost the faculty of fixing his full attention upon anything. His moral stamina has been assailed by the endless procession of crimes and criminals that deploys before him, often in attractive guise; and as for ideals, he may choose between those of the stock exchange and of State legislatures."

There is a sense, continues Mr. Hawthorne, in which the very technical excellence of a newspaper constitutes its chief danger to the public. Its stories are well written—terse, clear, strong, and to the point. In two recent instances at least a journalist has risen to the highest rank in literature. Men of established literary standing contribute special articles to newspapers. War correspondents have won a niche in the temple of fame. "But if, by such means, waifs of literature be occasionally dragged neck-and-heels into a place where they do not belong, so much the worse for literature, and for the community thereby led to accept this abnormal miscegenation for a legitimate marriage." Mr. Hawthorne proceeds to describe more fully what he means by "literature":

"Consider for a moment that literature is writing which is as readable and valuable to-day as it was a hundred or a thousand years ago,—a longevity which it owes to a quality just the

opposite of that essential to journalism; that is, it lives not by reason of what it says, so much as of the manner of the saying. It is nature and life passed through a human mind and tinged with his mood and personality. It is warmed by his emotion and modified by his limitations. . . .

"The highest literature is that of imagination, though much true literature is not strictly imaginative,—Aristotle and Huxley, though not on Homer's or Shakespeare's level, wrote literature. Imagination is of all gifts the most human and mysterious; being in touch with the infinite in finite man, it is creative. Fact is transfigured by it, and truth humanized; though it is not so much as based upon invention, fancy may be its forerunner. Like all creative impulses, it is suffused with emotion,—with passion even,—but under control; the soul is at the helm. Imagination moulds and launches a new world, but its laws are the same as those of the world we know; it presents scenes of enchantment earth cannot rival, but laid in truth and wrought in reason,—transcending, but not contradicting what we call reality. . . . Literature has its play-grounds, too, where it disports itself lightsomely as a child, but a child whose eyes sparkle with divinity that may at any moment bring to our own tears as well as laughter. Or it may seem preoccupied with sober descriptions of people and things; but in the midst of them we find ourselves subtly drawn toward magic casements, wherefrom, beyond boundaries of mortal vision, we behold the lights and shadows, the music and the mystery of fairy-land."

In all this, what is there congenial, asks Mr. Hawthorne, with bright, hard, impersonal, business-like, matter-of-fact journalism? Of course it is possible to print in a newspaper Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," or Kipling's "They," but this does not make the newspaper a literary medium. We may go through the motions of harnessing Pegasus to a market-garden cart, but Pegasus will not stay harnessed. He does not belong on the market-garden plane, and was not really there even when we were fastening the traces. "Keats's Nightingale cannot be made to sing cheek by jowl with a soap advertisement, in the gas-light glare of Miss Makeup's Advice to the Love-lorn." What lives in literature—the individual touch, the deeps of feeling, the second sight—dies in journalism.

The influence of the magazines, adds Mr. Hawthorne, is just as deplorable as that of the newspapers. To quote again:

"The newspaper is the characteristic voice of the age; and the age cannot have two characteristic voices. And the success of the newspaper, its enterprise, its dashing invasion of fields beyond its legitimate sphere, have compelled the magazines, each in a greater or less degree, so to modify their contents as to meet this novel rivalry. They try to handle 'timely' subjects, to treat topics of the day, to discuss burning questions.

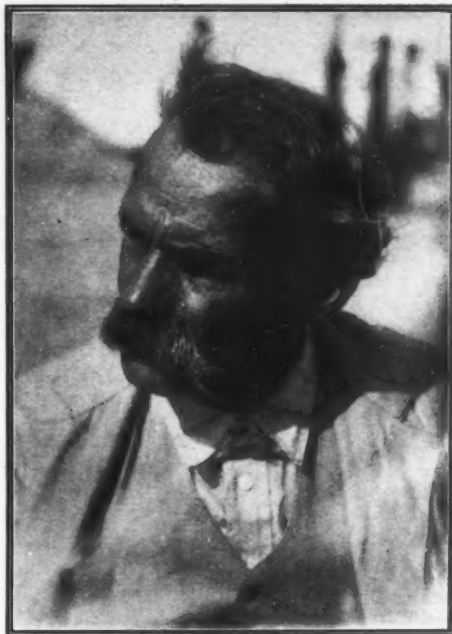


Photo. by Vander Weyde.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

"What lives in literature," he says, "dies in journalism. Keats's 'Nightingale' cannot be made to sing cheek by jowl with a soap advertisement, in the gas-light glare of Miss Makeup's Advice to the Love-lorn."

Such things are impossible to the literary spirit; but writers are not lacking, and their work is often masterly—on its own plane—which is that of the newspaper. Important uses are served; but they are not literary uses. Fiction does not escape the infection; the class of stories which is upon the whole most acceptable in magazines has to do with current domestic and social problems, and with the dramas and intrigues of business. The interest is sustained, the detail is vividly realistic, the characters are such as you meet everywhere, the whole handling is alert, smart, telling, up-to-date;—but where are the personal touch, the atmosphere, the deep beneath deep of feeling, the second sight, the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream? What has literature to do with these clever stories? You may read the entire contents of a magazine, and all the articles seem to have been the work of the same hand, with slight variations of mood; and next week, how many of them all remain distinct in your memory?"

In spite, however, of all these depressing signs, Mr. Hawthorne takes a hopeful view of the future. While literary geniuses never before had such difficulty in getting a hearing, he thinks our need for real literature remains, and the inevitable swing of the pendulum will

bring it back in due season. The newspaper spirit has closed above us the gates of the spiritual plane, but he sees signs of hope:

"There are already symptoms, if one will give heed to them, of discontent with the dollar as the arbiter of human life, of weariness of wars of traders, both on the floor of 'change, where the dead are suicides, and on the field of battle, where Japanese and Russian peasants kill one another in behalf of rival pawnbrokers. There is a longing to re-establish humanity among human beings, both in their private and their public relations; to turn from the illusion of frescoed and electric-lighted palm-rooms, and to open our eyes again to the Delectable Mountains, with their sun and

moon and stars. The premonitions of such a change are perceptible; and, along with them, a timid putting forth, here and there, like early spring buds upon the bare boughs of winter, of essays, sometimes in fiction, sometimes otherwise, which possess quite a fresh aroma of the spiritual genius. Some of them arrive from over seas, some are of native culture. They are at the polar extreme from the newspaper fashion, and for that reason the more significant. They have a strange, gentle power, which many feel without understanding it, and love they know not why. These may be the harbingers of a new and pure literature, free and unprecedented, emancipated both from the traditions of the past and from the imprisonment of the present. Man cannot help himself, but is succored from above."

WHO WAS THE REAL LEADER OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES?

After these many years of reading and writing concerning the Pre-Raphaelite movement, of explication, implication and mystification, the history, we are told, must all be rewritten, in order to make it conform to

the facts. For neither Rossetti (as many have maintained), nor his whilom teacher, Ford Madox Brown as others have maintained, was the leader and inspirer of the movement. Holman Hunt was the real prophet, the one who



"LORENZO AND ISABELLA"

(By J. E. Millais.)

Pronounced by Holman Hunt "the most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty years of age ever painted."



"RIENZI"

Holman Hunt's first important painting

first, last and all the time stood for the principles of Pre-Raphaelite art. He tells us so himself, in a new work* that has impressive claims to be considered the most authoritative history of the movement yet written.

Ruskin, it seems, while rescuing the young painters from the clutches of angry art critics at a time when their early works were being exhibited, conceived a higher interest in Rossetti than in Hunt or John Millais, and in his estimates of the work of the brotherhood, spoke of Millais and Hunt as quite secondary in comparison with his newer protégé. On this verdict Holman Hunt now comments:

"Millais and I had no leisure to read every pronouncement on our work that was published; we therefore did not heed the terms in which Ruskin compared the different members of our school. It is needful to point this out or it might be asked why we did not at the time challenge the statement of Rossetti's leadership. For my part, not then contemplating the duty of historian of the Brotherhood, I did not feel called upon to heed Ruskin's verdict. Indeed, I shall never argue the point, for it is a matter of small importance which of the three was originator of our movement, provided that the desired object

was attained. But what makes the question vital is whether Rossetti's inspiration of ideals and manner of work did represent the original purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism?"

In defining Pre-Raphaelitism, Hunt declares: "Not alone was the work that we were bent on producing to be more persistently derived from Nature than any having a dramatic significance yet done in the world; not simply were our productions to establish a more frank study of creation as their initial intention, but the name adopted by us negated the suspicion of any servile antiquarianism." Pre-Raphaelitism is not Pre-Raphaelism, he continues; it involves no such repudiation of Raphael as was understood and denounced by the critics when the mystic signature "P. R. B." was first explained. The Raphaelites were those who "servilely travestied" this prince of painters, and their kind, it would seem from the following, had not become extinct, even down to Holman Hunt's own day. He writes:

"Although certain rare geniuses since then have dared to burst the fetters forged in Raphael's decline, I here venture to repeat what we said in the days of our youth, that the traditions that went on through the Bolognese Academy,

*PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. By W. Holman Hunt. The Macmillan Company.



HOLMAN HUNT

(From a portrait by Ralph Peacock.)

Mr. Hunt is the sole survivor of the early days of Pre-Raphaelitism, and claims to have been its real prophet—the one who first, last and all the time stood for the principles of Pre-Raphaelite art.

which were introduced at the foundation of all later schools and enforced by Le Brun, Du Fresnoy, Raphael Mengs, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to our own time were lethal in their influence, tending to stifle the breath of design. The name Pre-Raphaelite excludes the influence of such corrupters of perfection, even though Raphael, by reason of some of his works, be in the list, while it accepts that of his more sincere forerunners."

The phrase "servile antiquarianism" indicates a danger that the Pre-Raphaelites sought to avoid even in the inspiration derived from Raphael's forerunners. And herein, it seems, lies the quality which differentiates Rossetti from the real Pre-Raphaelite. "Antiquarianism" was the note of a school that

arose in Germany prior to the English Pre-Raphaelites. Madox Brown had caught from its representative, Overbeck, this reprehensible note and had conveyed it to his early pupil, Rossetti. It is more because this trait of Rossetti's early work has become identified with Pre-Raphaelitism than because Rossetti has been unjustly accorded the position of leadership, that Holman Hunt now utters his protest. Referring to earlier appreciative words applied to Rossetti, Hunt now writes:

"My tributes to his honor have been too often interpreted as an acknowledgment of his 'leadership,' and though this was very far from my intention, yet as my words were strictly accurate, I have no compunction in reprinting them. In some cases, to avoid what would have seemed like egoism, I made reports of his talk without mention of the initiatory programme which had called forth his amplification of the idea. Repeating my tribute I now add other facts which prove to be essential to the correct balance of the story; this would be but of trivial importance if the issue were merely a personal one, to determine whether Millais, Rossetti, or I, most had the responsibility of Pre-Raphaelitism, but it involves the question as to the exact purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism. This is so vital in my eyes that if it were decided to mean what the Brown-Rossetti circle and all the critics, native and foreign, inspired by them, continually ascribe to it, Pre-Raphaelitism should certainly not engage my unprofessional pen."



"THE GIRLHOOD OF THE VIRGIN"

(By D. G. Rossetti.)

The first picture exhibited by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The pictures first exhibited by the brotherhood as such were the "Lorenzo and Isabella" by Millais, the "Rienzi" by Hunt and the "Girlhood of Virgin Mary" by Rossetti. The two former showed their pictures at the Royal Academy, while Rossetti exhibited his at a gallery in Portland Place. The fact that the latter exhibition was opened a week earlier than the Academy, gave to Rossetti a certain priority in public interest, and hence, it seems, came the inception of the "legend" of Rossetti's leadership. Hunt's comment on the event is as follows:

"While our pictures were shut up for another week at the Royal Academy, Rossetti's was open to public sight, and we heard that he was spoken of as the precursor of a new school; this was somewhat trying. In fact, when Rossetti had made selection from his three designs of the subject he should paint under me, he chose that which was most *Overbeckian* in manner. This I had regarded as of but little moment, thinking the painting would serve as a simple exercise, probably never to be finished, but simply to prepare him for future efforts. It turned out, however, that the picture was completed and realized with that Pre-Raphaelite thoroughness which it could not have reached under Brown's mediæval supervision; this had made us agree to its appearance with our monogram P. R. B. That Millais and I did not exaggerate the danger to our cause in this distortion of our principles is shown by the altogether false interpretation of the



HENRICH HEINE

The only German poet who is much and steadily read outside of Germany.

term Pre-Raphaelitism which originated then and is current to this day."

THE WITTIEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED

As a poet of universal fame and "the wittiest man of modern times," if not of all time, Heinrich Heine is presented by George Brandes, the radical Danish critic. The one writer of genius in the German "opposition literature" of 1820 to 1848, says Brandes in a recently translated volume,* Heine is also the only German poet who is "much and steadily read" outside of Germany. In the Fatherland he is looked upon as the "stinging nettle in the garden of literature." "He stings the historians' fingers and they curse him," as Brandes remarks. In histories of literature and magazine articles his prose is described as old-fashioned and his poetry as artificial. Yet his works, now that the copyright has expired, are republished in innumerable editions. Furthermore:

"Both in and out of Germany he is as much sung as read. His poems have given occasion to more than 3,000 musical compositions. In 1887 the solo-songs alone (leaving out of account the duets, quartettes and choruses) numbered 2,500. Hueffer has counted one hundred and sixty settings of 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' eighty-three each of 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet' and 'Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth,' seventy-six of 'Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,' and thirty-seven of 'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.' Amongst these compositions are many of the most beautiful songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Robert Franz, and Rubinstein, very few of which the poet himself can have heard. Of all the German lyric poets Heine is the one whose songs have been most frequently set to music. After him, with his 3,000 compositions, comes Goethe, with about 1,700; the others follow far behind."

Out of Germany, continues Brandes, Heine's fame not merely lives unassailed, but is steadily growing and spreading:

"In France he occupies men's minds as if he

* MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. Vol. VI, YOUNG GERMANY. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Company.

were a contemporary. He is the only foreign poet whom Frenchmen regard as one of their own, one of their greatest. No other foreign author is so frequently mentioned in the French literature of our own day, and none is named with greater admiration, not even Shelley or Poe. Edmond de Goncourt makes use of the strong expression that all modern French writers, when compared with Heine, remind him of commercial travelers; and Théophile Gautier said that the Philistines sought to drag the stones to build a pyramid above Heine's grave.

"A question that is constantly cropping up in one civilised society or another is: What works should be included in a library of the hundred best books? The answers, of course, vary very much. But in all Romanic and Slavonic countries, Heine's name is sure to be one of the first on the lists. . . . No small astonishment was expressed in Germany a few years ago when a great number of English lists were published and Heine was found in them all—a distinction shown to no other German author, for there were lists which contained no book by Goethe."

"This universal fame," adds Brandes, "is not, however, founded on Heine's merits alone, but also on the fact that much of his writing demands only the very slightest amount of culture for its comprehension, and of refinement of mind for its enjoyment"; which is rather disconcerting to the Heine lover.

Brandes proceeds to register his conviction that probably Heine is the wittiest man that ever lived—"or at least the wittiest man of modern times"; and he agrees with the older critics (and with Heine himself) that "since the days of ancient Greece there has been no wit so nearly akin to the wit of Aristophanes as Heinrich Heine's."

The "Buch der Lieder," published in 1827, is the most popular of Heine's books to-day, and Brandes considers the volumes of prose much below the level of his verse—mere journalism and dilettante at that! But perhaps Brandes's most striking contribution to the literature about Heine is the following parallel drawn between his poetry and Rembrandt's pictures:

"When we call Heine a great realistic poet, we make an assertion of the same qualified truth as when we call Rembrandt the great colorist. Rembrandt cannot be said to be one of the great color-realists, for the reason that several painters surpass him in the power of reproducing local color and its exact value, and of showing the actual form and color of an object seen in half darkness. It is not color but light that is the main thing with Rembrandt. To him light is life; the battle of life is the battle of light, and the tragedy of life is the tragedy of light, struggling and dying in damp and darkness. . . . He sometimes sacrifices drawing, even painting, in his eagerness to produce some effect of light. Think, for example, of the badly painted corpse in the 'Lesson in Anatomy.' But it is exactly what

makes him less successful than the realists in tasks requiring absolute truthfulness—the painting of hands, the exact reproduction of stuffs—that makes him so great when he causes light to express what it alone indicates to him, the inner life, the world of waking visions.

"Something similar to this is the case with Heine. . . . The most characteristic domain in the province of his art is the domain of chiaroscuro, a chiaroscuro akin to Rembrandt's.

"To make the central objects stand out from the shadow or half-darkness in which they are concealed; to make light, natural light, produce a ghostly, supernatural effect by conjuring it forth from a sea of dark shadow-waves, bringing it flickering or flaring out of half-darkness; to make darkness penetrable, half-darkness transparent—this is Rembrandt's art.

"Heine's, which is closely related, consists in gradually, imperceptibly, conjuring forth out of the world of reality, and back into it again, a perfectly modern fantastic dream-world."

As a political poet, the controversy over Heine seems endless. He has been spoken of with the utmost contempt by German historians of literature, historians proper, and literary critics. "Talented but characterless," said his radical contemporaries—a phrase which the poet ridiculed without mercy in "Atta Troll." Yet "Heine's soul was in politics," declares Brandes; "and in politics he was honest, even in cases where his honesty was misunderstood." Moreover:

"We must also remember that in Heine's writings there is an absence of all 'pathetic gesture.' He was too proud to employ it. Germans cannot understand this. But grievous wrong is done him. The pathos was in his soul. His whole soul is in the little poem 'Enfant Perdu,' with which one of the divisions of 'Romanzero' concludes, and which he wrote when he was no longer young. He really was what he here calls himself, an advanced and forgotten outpost, left to be shot down. And when, in his posthumous prose-hymn, he cries: 'I am the sword; I am the flame,' it is but the truth. The light of his flame, the sparks of his sword-blows, still shine bright. Many still warm themselves at his fire."

Writing of the last eight agonized years of Heinrich Heine's life and art, Brandes pays him the following deep tribute:

"At no time did he write truer, more incisive, more brilliant verse than when he lay nailed to the low, broad bed of torture in Paris. And never, so far as we know, has a great productive mind borne superhuman sufferings with more undaunted courage and endurance. The power of the soul over the body has seldom displayed itself so unmistakably. To bear such agonies as his in close-lipped silence would have been admirable; but to create, to bubble over with sparkling, whimsical jest and mockery, to let his spirit wander the world round in charming and profound reverie, while he himself lay crippled, almost lifeless, on his couch—this was great."

Religion and Ethics

HAVE WE A MUZZLED PULPIT?

This question has come into more or less prominence as the result of a recent controversy in American Jewry between Rabbi S. S. Wise, of Portland, Oregon, and the trustees of Temple Emanu-El, New York. At a time when the representatives of this influential Jewish congregation were thinking of extending a call to Rabbi Wise, he made the stipulation: "If I accept a call to Emanu-El's pulpit, I do so with the understanding that my pulpit is not to be muzzled." Whereupon the trustees replied: "The pulpit shall always be under the control of the board of trustees." Louis Marshall, one of the board, made the further explanation, in a newspaper interview:

"Temple Emanu-El being recognized as belonging to the conservative reformed wing of Judaism, it would become a source of serious controversy if its rabbi should preach orthodoxy, radical reform, ethical culture, or Zionism, or should indulge in sensational preaching on political or economical subjects, thus converting the pulpit into a forum of a character entirely foreign to the purpose for which the congregation was organized."

The minister, on his side, elaborated his position in a public statement from which we quote:

"I believe that a question of super-eminent importance has been raised, the question whether the pulpit shall be free or whether the pulpit shall not be free. The whole question of the churches is involved in this question."

"The chief office of a minister, I take it, is not to represent the views of the congregation, but to proclaim the truth as he sees it. How can he serve a congregation as a teacher save as he quickens the minds of the hearers by the vitality and independence of his utterances? But how can a man be vital and independent and helpful if he be tethered and muzzled? . . . The minister is not to be the spokesman of the congregation, not the message bearer of the congregation, but the bearer of a message to the congregation."

As a result of the debate, Rabbi Wise decided to remain in Portland, and the issues at stake have been widely discussed. *The American Hebrew* (New York) finds a certain truth in both sides of the argument. It says:

"A censored pulpit goes against the Jewish grain; assuming of course that the pulpit is confined to its legitimate sphere, the exposition of Judaism. But the present day tendency of the pulpit to discuss everything else under the sun but Judaism, to make of it a public forum rather than a source of spiritual upliftment and the spread of Jewish principles, justifies the restric-

tion of the trustees. Especially in the case of Dr. Wise is this true, since he avowed to trustees and prominent members of Emanu-El that it was his purpose to discuss in the pulpit matters which, to many people, seem foreign thereto. While disapproving of limiting the rabbi's utterances so long as he confines himself within legitimate lines, we are in sympathy with the trustees in their desire to maintain the pulpit up to the high level of its province, and to demand that it be Jewish in spirit and in atmosphere, quite as much as in dogma."

Max Heller, an editorial writer in *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati), takes much the same ground. "Neither congregations nor ministers," he says, "are always infallibly in the right." He adds:

"A Luther or a Savonarola would scorn to submit to any limitations. They have their powerful individuality; their congregation must adapt itself to that or they will find an audience that will follow willingly. A Henry Ward Beecher would have laughed at any such imputation. Such men are the kings and makers of their congregation; they can legitimately say, with the 'grand monarch,' 'the state, that is myself.' But where a great congregation, proud of its traditions, is looking for a minister that shall, with dignity and ability, represent its standpoint, uphold its honored customs, stand before the public as its trusted dignitary it can justly ask, especially of a young man, that he should be guided by the advice of an experienced body of men; they do not presume to prescribe what or how he shall preach; they wish to guard against the chance that their congregation might be exposed to misunderstanding and derision."

The Church Economist (New York), an independent monthly thinks that "the minister is muzzled no more and no less than the rest of the community." It continues:

"We are all muzzled by civilization. It is unlawful to speak evil of our neighbor. To refer to his conduct or business injuriously is libelous. It is also dangerous socially. The newspapers are muzzled; they cannot print 'all the news,' or one per cent. of the news; the lawyers, doctors, politicians, merchants, housewives—all are muzzled. An effective cartoon might depict a muzzled clergyman preaching to a muzzled congregation. "The fact is that civilization is a compromise. We waive certain natural rights for security in the possession of other rights. Among the waived rights is the right of free speech. You can say anything you like on a desert island; in town, you cannot. And upon the whole most of us prefer to live in town, muzzles and all."

"What shall we say then? Shall we sacrifice truth to conventionality and prudence? As a matter of fact, we do continually. How far it is

justifiable to suppress or color religious truth (if we divide truth into sections) in order to maintain the *modus vivendi* rests ultimately on the individual conscience."

Some of the secular papers have joined in the discussion. The *New York Times* regards the action of the Temple Emanu-El trustees as "abundantly justified." The *New York Evening Post*, on the other hand, sympathizes with Rabbi Wise's attitude. It says:

"If ministers wish to keep their minds forever open to new truth, to say with Rabbi Wise, 'My pulpit is not to be muzzled,' they do not fit into the order which is dominant to-day. There are lawless exceptions. Phillips Brooks was a man whose 'churchmanship'—that is, his fervor for the special tenets of Episcopalianism—was bitterly

assailed, yet he was too powerful to be driven out. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is notoriously deficient in ardor for Calvinism; he too commands a loyal following. But the man who lacks this unusual force must tread the strait and narrow path of the sect or he is suspected of being 'dangerous,' and he is quietly side-tracked. If Rabbi Wise wants to apply the principles of morals to politics and finance, to speak out boldly, no matter whose feelings are hurt, to attempt the difficult and unpopular task of bringing religion into contact with daily life and thought, he must gather an independent following, which has confidence in his purposes and his ideals. So must any minister who wishes to be absolutely unmuzzled. This is one reason why strong men—as the churches themselves complain—refuse the ministry as a career; and one reason why the churches lack vitality."

WALT WHITMAN'S RELIGION

That Walt Whitman was "one of the most essentially religious of men" and that his religion was "based upon profound personal experience" is the contention of Henry Bryan Binns, a young English poet, whose new book on Whitman* is hailed as "by far the best life of the man that has yet appeared." Paradoxically enough, the very element in Whitman's character which is often felt to stamp his work as irreligious, if not immoral, furnishes the first argument in support of Mr. Binns's contention. Says the English writer:

"The inner mysteries of religion and of sex are hardly to be separated. They are different phases of the one supreme passion of immanent, expanding and uniting life; mysterious breakings of barriers, and burstings forth; expressions of a power which seems to augment continually with the store of the world's experience in this world of sense; experience received and hidden beneath the ground of our consciousness. To feel the passion of love is to discover something of that mystery breaking, in its orgasm, through the narrow completeness and separate finality of that complacent commonplace, which in our ignorance we build so confidently over it, and creating a new life of communion. To feel the passion of religion is to discover more.

"The relation of the two passions was so evident to Whitman that we may believe it was suggested to his mind by his own experience. In some lives it would appear that the one passion takes the place of the other, so that the ascetics imagine them to be mutually exclusive; but this was certainly not Whitman's case. Whitman's

mysticism was well-rooted in the life of the senses, and hence its indubitable reality."

The "passion of religion," according to Mr. Binns's theory, burst on Whitman quite definitely and dramatically "one memorable midsummer morning as he lay in the fields breathing the lucid air." Suddenly "the meaning of his life and of his world shone clear within him, and, arising, spread an ineffable peace, joy and knowledge all about him." The mood was thus expressed in "Leaves of Grass":

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the Earth.
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers,
and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones, elder,
mullein and poke weed.

Whitman's revelation, continues Mr. Binns, was in the nature of a comprehension of the universe "not as a hypothetical Whole, but as an incarnate purpose, a life with which he was able to hold some kind of communion." This communion related him to the universe on its spiritual side by a bond of actual experience. It related him to the ants and the weeds, and it related him more closely still to men and women the world over. "When Whitman used the word God," says Mr. Binns, "as he did but rarely and always with deliberation, he seems to have meant the immanent, conscious Spirit of the Whole." To quote further:

*A LIFE OF WALT WHITMAN. By Henry Bryan Binns. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"It seems desirable to define his position a little further, though we find ourselves at once in a dilemma; for at this point it is evident that he was both—or neither—a Christian nor a Pagan. He is difficult to place, as indeed we must often feel our own selves to be, for whom the idea of a suffering God is no more completely satisfying than that of Unconscious Impersonal Cosmic Force. Again, while worship was a purely personal matter for him, yet the need of fellowship was so profound that he strove to create something that may not improperly be described as a church, a world-wide fellowship of comrades, through whose devotion the salvation of the world should be accomplished.

"In a profound sense, though emphatically not that of the creeds, Whitman was Christian, because he believed that the supreme Revelation of God is to be sought, not in the external world, but in the soul of man; because he held, though not in the orthodox form, the doctrine of Incarnation; because he saw in Love the Divine Law and the Divine Liberty; and because it was his passionate desire to give his life to the world. In all these things he was Christian, though we can hardly call him 'a Christian,' for in respect of all of these he might also be claimed by other world-religions."

As to the churches, says Mr. Binns, Whitman was not only outside them, but he frankly disliked them all, with the exception of the Society of Friends.

"We may say that he was Unitarian in his view of Jesus; but we must add that he regarded humanity as being fully as Divine as the orthodox consider Jesus to be; while his full-blooded religion was very far from the Unitarianism with which he was acquainted; and his faith in humanity exalted the passions to a place from which this least emotional of religious bodies is usually the first to exclude them. In fact, he took neither an intellectual nor an ascetic view of religion. He had the supreme sanity of holiness in its best and most wholesome sense; but whenever it seemed to be applied to him in later years, he properly disclaimed the cognomen of saint, less from humility, though he also was humble, than because he knew it to be inapplicable. In conventional humility and the other negative vir-

tues, renunciation, remorse and self-denial, he saw more evil than good. His message was one rather of self-assertion, than of self-surrender. One regretfully recognises that, for many critics, this alone will be sufficient to place him outside the pale."

Whitman is described as having been "apparently without the sense of mystical relationship, save that of sympathy, with Jesus as a present Savior-God." But "none the less, he had communion with the Deity whose self-revealing nature is not merely energy but purpose. And his God was a God not only of perfect and ineffable purpose, but of all-permeating love." Mr. Binns adds:

"The final test of religions, however, is to be found in their fruits, and the boast of Christianity is its 'passion for souls.' Now Whitman is among the great examples of this passion, and his book is one long personal appeal, addressed, sometimes almost painfully, 'to You.'"

But it may be asked, "Did Whitman aim at saving souls for Christ?" Mr. Binns replies: "If I understand this very mystical and obscure question and its ordinary use, I must answer, No,—but I am not sure of its meaning. Whitman's own salvation urged him to save men and women by the love of God for the glory of manhood and of womanhood and for the service of humanity." Mr. Binns concludes:

"Far as this may be from an affirmative reply to the question, the seer who has glimpses of ultimate things will yet recognise Whitman as an evangelical. For he brought good tidings in his very face. He preached Yourself, as God purposed you, and will help and have you to be. Whether this is Paganism or Christianity let us leave the others to decide; sure for ourselves, at least, that it is no cold code of ethical precepts and impersonal injunctions, but the utterance of a personality become radiant, impassioned and procreative by the potency of the divine spirit within."



WALT WHITMAN

According to a new interpreter, he "strove to create something that may not improperly be described as a church—a world-wide fellowship of comrades through whose devotion the salvation of the world should be accomplished."

"THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM OF THOUGHT EVER PRESENTED TO MEN"

Extraordinary homage is being paid at this time in France to Nietzsche, the latest of the line of German metaphysicians who have undertaken to revolutionize thought. Numerous French translations of his works have appeared and are being sold in Paris in popular editions. They constitute a favorite theme of discussion in cultivated circles and receive large attention from the literary period-

icals. The novel and startling themes of Nietzsche, at first laughed at, then angrily denounced as the utterances of an Antichrist, are now eagerly championed by French men of learning. Among the interesting works which have recently been published in Paris is a critical study* of Nietzsche's philosophy by M. Jules de Gaultier.

M. de Gaultier pronounces Nietzsche a philosophical thinker of the first originality. The conception of Nietzsche, he writes, assigns to philosophy an absolutely new aim. Philosophy used to be regarded as the science of wisdom; "it seemed that wisdom was something superior to life, so that it was necessary to discover it in order to amend life." From Nietzsche's view-point "there is nothing beyond or outside of life, and life invents for itself its value, its aims and its laws." M. de Gaultier proceeds as follows:

"According to Nietzsche, philosophy is the *creation of values*. This means that it has for its object the invention of all that which imparts to life worth or *value*. Things are neither good nor bad in themselves; they become so; they acquire a certain value by reason of the desire or repulsion which they inspire. Thus philosophic virtue, according to Nietzsche, resides in the taste, in the appetite which give birth to the desire, which create a preference for a determined thing, and assign to this thing its rank and value. Here is a race of men full of activity and prone to use their energy in acquiring land, in appropriating abundant harvests, in creating property. Here, again, is a wholly different type of race which will have no other object than to prove its power to itself; it will only attack an adversary for the sake of conquering him and of satisfying its own pride by the display of its strength. Now, consider a third type which will fight only to attain independence, in order that it may have leisure to carve beautiful forms from marble, to make words vibrate in rhythm, and to set forth ideas in phrases. Here, then, we have the appetite for wealth, the appetite for power and the appetite for art—the primordial though diverse causes of the objects of desire, which will fix the value of things and create, according to the philosopher's expression, standards of value. At the same time, and in view of attaining diverse aims, these differing races will organize their power and establish it in hierarchical form; they will honor certain phases of existence and prescribe others in accordance as their dominant appetite, which has already fixed the value of things—which has caused one to prefer material wealth; another,



NIETZSCHE

(From a bust by Klinger.)

* NIETZSCHE ET LA RÉFORME PHILOSOPHIQUE. By Jules de Gaultier. Mercure de France, Paris; Brentano's, New York.

glory; another, beauty—determines the value of action."

Such, in brief, is the essence of the Nietzschean philosophy, and this conception, developed and elaborated at great length and with remarkable ingenuity, constitutes, in M. de Gaultier's opinion, not merely a reform, but a complete philosophical revolution. Contrasting Nietzsche's view with that of the older philosophers, M. de Gaultier goes on to say:

"The ancient interpretation of philosophy as the *search for truth* is based on the hypothesis that truth exists, that it is knowable, and that once determined it will reveal that which is good in life as well as what is evil, what is good in itself, and what is evil in itself. The idea of truth thus enters the domain of morality: it fixes conduct, it assigns to men an aim toward which they should direct their activity. Outside of life, above life, there exists something superior to life: the Divinity, declare the theologians; the world of Reason whose laws are reflected in human reason and reveal to us the truth, declare the philosophers. . . . Since it is a question of deciding the most serious thing in life, it is important to find out whether this conception of the ancient philosophers is beneficial or injurious for life. Now, true or false, a conception, in order to be efficacious, must find credit in the mind of man, and after ages of effort and dispute it does not appear that Plato's conception regarding truth and the sovereign good have been crowned with incontestable authority."

M. Gaultier next shows how the ancient philosophy, at first under the protection of theology, became in turn its protector. Metaphysical rationalism became the sword and buckler of the old dogmas, but there came a fatal day when it was laid in the dust by the mighty Kant. The effect of the "Critique of Pure Reason" was to make it apparent that truth has no meaning, except inasmuch as it concerns the modes of knowledge. "With the 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" says M. de Gaultier, "the search for universal truth, which up to then had been the chief concern of philosophy, brought about the conclusion that, outside of the principles which determine our means of knowledge, there is no knowable universal truth. . . . It may be said of Kant, that



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The novel and startling theories of Nietzsche, at first laughed at, then angrily denounced, are now eagerly championed by French men of learning.

having utterly destroyed the edifice under whose roof humanity had thought to find shelter, he wished to constrain it to live among these ruins, and would not allow it to seek another asylum."

To erect, then, upon the ruins left by the destructive criticism of Kant an entirely new edifice of philosophy which shall respond to human needs as enlightened by modern science is the task which Nietzsche has undertaken.

One sees at once that the keynote of Nietzsche's philosophy is optimism. It is a mighty protest against the Schopenhauerian pessimism, which has been steadily widening its empire in Germany since its great author's death. The elaborate theories of Schopenhauer, as embodied in his chief work, "The World as Will and Idea," had ended in an *impasse* of blank despair. Pain and evil are the most real things in the world, happiness is an illusion, annihilation is preferable to existence—such are the ultimate conclusions of the greatest German intellect since Kant. At-

tracted by its darker side, Schopenhauer had extended the hand of friendship to Christianity. The creed of the "Man of Sorrows" had a strong attraction for him. Nietzsche, on the contrary, has nothing but hatred for Christianity and for its forerunner, Judaism. Believing that pain and evil are not absolute, but that they constitute the stern means by which humanity may rise to a higher estate, he has nothing but scorn for religion that makes humility a virtue. "The Jews," he says, "a people born for slavery, as Tacitus and the whole ancient world affirm, a people chosen among the peoples, as they themselves affirm and believe,—the Jews here realized the miracle of reversing the standard of values, thanks to which life upon the earth for some thousands of years has taken on a new and dangerous attraction." And he sees in them the most remarkable people in universal history because, given the choice of being and non-being, they have preferred, with a clairvoyance that is disquieting, being at all cost. On this M. de Gaultier comments:

"What then have the Jews accomplished that they should deserve the passionate attention that Nietzsche bestows upon them? This: conquered in a political sense, reduced to slavery, having shown themselves inferior in the game whose rules decide supremacy among nations, they have deliberately condemned the rules of the game, they have stigmatized all that is procured through struggle and by means of force, and set the seal of approval upon what, in the same struggle, is the condition of weakness, the cause of defeat and humiliation. They have, further, identified the words 'rich' and 'powerful' with the words 'impious,' 'bad,' 'violent,' 'sensual'; the word 'poor' has become for them the synonym of 'holy.' They have turned defeat into a badge, humiliation into glory, and, branding all that is victorious by reason of natural gifts, beauty, strength, intelligence, fortuitous circumstance, birth or riches, 'they have for the first time conceived the world in the likeness of shame.' Unable to found such a standard of things upon any positive reality, they have founded it upon something imaginary, upon that elastic basis in which desire, strengthened by credulity, leaps all bounds. It is God, the Jewish God, who sanctions the new standard of value. It is God who exalts the humble and abases the proud."

And here Nietzsche alludes to the intervention of the priest who, disposing of God, accomplishes the universal falsification by which the Jewish standard will triumph. As none of the facts of the real world correspond to this standard of value, it became necessary to in-

vent imaginary causes to explain the apparent lack of harmony. Sin was invented. The world, as Nietzsche says, loses its innocence. Misery is dishonored by calling it sin. The downfall of the Jewish people is explained as the consequence and punishment of sin, a chastisement inflicted by Jehovah. Further, such a chastisement is the work of divine favor. Through expiation, God permits His people to retrieve itself and to merit a better destiny. Blessed are those who suffer trials, for they shall possess the kingdom of God. Hence, the necessity of expiation, of obedience to the priest who is charged with divine secrets and has the power of forgiveness. Expiation becomes the pledge of future power, of revenge upon the world.

Judaism, then, represents the effort of a people vanquished in the struggle for power to "invent a means of nullifying reality." This means does not appear in its full development, according to Nietzsche's idea, until it has become generalized and universalized under the form of Christianity. It is with Christianity that the conduct appropriate for a small conquered people will become the policy for all the conquered and all the weak, and a sword of vengeance in their hands. "With the Jewish people," he says, "began the insurrection of slaves in the moral domain. It is only with the appearance of Christianity that this insurrection of weakness against force will become a menace to the ancient standards of value."

Nietzsche, then, declares war à outrance against Christianity. "In the Christian system," he says, "neither morality nor religion are in contact with reality. There is nothing but imaginary causes: 'God,' 'the soul,' 'the ego,' 'spirit,' 'free will'; nothing but imaginary things: 'sin,' 'salvation,' 'grace,' 'inspiration,' 'pardon for sins.'" Together with Christianity he condemns democracy, which he regards as its daughter, and which he asserts to be in direct conflict with the essential nature of things. Never, perhaps, in the long annals of philosophy has a more original or revolutionary system of thought been offered for the acceptance of men. Never before have those things which are held as the dearest possessions of humanity been so openly flouted by a serious thinker. "The philosophy of Nietzsche," concludes M. de Gaultier, "is in fact the most murderous weapon that has ever been aimed against the moral system of Kant."

Finite and Infinite by Victor Hugo

"I have no love for God!" such is your despairing cry.

Having found evil at the bottom of all things, having found bitterness in reality and man the prey of an incomprehensible and fatal destiny, you cry out, "I hate the god who has made such a world! The workman must be judged by his work. Now the work is bad, therefore the author is bad, and I hate this God!"

Thereupon, touched with remorse, you think perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps my plummet has not pierced through the shadowy depths to God. Perhaps, O vain seeker God hath escaped thee. What if I am mistaken?

But you are not mistaken. Your sounding-lead has touched the bottom of the abyss of the infinite: your mind has compassed God. Yes, this enormous abyss of light is indeed God.

Dip a sponge into the Ocean, and what have you when you withdraw it? A cup of salt water.

How much does it contain of the sea, profound and terrible?

How much of that immensity of foam and shock, of waves incessantly born and destroyed?

How much of the chaos of shock and tempest and waterspout, whose somber feasts are trumpeted by the haggard-wild hurricane?

How much of the nameless monsters that range those engulfed regions? or of the hidden oases and Otaheites where are enacted idylls of glorious nudity; of the fathomless torment of the clouds; of the shells and breakers and the azure bosom of the sea; of the abyss whence morning is born, and wherein night dips its robe of shadow and its mantle of stars?

How much of the encounter of sail and blast, of that infinite, now dark, now dazzling?

Do you believe that you hold all this in your hand?

Now, if you raise this glass to your lips and taste the bitter water, your stomach will reject it, you will find an unpleasant savor in the sublime draught.

But will you dare to say that you have tasted the abyss, that you have vomited up the sea and spat out God?

CHURCH STATISTICS FOR 1905

The valuable statistical summary of the churches of the United States, compiled by the Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. J., and published every January in *The Christian Advocate* (New York), shows a relatively slow growth in church-membership during the past year. The net gain of all the churches was but 519,155, as compared with 898,857 for 1904 and 889,734 for 1903. Protestant communicants in this country now total 20,233,194, and the eight bodies of Catholics claim 10,915,251. After the Roman Catholic Church, which is by far the largest single denomination, comes the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,910,779 communicants. The Roman Catholic gains in 1905 were 192,122; the Methodist Episcopal, 62,847. It is interesting to note that in spite of the relatively small number of the Methodists, their itinerant ministers outnumber Roman Catholic priests, the

figures being 17,400 and 14,000. There is an even greater disparity in the number of churches, the Roman Catholic Church having about 11,500 and the Methodist Episcopal 27,300—more than twice as many. Methodists of all bodies gained nearly 102,000; Baptists of all varieties, 72,667. The Presbyterian Church reports a gain of 26,174, and the Protestant Episcopal one of 19,203. The Christian Scientists request that their figures for the previous year be cut down, and claim a gain of ten churches and 7,441 members for 1905. Their total membership is 71,114. "Did ever so small a body succeed in attracting so much attention?" asks the *New York Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal).

Here is Dr. Carroll's table showing the various denominational families of the United States, their present status, and their growth during 1905:

DENOMINATIONS.	SUMMARY FOR 1905.			NET GAINS FOR 1905.		
	MINISTERS.	CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.	MINISTERS.	CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.
Adventists (6 bodies).....	1,565	2,499	95,437	15	75	3,019
Baptists (13 bodies).....	37,061	52,919	4,974,047	91	176	72,667
Brethren (River) (3 bodies).....	157	85	4,339	6	d23	734
Brethren (Plymouth) (4 bodies).....	314	6,661
Catholics (8 bodies).....	14,104	11,637	10,915,251	139	132	192,122
Catholic Apostolic.....	95	10	1,491
Chinese Temples.....	47
Christadelphians.....	63	1,277
Christian Connection.....	1,348	1,340	101,507
Christian Catholic (Dowie).....	104	110	40,000
Christian Missionary Association.....	10	13	754
Christian Scientists.....	1,222	611	71,114	10	7,441
Church of God (Winebrennarian).....	475	590	39,500	15	10	1,500
Church of the New Jerusalem.....	133	140	8,067	6	85
Communitistic Societies (6 bodies).....	22	3,084
Congregationalists.....	6,059	5,038	687,042	10	13,321
Disciples of Christ.....	6,475	11,033	1,235,294
Dunkards (4 bodies).....	3,166	1,138	116,311	d92	13	2,117
Evangelical (2 bodies).....	1,451	2,648	166,978	28	d8	2,260
Friends (4 bodies).....	1,412	1,075	120,415	d33	3,350
Friends of the Temple.....	4	4	340
German Evangelical Protestant.....	100	155	20,000
German Evangelical Synod.....	956	1,221	222,003	8	1	9,530
Jews (2 bodies).....	301	570	143,000
Latter-Day Saints (2 bodies).....	1,560	1,338	344,247	997
Lutherans (22 bodies).....	7,585	13,373	1,841,346	114	279	51,580
Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant.....	291	307	33,400
Mennonites (12 bodies).....	1,211	766	61,048	11	9	95
Methodists (17 bodies).....	40,278	58,659	6,420,815	432	535	101,892
Moravians.....	132	117	16,582	1	255
Presbyterians (12 bodies).....	12,650	15,702	1,723,871	d8	d90	26,174
Protestant Episcopal (2 bodies).....	5,209	7,224	827,127	70	210	19,203
Reformed (3 bodies).....	1,070	2,536	405,022	d24	d2	4,021
Salvation Army.....	3,773	983	28,500	1,406	262	3,491
Schwenkfeldians.....	3	7	600
Social Brethren.....	17	20	913
Society for Ethical Culture.....	4	1,500
Spiritualists.....	334	45,030
Theosophical Society.....	60	2,663	232
United Brethren (2 bodies).....	2,185	4,407	274,012	d197	d23	1,832
Unitarians.....	547	459	71,000	d8	3
Universalists.....	727	965	53,641	96	d359
Independent Congregations.....	54	156	14,126
Grand total for 1905.....	154,390	201,608	31,148,445	1,815	1,636	519,155
Grand total for 1904.....	152,575	199,972	30,629,290	3,136	2,624	898,857

d Decrease



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Two of the small tableaux belonging to the work reproduced below, showing M. Channet's faithful attention to detail in his dramatic portrayal of incidents in the life of Christ.



"THE WAY OF LIFE"—A SERMON IN PRECIOUS STONES

This curious example of the goldsmith's art, recently exhibited in London, has occupied M. Channet, the Paris jeweler, for thirty years. The basis of the work is marble, and around it runs the River of Life, in onyx. The small tableaux all represent incidents in the life of Christ, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and among the scenes depicted are: "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Marriage at Cana," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Last Supper," "The Agony in Gethsemane," "The Trial of Jesus," and "The Crucifixion." The figures are fashioned in ivory, metal and precious stones, and above all is a symbol of the Trinity.

The following table shows the order of the denominational families now and in 1890:

DENOMINATIONAL FAMILIES.	RANK IN 1905.	COMMUNICANTS.	RANK IN 1890.	COMMUNICANTS.
Catholic.....	1	10,015,251	1	6,257,871
Methodist.....	2	6,420,815	2	4,580,284
Baptist.....	3	4,974,047	3	3,717,060
Lutheran.....	4	1,841,346	5	1,231,072
Presbyterian.....	5	1,773,871	4	1,278,362
Episcopal.....	6	827,127	6	540,509
Reformed.....	7	405,022	7	309,458
Latter-Day Saints.....	8	344,247	9	166,125
United Brethren.....	9	274,012	8	225,281
Evangelical Bodies.....	10	166,978	10	133,313
Jewish.....	11	143,000	11	130,406
Friends.....	12	120,415	12	107,208
Dunkards.....	13	116,311	13	73,795
Adventists.....	14	95,437	14	60,491
Mennonites.....	15	61,048	15	41,541

In the eyes of the Boston *Congregationalist*, the showing of the above statistics is "not encouraging," and is "difficult to reconcile with the evangelistic propaganda which has been under way in so many denominations." *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), however, refuses to be discouraged by figures which make it evident that "the forces of the Christian church, as a whole, have been increased by the addition of over half a million new members, that is, net gain, giving an aggregate of 31,148,445 church members in the United States." It continues:

"This membership in a population of something over 80,000,000 reveals the great fact that there is but need of the union of all Christian forces to control the country for righteousness. And there is much to cheer the hearts of all high-minded people in these figures, for while it is undoubtedly true that there are many in the Christian church

who are unworthy and unfaithful, the great majority of them can always be counted on the side of the best things."

The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) is impressed by the fact that "not a single non-evangelical denomination in the states made any distinct gain during the past year." It comments:

"Dr. Carroll's latest figures emphasize what we have said before, that most of what we hear about the 'one hundred and fifty kinds of religion in the United States' is exaggerated nonsense. Sixty-five of these 'denominations' have fewer than 100 ministers each and twenty-one others have each less than 200. And these little organizations twinkle in and twinkle out without affecting the general situation or final results in the slightest. The figures show that not a single non-evangelical denomination in the states made any distinct gain during the past year, unless it be the 'Reorganized' Church of the Latter Day Saints,—in other words, the non-polygamous Mormons, an insignificant body at best. The Utah branch is still 'estimated' at the figure given us twenty-five years ago by one of the most intelligent and reputable 'apostles' in Salt Lake City.

"The work of the Master in this country must be done, if done at all, by the churches which have shown that they have a message worthy of attention. Toward them the better educated in the little bodies gravitate by an inevitable process. Petty schisms will be nursed into little sects by vociferous leaders in the future as in the past, but most of such bodies are, like our 'boom' towns, 'biggest when born.' A church which preaches not mint and anise and cummin but judgment and mercy, will always command a hearing. But even for the most Christlike church the hour of rest has not yet come. It must plant and it must water, and to God it must lift up prayer for the increase. The present situation should make us sober and watchful unto prayer."

THE PROSPECTS OF JEWISH "CONVERSION" AS VIEWED BY A CHRISTIAN

The ultimate attitude of Jewish religious thought toward Christianity has been a subject of keen speculation ever since the days when Paul expressed the confident conviction that Israel as a nation would yet accept Jesus of Nazareth as its Messiah. Sanguine workers for Jewish advancement in our own day, such as the German theologian, the older Delitzsch, and many others, have seen in the Christian sympathies of the late Jewish lawyer, Rabinowitz, of Bessarabia, and in other phenomena of this character in the Jewish religious world, the first fruits of the promised Pauline harvest.

Other writers and workers, however, take a rather pessimistic view of the prospects of Israel's "conversion." A characteristic expression of this type of thought is found in an instructive article by Pastor R. Bieling, of Berlin, in the *Allgemeine Missions-Zeitschrift* (Berlin).

It is impossible to determine exactly the number of Jews on the globe, says the German writer. The most careful compilation has been made by Professor Dalman, of Leipsic, in a work entitled "Handbuch für Mission unter Israel" (Handbook for Mission-work among

the Jews). He computes that in 1893 the total number of Israelites was 7,404,250, of whom 3,236,000 were to be found in Russia. The current estimate of a total of eleven million Jews he regards as entirely too high.

As a factor in the religious world of thought and life, argues Pastor Bieling, these millions, who have rejected Christ, are a constant reproach and a standing danger to Christianity. For, consciously or unconsciously, the development of the Jewish nation has from the outset been antagonistic to Christianity. Unbelief has active missionary agents in modern times and in its service Judaism equips a greater number of protagonists with tongue and pen than is furnished by other communions. Whoever takes the trouble to read the Jewish books, pamphlets and periodicals of the day finds that they are filled with remarkable self-confidence and enthusiastic belief in a coming victory of the Jewish cause and creed. An outsider is simply amazed at what he finds in these publications. The writers already predict the day when faith in the Only One, who is the God of the Synagogue, will be the only prevailing belief. One factor that strengthens Judaism in this conviction is the radicalism of modern Protestant theology, especially in its endeavors to deprive Christ of his divine character and dignity and to make him merely a brilliant Jew. A prominent Jewish periodical recently printed an article on the "Judaizing" of Christianity and applauded the movement. The same journal declares that this is "a fruit of Jewish mission work, a joyful message that the Jewish Messianic hopes are not a deception"; adding its conviction that "the nations will in the end recognize Israel as the Servant of God, as the sorely tried messenger of the divine truth." Nobody, says Pastor Bieling, should be deceived by the friendly utterances heard in Jewish circles concerning Jesus. All these apply to him as a human personality, but never in the least to him as the Savior from sins. Indeed, if nowadays the "great Rabbi of Nazareth" is honored as never before among the Jews, it is solely because thereby the greatness of the Jewish nation is increased. "He honors our race," a prominent Jewish writer has said.

An examination of the genius and character of modern Judaism, continues the writer, shows that it cannot be otherwise than hostile to the divine claims of Christ and Christianity. There is no common creed accepted everywhere by the Israelites; even the thirteen articles of faith in their prayer-book are not doc-

trinally binding. The nearest approach to a general confession is found in the following exhortation, constantly recurring in the Jewish services: "Hear, Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." Hence it is not an easy matter to determine exactly what the essence of Judaism is. Only recently a leading Jewish society in Berlin offered a prize for a pamphlet on "Das Wesen des Judentums" (The Essence of Judaism). This action was probably suggested by a recent work of the Jewish writer, Dr. Levi Böck, bearing the same title. He finds the characteristic features of Judaism in its moral demands, and acknowledges that Judaism has no real doctrinal creed, or at any rate no creed of any importance. In the same way the Rabbi Perles, of Königsberg, in a public correspondence with the Christian theologian Borgius, of the same city, has recently stated: "In Judaism there are no dogmas in the Christian sense of the term—that is to say, a certain number of statements which must be believed, or even accepted, with an oath." He also argues that the real difference between Christianity and Judaism lies in this—that the former finds its center in faith and the latter in action. The uncertainty of Judaism in regard to its faith is even more strikingly illustrated in the published utterance of another leading rabbi, who not long ago declared to a convert: "The main purpose of a Jew at present is not to become a Christian."

Modern Judaism, then, differs from the older type of Judaism chiefly in this—that whereas the older Judaism was as antagonistic to Christ and to his church as modern Judaism is, the latter is willing to pass a more friendly judgment on the person of the Nazarene. The *Jahrbuch für jüdische Geschichte und Literatur*, as late as 1903, tried by a unique explanation of the words of Matthew xxvii, 25 ("His blood be on us and our children") to show that those who made use of this statement had thereby declared that they did not desire the death of Jesus, and intended to warn the Romans against the proposed judicial murder of the Lord. This effort at a new exegesis of this incriminating passage is very significant of the attitude of modern Judaism toward Christ, and is part of the determined protest found everywhere in Jewish literature against making the Jews responsible for Christ's crucifixion.

Notwithstanding the instinctive hostility of Judaism to Christianity, says Dr. Bieling, mission work among the Jews has been reasonably successful. First of all, the Jews have learned

to know Christianity better, and this has brought many thousands of Jews into the Christian Church. It is impossible to compute the full number, as many conversions are not published. But according to official reports, 17,250 Jews became Christians during the past century in Germany alone; and the Berlin society alone reports over eight hundred baptisms of the Jews. Signs are multiplying, con-

cludes the writer, to show that Judaism is now at the parting of the ways, in a religious sense, notwithstanding its loud proclamation of victory. Zionism is an evidence of this crisis, although it is not clear in its purposes or ends. The possibility of important changes cannot be ignored, but only the future can determine exactly what the character of these changes will be.

A MOVEMENT UNIQUE IN CHRISTIAN HISTORY

"A tiny seed, a great tree: from one society of less than fifty members to over sixty-six thousand societies and nearly four million members: from one small church in Portland, Maine, to churches in every Christian community and at most of the missionary stations the world round: from a few dollars a year, for missionary and other causes, to over half a million dollars last year from less than one-sixth of the whole number of societies: from obscurity to world-wide fame and influence"—thus is summed up the quarter-of-a-century story of the Christian Endeavor movement. The record is one to evoke justifiable pride, and magazines and newspapers all over the world are at this time printing eulogistic articles on the movement. Christian Endeavorers themselves are planning a permanent memorial of their twenty-fifth anniversary in the form of a building in Boston, which is to serve as an international headquarters for the movement and as "a loving tribute" to its founder, the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark. Dr. Clark, as we are reminded by Henry B. F. Macfarland, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is still a comparatively young man. "He has had the great good fortune—almost unique," says Mr. Macfarland, "to start a perfectly new organization, and then lead it, through every increase and improvement and development, always keeping it to his thought for it." Sir George Williams, whose experience was somewhat similar, "did not, in twice the time, impress his life as completely on the Young Men's Christian Association movement"; and "even General William Booth, with autocratic authority, is not more intimately related to the Salvation Army than Dr. Francis E. Clark is to the Christian Endeavor societies, over which he has no authority, every one of them being absolutely independent, except of its own

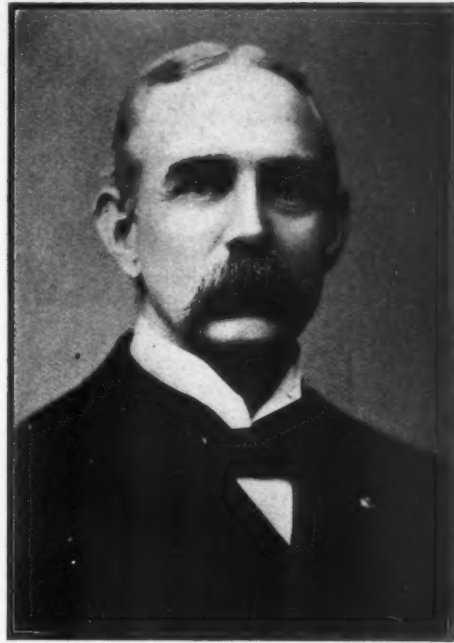
church. The organizations conceived by these three men are characterized by Mr. Macfarland as "the most important of modern times," and, taken together as having the same motive, inspiration and aspiration, they suggest to him the thought that "this should be called the Age of Faith rather than the Age of Doubt." He continues (*North American Review*, February):

"Simply as one of the facts of life in our day, the rise and progress of the Christian Endeavor movement, for example, is sufficiently important to be worthy the careful consideration of any thoughtful man, regardless of his views of religion. If a new political party had, in the same time, grown to such proportions and was showing the same virility and stability, it would be the frequent theme of men who, perhaps, do not know even the name of the Christian Endeavor Society. If four million people were keeping a pledge to read daily the plays of Shakespeare, or the poems of Dante, or the dialogues of Plato—to meditate upon them, to bring them to the attention of others and to put their highest teachings into practical living—that fact would interest immensely men who do not seem to know that the greatest book of all is having just such place and power in the lives of four million people. The Kingdom of Heaven cometh in all of its phases without observation, however, and it is not necessary, if desirable, that this particular phase of it should have that kind of observation. The vast majority of the members of the Christian Endeavor Society are happily unconscious of the fact that they are not under the eyes of certain critics, who, because they do not know that this and similar forms of religious life are giving Christianity new progress and power, write of it as if it were declining."

No philosopher who sees life whole, adds Mr. Macfarland, can ignore the immense significance of such an organization as the Christian Endeavor Society. Not to speak of its importance to the individual church, or to the individual State. "its value as an interdenominational and international league, binding the churches together and binding the states to-

gether, with the invisible ties of affection, sympathy and a good purpose, can hardly be overestimated." Thus it has become a great factor in the encouragement of "patriotism, expressed in good citizenship," and in the promotion of "international peace, through international justice." And yet nothing was further from the mind of the youthful Congregational minister of the Williston Church of Portland, Me., when, on the evening of February 2, 1881, he organized his young parishioners into the first Christian Endeavor Society, than that it would figure in the affairs of the nation, much less in the affairs of nations. He simply saw that the young men and women of his church needed a larger opportunity for activity and expression than that provided by the old-fashioned types of young people's societies. Accordingly, he prepared a constitution for a "society of Christian Endeavor" whose object should be "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful servants of God." He added an iron-clad obligation: "It is expected that all of the active members of the society will be present at every meeting, unless detained by some absolute necessity, and that each one will take some part, however slight, in every meeting." This contained Dr. Clark's root idea, "that the young Christian must be trained into strong Christian manhood, as by the industrial training-school, which teaches apprentices how to work by working, how to use tools by using them, how to exercise hand and foot and eye and brain in order that hand and foot and eye and brain may become expert in life's vocation." The provisions of the constitution were "evidently more than the young people had bargained for," wrote Dr. Clark afterward; "they had not been accustomed to take their religious duties seriously. . . . It seemed as though the society would die still-born. . . . But God ordered it otherwise." To quote again from Mr. Macfarland's article:

"As the news of the new organization was spread by the press, it was gradually introduced in many churches; but there were only six societies when the first convention was held at Williston Church, in June, 1882. There were fifty-three, with an enrolled membership of 2,630, when the second convention was held the next year. Before ten years passed, 5,000 delegates were present in a national convention held in Chicago, representing thirty-three States and Territories, societies had been started in England, and Dr. Clark had been induced to retire from the pastorate to become the President of the United Society



THE REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

Founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, which, in twenty-five years, has grown from one society of less than fifty members to over sixty-six thousand societies and nearly four million members.

of Christian Endeavor, and Editor-in-Chief of *The Golden Rule*, the Christian Endeavor organ, now named *The Christian Endeavor World*. By the time the national convention met in Philadelphia in July, 1899, 6,500 delegates were sent, a number of foreign countries were represented, and the President of the United States sent a telegram of greeting. Prominent clergymen and other public speakers were glad to address this convention. These conventions have become an important feature in the life of the movement. Not even the political conventions have commanded such an attendance or shown such earnestness of enthusiasm, and no religious gatherings are comparable with them in numbers or public interest. Twenty thousand delegates from outside of the convention city, and an attendance of over fifty thousand, are the astonishing reports of these national conventions. They have been supplemented by State and local conventions. . . . Dr. Clark has stated that 'on the average for ten years past, nearly two hundred thousand each year of the associate members of the society have connected themselves with some branch of the church of God.' Although he does not claim that this is due wholly to the society, no one can doubt that it is largely due to the society. He has also stated that: 'It is far below the actual facts to say that the Endeavorers annually give, through their own organizations, in addition to all that they give through other channels of the church, not less than a million dollars a year for the home

churches and for missions at home and abroad,' and he justly claims that very much of this is an extra asset, additional to what would have been given otherwise, as shown by what was given before the Christian Endeavor movement began.

"It cannot be too often repeated that the United Society, which is the international headquarters, does not draw for its support one dollar from the individual societies, but is maintained by the profits of its own publications. Dr. Clark has supported himself by his own writings. Ten thousand dollars a year is gathered from the societies in America and Great Britain, solely to promote the cause of Christian Endeavor in countries where the English language is not spoken, on the invitation of the church missionaries."

Dr. Clark has so put his life into the Christian Endeavor movement, says Mr. Macfarland, in concluding, that it seems like his body. "It is impossible to write its history without seeming to write his biography."

Through his writings and his world tours he has gained a personal hold upon the members of the societies, and now each Endeavorer is to contribute a small sum—twenty-five cents, if no more—toward the memorial building and headquarters. On this project Mr. Macfarland comments:

"Sir George Williams was knighted by Queen Victoria for founding the Young Men's Christian Association, celebrated its jubilee in Westminster Abbey, and was made a freeman of the City of London, and similar honors might have been given Dr. Clark if he had done his work from London. Not only the Endeavorers, with their personal devotion to him, but all of those who can appreciate the value of his services to society and its increasing influence upon the future, will feel that to give Dr. Clark the honor that is proposed for him, and which he will appreciate chiefly because it will be of lasting benefit to his life-work, is not too great for this benefactor of mankind."

THE STRUGGLE FOR "CHRISTIAN POLITICS" IN HOLLAND

The most remarkable experiment in "Christian politics" known to modern Europe has suffered a severe set-back, owing to the defeat of the Kuyper ministry and the Christian party in Holland. The Kuyper Christian party has been called by one of its leaders "the Party of the Living God." Its program is probably best expressed in "the true antithesis" which it has set up against the demands of the "revolutionary" or modern radical party, namely: "Not reason or scientific research, not the interests of the state, or the interests of particular parties, or any other matter, but Christ alone, our King, is the center of our public life. His honor demands that politics shall be under the direction of our religion." This program has commended itself for some time to the Dutch people, but now seems to have met with a reverse. In the opinion of a well-informed writer in the *Christliche Welt* (Marburg), however, this reverse is temporary, not permanent. He says, in substance:

It is more than evident that neither the party nor its chief representative and exponent, Professor Dr. Kuyper, the great Calvinistic theologian of Holland, has disappeared from the horizon. Kuyper himself has indeed reached the limit of years marked out by the Psalmist, but such is his vigor, physical and mental, that he has undertaken a vacation trip to the Orient, "the cradle of mankind," for observation and study. The party itself has not the slightest idea

of giving up its program, but regards its defeat as only a temporary set-back. On the very evening when the election returns showed its defeat, its leaders, assembled in Rotterdam, buried their sorrow, and amid prayers, united in sending out a statement to the effect that this trial was only intended by God to lead them to a more thorough self-examination and to spur them on to greater fidelity. They declared that "God rules," and that "His work must be carried on in the world notwithstanding the doings of men"; as also that "His will will and must be realized in the political sphere, even if not a single Christian remains in the Parliament." They expressed the further conviction that they had been "called to fight the fight of faith by God," and to "instruct the people from day to day, to awaken and strengthen in them a Christian consciousness, and to show them how to apply the principles of the Christian religion to politics."

There are many signs which would seem to indicate that the "Christian" party will soon be recalled to political power in Holland. Several of its special measures the present government has not ventured to touch. The culmination of the Kuyper régime was its school legislation, which purposed to "Christianize" the entire educational system of the country, from the "Free University," of which Kuyper was the rector, to the average public school. The new liberal government has not changed these laws. Moreover, it has openly declared that it will not touch the "strike laws" instituted by Kuyper, and has even publicly recognized the wonderful "working ability" of the veteran theologian and statesman.

Another factor that will, it is thought, help to put the Christian party again in power, is the growing strength of the Social Democrats. Between the years 1897 and 1905 this revolutionary party increased its votes from 13,000 to 66,000 in

Holland, and the clearer it becomes that this party is a party of radicals and free-thinkers—the embodiment of all that is non-Christian and unchurchly—the greater will be the power of attraction exercised by the Christian party on the conservative and thinking classes. The Socialists have already declared that “they will sell their lives as dearly as possible as soon as a ministry needs them,” meaning that they will join the Liberals in effecting even moderate reforms in the hope that sooner or later more radical measures can be passed. This, too, it is thought, will drive men into the camp of the Christian party. One thing, however, it is evident, the Christian leaders must learn, namely, to be a little more worldly-wise in the methods by which they seek to build

up their party. Just how soon the problem of Christian politics will again become a “burning question,” only a prophet or a prophet’s son could predict; but it seems certain that a second ministry of the party could be organized in the near future only by Kuyper himself. As far as can be seen, there are no other leaders upon whose shoulders his mantle could worthily fall, and a strong Christian movement is possible only under the inspiration furnished by a gifted, enthusiastic and inspiring personality. Such Kuyper has been and is. The party itself is as full of life as ever and entirely confident that sooner or later the spirit of the Nazarene will be the all-controlling force in the public life and government of Holland.

WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY?

The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, for many years rector of All Soul’s Church, New York, and well known throughout the country as a representative of “advanced” theology, has lately ventured to formulate his idea of the future of Christianity. He writes in perfect freedom and independence, and expresses himself very frankly. He thinks that the fundamental Christian doctrines have already undergone, and are still undergoing, the most profound changes; but that they will endure, in spite of these changes—perhaps because of them. This view is elaborated in an article in *The Hibbert Journal* (London), from which we quote:

“The theological movement of our own age is away from all that is partial and narrow and arbitrary and mechanical and exceptional and irrational and unethical in theology, toward that which is universal, necessary, natural, orderly, rational, free, progressive, ethical, and spiritual. It leads in a direction diametrically opposite to the conception of Christianity as the one true religion, miraculous in its birth, extra-natural in its institutions, infallible in its sacred books, fixed and final in its creeds, imposing an external authority from which no appeal can be taken to the courts of reason and conscience. It heads straight for the conception of Christianity which finds in it one among the religions of humanity, although the highest of them; the main stem of the religion which roots in the spiritual nature of man and of the cosmos, and which sucks up into itself the ethical forces of man and of the universe; the flowering forth of the one life of humanity, which takes on differing forms in the varying types of ethnic religions. It is away from the conception of religion as a something separable from the rest of human life, growing out of other faculties than those which manifest themselves in the activities of earth, creating a sphere for itself other than that of the sacred secularities of society. It is moving toward a conception which finds in re-

ligion the burgeoning and blossoming of all the faculties of man; the life of the imagination, the reason, the affections and the conscience at their full; taking up into itself and expressing the secrets of poetry and art and science and philosophy and sociology, as knowledge grows transfigured into reverence, as beauty exhales in worship and goodness becomes the sacrament of the indwelling Life of the cosmos.”

More specifically Dr. Newton proceeds to indicate the nature of that “reconstruction of the supposedly fundamental principles underlying the theology of the churches,” which he believes to be inevitable. Of hitherto prevailing conceptions of the Bible as “oracular and inerrant” and of the church as “miraculous and infallible,” he says:

“These conceptions must pass away, are already passing away, have even now nearly passed completely away in Protestant circles. The book will remain—the source of spiritual inspiration, the expression of man’s highest spiritual consciousness, the record of the gradual revelation of God in the growth of a race, and in the evolution of the universal religion in which that race-life flowered; a real and true authority in matters of religion, only not a spiritual czarism, but rather the constitutional head in the republic of man. The church will remain—an institution of humanity, the highest institute of humanity and the most divine, since it is the institute of the spiritual life of mankind; not the institute of the spiritual life merely of a race or of a religion drawn around that race, but the institute of that spiritual life which has been one and the same through the various races of mankind, whose sources lie far back in the past, in the nature and constitution of man; which in Paganism has developed one and the same religious institutions in different lands and in different ages, and thus, slowly, reared the cathedral of Christendom, with its many ethnical chapels growing around its sacred choir; an institute, therefore, having the greatly to be revered authority which such a history claims, every pos-



THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

He thinks that the fundamental Christian doctrines have undergone, and are still undergoing, the most profound changes; but that they will endure in spite of these changes—perhaps because of them.

sible deference short of the abject submission of the reason and conscience. Such a historic institute must be plastic, capable of growth, changing ever with the changing needs of man, adapting itself to the new conditions which new times are creating ever.

"But the thought-forms which these two great authorities of man have assumed in the past—the thought of the Book and the Church, as exceptional and miraculous, infallible, fixed and final—these will never again be found in the new spaces of the heavens toward which the movement of our mental world tends."

Inspiration, continues Dr. Newton, "is coming to be seen not as the monopoly of a race or of a church, but as the experience of mankind." The doctrine of the Atonement "is growing out of the form in which it has come down to us, as an act of one man, in one moment of history, into the conception which is already blossoming within the Christian consciousness; the conception of the universal law operative in all ages, among all men; wherein the holy and elect souls of earth bear the suffering and sorrow and shame of their fellows and thus save them from their sins." The doctrine of hell "is casting off those abhorrent, immoral, impossible forms in which it has come down to us, and is taking on a rational aspect, as the symbol of the natural law of retribution, acting in character, if with

the sternness yet with the sanity of Nature, the justice of God." And the doctrine of the Incarnation is seen to be an idea "as old as man's philosophy, as widespread as his life on earth," connoting "not alone an embodying of the Divine Being in one individual, of one epoch of history, but the symbol of a universal process, whereby and wherein the universe itself is the body of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit."

Of the future position of Christ, we read:

"The historic Personality who is at the heart of the Catholic creeds will be recognised as more truly a fact than our fathers ever dared to believe. He will be found to have withstood the critical processes which threatened to resolve His sacred form into legend and myth, and, instead of issuing as fable, to issue as fact, having the solidity of history—the rock which thenceforth never more can be shaken. The man Christ Jesus, in the moral miracle of His perfect character, in the sacramental mystery of His cosmic consciousness, will stand forth forever as the sacred shrine of man's hope and faith, the mercy seat of the loving God. In Him the human ideal will continue to be reverently seen embodied, that ideal after which our human lives are to pattern themselves in all loving loyalty. In His mirroring eyes coming generations will read the secret of the universe, and see in the Power in which 'we live and move and have our being'—'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

The two fundamental doctrines of the Christian creed, the doctrine of God and the doctrine of immortality, will be recognized, predicts Dr. Newton, not as the exclusive possession of Christendom, but as the common possession of mankind.

"It will be seen that every great religion has issued in monotheism—the doctrine of the unity of God, His spirituality, His character as a just and beneficent being. It will also be seen that every great religion has issued in the doctrine of immortality, the belief in conscious, continued life after death. Such exceptions as seem to present themselves in history, notably in Judaism and Buddhism, will be seen to be but temporary exceptions. Israel, as we now see, reached through its stages of agnosticism concerning the hereafter, and found the human faith in immortality coming forth in Judaism before Jesus clear and strong. The Nirvana of Buddhism is already being recognised, not as annihilation, the loss of personal being, but as the emergence of self-consciousness into the cosmic consciousness and its perfect bliss."

In brief, "the central faiths of Christendom will be found to warrant themselves as the universal faiths of man, standing plumb upon the deep bed-rock of the human reason and conscience, buttressing on our new knowledge in science and philosophy and art and sociology."

Science and Discovery

GENERAL DECLINE OF HUMAN FERTILITY IN WESTERN NATIONS

Among the physical features of modern civilization none calls at present for more serious attention, asserts the *London Times*, than the fact, gradually revealed and clearly established by official records, that the birth-rate is progressively declining in all Western nations for which registration exists. "It seems," says our contemporary, "to be one of those vast, slow, silent movements which pass almost unperceived at the time, but are more potent to shape the destinies of mankind than war or policies which look so much more important to a near vision." Deserving particular notice, therefore, it thinks, are the proceedings of the Royal Statistical Society, which has been devoting a recent series of London meetings to the topic. One of the most valuable contributions yet made to the elucidation of the problem is a paper on "the decline of human fertility in the United Kingdom and other countries as shown by corrected birth-rates," the authors being Dr. Arthur Newsholme and Dr. T. H. C. Stevenson. This paper is a continuation of others by the same authors published in *The Journal of Hygiene* (London). "But statistical studies," says the British paper, "are repellant to all except statisticians, unless they can be used as political missiles or piquant tit-bits of promiscuous information, which is very seldom the case with genuine work; and these elaborate calculations are not likely to receive the attention they deserve." For the information of the general public it is necessary to extract the pit of them and present it in a simple form, which the *London Times* essays to do as follows:

"About the main facts no dispute exists. For some thirty years or so a general and progressive diminution of natality—that is, the number of children born in proportion to population—has been recorded in all Western nations for which records are available. It is by no means evenly distributed or proceeding everywhere at the same rate, nor is it shared by every locality; but every country as a whole exhibits the same change in some degree. The following figures, showing the fall in the 'birth-rate,' which means the number of births to 1,000 of the population, between 1876 and 1901, will sufficiently illustrate the movement:

—United Kingdom, from 34.8 to 28.0; England and Wales, 36.3 to 28.5; German Empire, 40.9 to 35.7; Prussia, 40.7 to 36.2; Sweden, 30.8 to 26.8; Switzerland, 33.0 to 29.1; Austria, 40.0 to 36.9; France, 26.2 to 22.0. The fall appears to have set in as a general and progressive movement about the year 1876, which forms the high-water mark of recorded birth-rates in most European countries. That it was a real high-water mark of natality cannot be positively affirmed, as defective registration in earlier years may be a source of error. It is, however, certain that, whereas the birth-rates had previously fluctuated in an irregular manner, from that time onward they have been falling generally, progressively and with singular steadiness. Fewer and fewer children in proportion to population are being born almost from year to year. The difficulty is to determine the causes of this remarkable movement and to estimate their respective shares of influence. The difficulty is increased by the failure of many students of the subject—a failure conspicuously illustrated at the Royal Statistical Society—to distinguish between two sets of causes, the direct and the indirect, which are usually jumbled up together. The birth of children is a physical fact which depends directly upon physical conditions and upon them only; other conditions act indirectly through them, and unless the distinction is realized the question cannot be treated in a logical or scientific manner. The physical conditions governing natality are, in the first place, age, sex, and conjugal state. In other words, children can only be born to women of a certain age, and the number of children must depend on the number of such women in any population. Marriage, of course, is not physically necessary, but actually it is; the proportion of illegitimate children is so small as to be negligible in the large problem; and, as a matter of fact, they have declined even more rapidly than the legitimate. Age, sex, and conjugal state are conveniently classed together, because they are the subject of statistical records and can be ascertained with considerable accuracy. A second set of physical conditions stands on a different footing. The capacity to bear children depends not only upon age, but upon other less obvious physiological factors, which may vary indefinitely both by nature and by art. There are degrees of natural fertility or sterility, and there is also an artificial sterility. With the exception of age and sex, which are chiefly determined by chance or forces beyond our knowledge and control, all these physical conditions directly governing natality are themselves affected by other secondary and ascertainable conditions. Marriage, for instance, is affected by economic and moral influences, by war and emigration; fertility is affected by habits of life and possibly by educa-

tion and occupation. All these become indirect influences acting through the direct ones."

It is obvious from these considerations that the problem of causation is intricate and must be handled methodically if it is to be lifted out of the slough of conjecture, impression and prejudice. This is the service that Dr. News-holme and Dr. Stevenson, in the opinion of the *London Times*, have rendered. By a laborious piece of statistical work they have eliminated the age, sex and marriage factors for a large number of countries and particular communities over a period of twenty years, and have separated out the true fertility from a variety of disturbing factors. The point is that hypothetically changes in the age, sex and conjugal constitution of the populations might be sufficient to account for the diminishing birth-rates and that the latter might hypothetically be wholly due to a diminishing proportion of married women of fertile age. There have, in fact, been material changes in that direction in some populations through postponement of marriage and prolongation of mature life accompanied by a constantly high infantile mortality. In some countries emigration has appreciably diminished the productive population. But it has now been shown that such changes are quite inadequate to account for the falling birth-rates. Indeed, in some communities where a rapid fall has taken place the constitution of the population is more favorable to productivity than it was. The calculations leading to this conclusion are, like

all other statistics, open to criticism. They give only approximately accurate results which cannot be used for minute comparisons:

"But read broadly, with a due margin for error, they prove the existence of a real and general decline in fertility. Ireland is the only exception; there the fertility increased between 1881 and 1901, though the natality diminished. Further, the authors reach the conclusion that this progressive sterility is due not to natural but to artificial causes; it is deliberately practised in order to secure ease, and is associated with a rising standard of comfort. This agrees with the results of investigation and with the conclusions of others; but it has not previously been established on the same statistical basis. The ultimate bearing of the movement may be a matter of opinion. Some applaud it, as Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe has recently shown. But the doctrine of small families and quality *versus* quantity is very superficial. It ignores the whole moral side of the question, and on the physical side it rests upon a more than dubious assumption. It is not given to parents to arrange the quality of the selected offspring they choose to have out of a potential number; nor are they conspicuously successful in rearing very small families. The most wholesome environment for children is plenty of brothers and sisters. In truth, the real motive is selfishness, not concern for non-existent children. So the bachelor, intent on his own comfort, pretends regard for the wife he has not got. But Nature is not mocked; the misuse or perversion of natural appetites, which is the essence of vice, brings its own penalty, and Nature's answer to those who flout her laws is to wipe them out. That process is already in operation in many communities both in the Old World and in the New, where more people die annually than are born."

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CANCER PROBLEM

Cancer is now proved to be neither contagious nor hereditary and to be the result of neither bacillus nor germ, if we may accept a summary of the labors of the scientists investigating the problem in the Royal College of Science and the University of Liverpool. The summary has been prepared by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, eminent as a man of letters and at the same time a competent student of biological problems. Mr. Watson was authorized by the experts in cancer research, Professor Farmer and Messrs. Moore and Walker, to give some outlines of the results of their discoveries in the *London Mail*. As an introduction to the topic as a whole, Mr. Watson's summary reminds us that every living organism, whether plant or animal, begins as a single cell.

This original mother cell divides into two, then each of the resulting cells divides, and this process continues until the whole body of the organism is built up. But the process of the division is by no means simple. When the original mother cell is going to divide, a certain number of little bodies appears within it. Each of these little bodies, which are called chromosomes, divides into two equal halves, and when the whole mass of the mother cell separates into two daughter cells, half of each chromosome is absorbed into each daughter cell. This process is repeated in each succeeding cell division and thus the number of chromosomes in the cells of the same body remains the same as it was in the original mother cell. The number of chromosomes in the cells forming

the human body is thirty-two, and this number remains constant—with a single exception:

"The exception is the group of cells that is to undertake the future function of reproduction. Observation has shown that in these cells the number of chromosomes is always reduced to one-half, in the human being therefore to sixteen. Now here comes in the remarkable discovery which sheds a wholly new light on the nature of cancer. The collaborators have found that in cancerous tissue the same process takes place. The exact sequence of events is this. Certain cells of the blood, known as leucocytes, given a suitable stimulus, become active. They unite with the ordinary healthy cells of the tissue, and the result is the first stage of cancerous growth. The development and divisions of the cells then proceed in a manner similar to that occurring in the production of the reproductive cells referred to.

"It is interesting to note that it has for some time been known to science that reproductive tissue does, in the case of some plants, normally act in a manner similar to cancer, that is to say, it invades the tissue forming the body of the parent organism.

"The collaborators, in discovering the similarity that exists between cancer and reproductive tissue, have incidentally shown that certain bodies that have been constantly taken for the parasite causing cancer are really only a normal part of reproductive cells. These bodies, commonly known as 'Plimmer's' or 'Cancer' bodies, had hitherto been supposed to exist only in the cells forming cancerous tissue. They are now proved to constitute a normal and constant part of reproductive cells. Thus the resemblance between the two tissues is carried a step further and made more striking, to say nothing of the fact that the numerous speculations as to the nature and origin of these supposed parasites are at last put to rest."

Equipped with this preliminary exposition, it is easier to master Dr. R. T. Hewlett's analysis of the cancer research results published in London *Nature*. From this it seems that recent research holds out as yet little prospect of the discovery of a curative agent. At the moment, almost the only hope of cure lies in early and radical operation. In superficial cancers the X-rays and radium emanations seem to effect a cure by causing a retrogression or a necrosis of the cancer elements. Cancer in mice occasionally undergoes retrogression and cure, and the same thing occurs, although rarely, in human cancer. It has been found that the blood serum of the mice in which this spontaneous cure had occurred exerted a marked curative action on other mice suffering from the disease. This suggests the possibility that work of a similar nature may eventually lead to the discovery of a means of treating human cancer, but the probability is small in Dr. Hewlett's opinion. It is extremely unlikely that the serum of any animal would have any

effect on the human being. A spontaneously cured human being would almost certainly have to provide the serum. Further:

"The cancer of one animal is inoculable only into another animal of the same species, and human cancer, therefore, cannot be transmitted to the lower animals. All attempts to isolate a micro-parasite have proved failures, in spite of the vast amount of work done in this direction. The alleged organisms of cancer, such, for example, as certain yeast fungi, have, it is true, been found to produce tumor-like growths, but these have, on critical examination, been proved to be of the nature of granulomatous growths, and not true cancer. A point of which a good deal has been made by the supporters of the parasitic theory is that the so-called 'cancer bodies,' the alleged parasites, are present only in malignant growths, and not in normal or pathological tissue nor in benign tumors. But the deduction from this fact, that these bodies are therefore parasitic, has little to support it when it is considered that cancer is a unique tissue, and might obviously contain structures not found elsewhere and not necessarily parasitic."

Nor can it be said that the discovery, or alleged discovery, of the microbe of cancer has been taken seriously by the medical press of Europe. That eminent French surgeon, Dr. Doyen, has pronounced the microbe called "*micrococcus neo-formans*" to be that of cancer. Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, is quoted in Paris *Cosmos* as saying that in a series of tubes in which were placed fragments of cancerous growth, he had obtained a microbe identical with that described by Dr. Doyen. Professor Metchnikoff adds that all of the tubes—there were several—did not give this result, but it was important to note that two specimens of cancerous growth obtained from quite another source did yield pure cultures of the Doyen microbe. And Professor Metchnikoff says that he has had opportunities of observing a considerable number of persons suffering from cancer who have been benefited by injections of the Doyen serum. The report of a committee of scientists, as summarized in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), is not decisive in favor of the Doyen "discovery." *The British Medical Journal* comments:

"We are still, therefore, on Professor Metchnikoff's own showing, a long way from the final elucidation of the mystery of cancer. We are compelled to add that with every wish to believe that a cure for this terrible scourge has been discovered, the evidence, so far as it has been disclosed, appears to us inadequate to warrant any confident hope that Dr. Doyen's serum will prove to have any more lasting effect than the various serums, toxin extracts and other remedies having some kind of scientific basis, which have in recent years been tried and found wanting."

THE DOOM OF THE ATOM

Among the many and fruitful lines of research which have been developed during the last quarter of a century, asserts that able British physicist, Prof. C. Cuthbertson, none possesses so great a fascination or so profound an interest as the study of radium, not only on account of the great delicacy of the experimental methods which have been elaborated to deal with it, and the ingenuity, skill and originality displayed by those who are engaged in the investigation, but also on account of the far-reaching effect of its conclusions on our conception of the nature of matter. To appreciate the beauty of the investigation, it is necessary, in Professor Cuthbertson's opinion, to possess a technical equipment which is, unfortunately, not common. But to understand the significance of the results obtained is comparatively a simple matter.

The first great advance made by chemistry during the seventeenth century was the discovery that substances which had appeared to be simple were really compounds of different materials. The second great advance, which occupied the whole of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries, was the analysis of such compounds and the study of the properties of the materials of which they were composed and the proportions in which they were combined. Professor Cuthbertson continues (in the *London Outlook*):

"Out of the great mass of work done on this subject there emerged the conviction that the atomic theory propounded by Dalton was a true representation of the facts of Nature, and that the universe was built up from a number (about seventy) of different sorts of matter, which were called elements. No one had ever succeeded in changing one sort of matter into another, and the doctrine that such a change was beyond the bounds of possibility was, until lately, the most deeply rooted conviction in the minds of chemists. But during the last twenty years evidence has been accumulating which has shaken this belief to its foundations, if, indeed, it has not displaced it for ever. The first important step was taken by Professor J. J. Thomson, of the Cavendish Laboratory, when, in a brilliant series of researches, he demonstrated the existence of portions of matter of much smaller size than that which has been assigned to the atom as the result of several different methods of calculation. Guided and supported by Professor Thomson's results, the scientific world was gradually taught to consider seriously the possibility that even the atom was in reality not the perfectly hard, elastic sphere of the early part of the nineteenth century, but a complicated system built up from lesser units. Not only was this theory attractive in

itself, from its boldness and originality, but it bore in its train the possible corollary that the various kinds of matter might be found to consist ultimately of a single primitive material, and that the difference in the properties of the elements might be due to differences of arrangement of the material within the unit we call an atom, just as houses of very different appearance can be constructed out of similar bricks, but differently arranged."

The possibility of such an explanation of the facts of chemistry has never been absent from the minds of philosophic chemists since the days of Prout at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But for want of experimental confirmation it has never gained serious credence. In the hands of Professor Thomson it took a new lease of life and developed from a mere hypothesis to a theory which has hitherto withstood all attempts to break it down. To quote again:

"While matters were in this position came the astonishing discovery of radium, thorium, actinium, and polonium, supplemented by the theory of Professor Rutherford that we have in the atoms of these substances arrangements of the primitive material which are not stable, and which are consequently breaking down before our very eyes. The triumphant verification of this theory by means of researches which have perhaps never been surpassed in brilliancy has given to the name of Professor Rutherford a high place among English scientific men; and Professor Soddy, who had the good fortune to collaborate with him, shares in the credit of an achievement of which our country may be proud. Briefly, the conclusions towards which our present knowledge points are as follows: The notion that the various elements—e.g. hydrogen, oxygen, iron, phosphorus—consist of indivisible and immutable particles differing fundamentally from each other is now relegated for ever to the lumber-room of science. Instead, we must conceive the universe to have consisted originally of myriads of entities, infinitesimal in size even in comparison with the infinitesimal atom, and possessing only one known quality, that of carrying, or perhaps being identical with, a charge of negative electricity."

As temperature decreases, or other conditions, of which we have no knowledge, change, these ultimate particles or electrons, as they are called, move about under the influence of two sets of forces, one tending to bring them together, the other to keep them apart. A decrease in the latter set would result in the formation of collocations of electrons of every conceivable shape, size and arrangement—just as we may conceive, in the stellar universe, the evolution of an infinite number of possible solar systems. But not all these collocations would

be permanent, for all are subject to the clash of opposing forces and to the disintegrating effects of rapid motion. The necessary result would be that, of all possible configurations, only a few would survive for an appreciable length of time. Those of which the bulk was too large, of which the energy was too great, or in which the conservative and the destructive forces were too nearly balanced, would inevitably break up:

"Only a few forms would survive, and these would represent remarkably stable arrangements. This is exactly what we find, and in the elements, as we see them now, we must undoubtedly recognize the surviving patterns in the great struggle for life which is thus seen to pervade the inorganic as well as the organic world. But this is not all. If such a hypothesis were true, we ought to expect to find that a few of the different species of atoms at present known to us are in an unstable condition, and threaten to become extinct. Such elements we actually find in radium, thorium and actinium. So nicely are the forces balanced within their atoms that only a very small percentage of the atoms break down per second. The best estimate at present is that a given weight of radium would diminish to half its size in about twelve hundred years. But, slow or fast, the reality of the process is one which is hardly doubted in the scientific world.

"It may be inquired whether there is any experimental evidence to show that the process of

disintegration is actually going on, though at a slower rate, among those forms of matter, such as the commoner elements, which are comparatively stable. Such evidence does exist in the case of elements so widely distributed as zinc, sodium and potassium; and though the experiments required to detect it are of extreme delicacy, it needs no optimist to feel confident that within a very few years it will have been demonstrated with as great certainty as is now felt with regard to the radio-active elements."

Those who think most deeply will be the first to confess, concludes Professor Cuthbertson, how profound an effect on human thought must be accomplished by this new conception of matter. Indeed, to our authority, there are but two or three events in the history of mankind, such as the discovery of America and the establishment of the Copernican system, which are worthy to rank with it in importance. Not only does it bring within the field of practical chemistry the dream of the alchemist in the transmutation of the elements, but it opens up the possibility of drawing upon sources of energy, locked up in the atom, a million times more potent than any with which we have hitherto been acquainted and a million times more valuable than the gold or other dross which might result as by-products of the process.

THE WILL AS A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE

The properly used forces of our mind may render us important services with regard to the prolongation of our lives, writes Prof. Jean Finot in *The Contemporary Review* (London). There is no doubt, adds this distinguished *savant*, that ill-directed mental suggestion shortens life. Arrived at a certain age, we poison ourselves with the notion of an approaching end. We lose faith in our own strength and our strength leaves us. On the pretext that age is weighing heavily on our shoulders, we take to sedentary habits and cease to pursue our occupations with vigor. Little by little, our blood, vitiated by idleness, and our feebly renewed tissues open the door to all sorts of maladies. Precocious old age lays siege to us. We succumb earlier than we need have done as a result of injurious auto-suggestion.

Now, asks Professor Finot, why should we not endeavor to live by auto-suggestion instead of dying by it? The power of auto-sug-

gestion is limitless within its sphere. We quote:

"The action on the body of our psychic life manifests itself thus in all forms. The discovery of the vaso-motor nerves, made by Claude Bernard, has enabled us to introduce a little order amongst the numerous and complicated effects provoked by suggestion both from without and from within (auto-suggestion). We now know the controlling action of the brain, which by means of the vaso-motor nerves has an effect on all our organs. The beating of the heart may become slower, quicker, or may even cease, under the stress of emotions such as anger or fear. A very great fright may even cause death through syncope.

"Intense attention, concentrated on any portion of our body, provokes manifest changes there. Thus redness or paleness may be induced in the face, or swellings on different parts of the body. Certain monks were found with the red marks of flagellation or with the signs of Christ's suffering, as the result of too prolonged or too often repeated hours of ecstasy. Charcot relates numerous cases of the phenomena of burns or ecchymoses appearing on the bodies of people as a consequence of suggestion directed to that end.

"By the aid of simple suggestion we can thus diagnose functional troubles, organic injuries and hemorrhages as well as curative vaso-constriction. The cases of cure by suggestion of the expectoration of blood, and especially of bleeding from the nose (*epistaxis*), are exceedingly frequent. This has been noticed chiefly in connection with loss of blood caused by wounds. Punctures, however deep, in the hypnotic state are never accompanied by a flow of blood."

If, next, we consider the cases of nonagenarians or centenarians, we realize that it is the suggestion of force, the innate conviction that resistance is possible, together with the absence of depressing ideas, which has chiefly contributed to the preservation of their health and their prolonged life. Hence we can see how important it is to shut the door of one's heart, or rather of one's brain, to all injurious ideas as to limits of life. Nature, who created poisons, also created their antidotes. What, for instance, can be more painful to almost all mortals than the mere thought of inevitable old age? Nearly as many tears have been shed over this necessity as over that of death. We think too much of the diseases of our organs, of the using up of our tissue and of fatal decrepitude. We distrust our physical and intellectual forces, our memory, our conversational gifts and powers of work. The reproach of having a mind or a consciousness which is either senile or worn out creates in us a feeling of revolt. We cannot bear to have anyone daring to doubt our strength or our youth. Yet how many there are who venture to animadvert on a sentence of senility unjustly passed upon them? Indeed, men who have reached a certain age bow all the more before such a reproach and do their best to deserve it. Says M. Finot:

"Our superstitions also have a share of the responsibility here as in all other things. Almost all of us experience that of pseudo-senility. Thus we imagine that at sixty years of age or even earlier our hour of retirement has sounded. From this moment we give up our occupations, our exercise, our pleasures. We withdraw from life and it in turn withdraws from us. Now physiology is there to demonstrate to us that our organism may yet accomplish *all* the physiological functions of the preceding periods. And if our digestion or some other function is weak or paralysed, we have not our years to thank, but the bad use to which we have put them. For, what is senility? It is the time of life at which a man, who has only a worn-out organism at his service, must die his natural death. Now this limit, which might theoretically be put at 150 or 200 years, exists even in reality much further off than we venture to believe.

"For a proof of this I will take a series of curious statistical tables of deaths from old age

in Paris during a period of eleven years, which were drawn up by Dr. A. Block (*Bulletin de la Société d'Anthropologie de Paris*, 1896). The result shows that even in this city of Paris which has such an unwholesome effect on people's health and longevity, senility, such as we have just defined it, appears frequently at the age of from 80 to 85, and even some years later.

"The critical period for an old man in Paris therefore appears to be between 80 and 85, for in these five years there are the most numerous deaths from senility. The author, in comparing all these facts, arrives at the apparently paradoxical conclusion that from the age of 80 illness has less power over an old man the older he becomes. In other words, after having passed this critical age, man has more chance of dying of a natural death—that is to say, of crossing the threshold of his centenary. What is the reason of this? It is very simple. It often takes a man 80 years of experience to know how to direct the capacities of his organism with precision.

"The most important thing for us is that death from pneumonia, heart disease and cerebral congestion or hemorrhage, is by no means so frequent after the age of 60 as is ordinarily believed. In other terms the respiratory apparatus, the circulation and even the digestive organs continue their functions, or rather they have no special reason for not continuing their functions. In any case, it is not senile decay, a natural cause, which deprives us of their use, but all sorts of accidental causes. Which of us has not met men who have passed the age of 80 and yet digest and breathe very well and are still enjoying all their intellectual faculties?

"Rational economy in the use of our organs may preserve them for their work far beyond a century. Often all that is required is that we should be saturated from an early age with this truth in order to enable all who are in love with life to pass beyond this long stage of the journey."

But how are we to counteract the depressing influences which lie in wait for us at every moment of our lives? Often it is quite enough for someone to tell us something nice and pleasant to produce a condition of peace and serenity in our minds; and often in the grip of analytical melancholy or of unlimited despair if we sit down to think over our case, we find it by no means so exasperating as it seemed and unhappy impressions fade away. But those who feel incapable of putting this comforting philosophy into practice may have recourse to a surprisingly simple method. What is required is auto-suggestion for each given case. We quote again:

"Does not psycho-herapeutics, the new departure in medicine, teach us that certain illnesses disappear as if by enchantment as the result of constantly repeated suggestions? Dr. F. Régnauld relates that in treating a hypochondriac he advised him to write on the wall every evening the words 'I am happy,' and to go off to sleep in full view of them. After a few weeks happiness be-

gan to steal into his spirit. Which of us, in speaking of God, does not instinctively turn towards the sky? Neither science nor reason can prevail against the mechanical repetition of the phrase, which is yet so contrary to the most elementary notions of astronomy? 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.' In moments of distress, astronomers themselves may be found seeking for their God in some hidden corner of the universe!

"What endless resource is provided in this way against the invading years! Let us accept

them with confidence and look on them with the softness which befits men of wisdom. Let us ever keep before our eyes comforting examples of serene old age and probable longevity. Little by little our optimistic visions will become a guard of honour. They will be on the watch that poisonous fears do not take possession of our consciousness. Those who are not sensitive to this surrounding atmosphere of reasoned thought may, on the other hand, have recourse to direct and repeated suggestion."

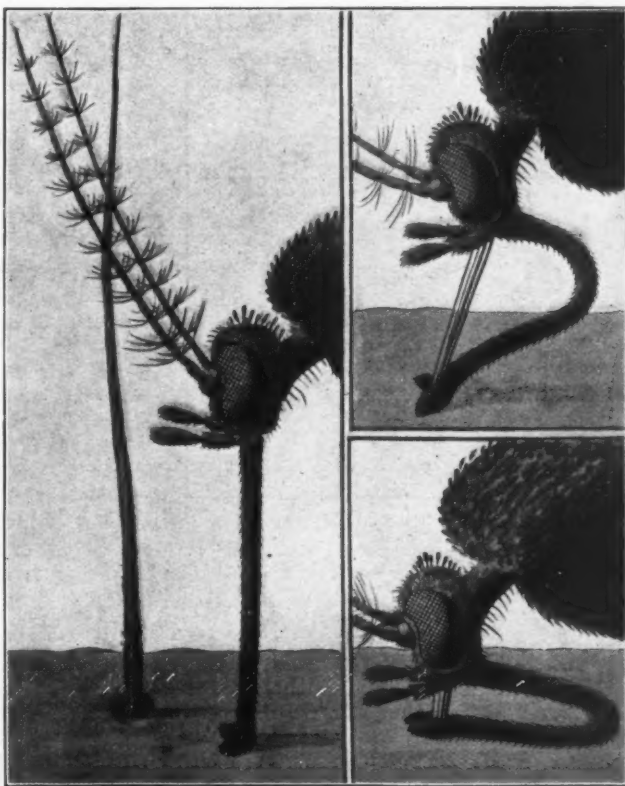
BITING APPARATUS OF THE MOSQUITO

Just how the mosquito bites a human being is a matter of some controversy, but the latest exposition is set forth by Dr. James Scott in *London Countryside*. He agrees that the male is not the offender. It is the female that stings man. She has a long, straight trunk, terminating in two lobes or sucking lips. Within this receptacle are five lancets, while a slender one fits into a groove or slit, which divides the whole trunk lengthwise and permits the complete set of lancets to be withdrawn. When the mosquito is about to set to work, she fits the lips of the trunk against the skin and literally bores a hole into the flesh. In order to test her ability fully, Dr. Scott caught an insect and confined it as a prisoner inside the glass-topped lid from a circular box tied firmly to his arm.

As the six lancets, combined to form a single firm tool, were thrust deeper and deeper into the arm, the trunk became bent in a backward direction, vibrating like a gently waving leech in its act of suction. The slit was tightly closed meanwhile. Its two lips were firmly compressed against the hole from which the blood was oozing, and as the meal progressed it was possible to see plainly, through the thin membrane of the sides of the abdomen, the insect swelling to an abnormal extent and turning a vivid crimson.

There remains the mystery of the varying intensity of mos-

quito stings. In some countries—notably in Egypt—the bite of the insect is transmitted to human consciousness in one quick agony. In the northern United States the pain, while intense, grows only gradually acute.



London Countryside.

THE MOSQUITO'S BITING APPARATUS

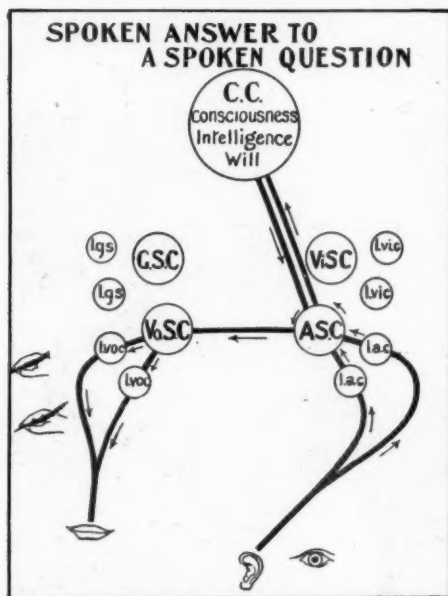
On the left is seen a much magnified picture of the mosquito's trunk, in which are enclosed the piercers, placed firmly against a human arm. The top picture on the right shows the piercer partly embedded in the flesh and in the lower one the mosquito has thrust its sharp piercer right down and is apparently enjoying its meal.

THE MYSTERY OF MAN'S CAPACITY TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION

The exact course which those nervous impulses with which speech, thought, reasoning, deliberation, etc., are associated take in passing through the cerebral tissues is a mystery which students of psychic phenomena are trying to shed light upon. We do not know, for example, the exact course taken by the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a spoken answer to the simple spoken question: "Do you think it will rain to-day?" So says Dr. Byron Bramwell, lecturer on clinical

medicine in the school of the Royal Colleges at Edinburgh and regarded as the highest living authority on aphasia and brain structure. In a recent lecture to the Royal College of Physicians, quoted in the London *Lancet*, he goes at length into the riddle of man's ability to answer the simplest question. We know, declares Dr. Bramwell, that the sound vibrations representing the spoken words, "Do you think it will rain to-day?" which enter through the ear cause nerve vibrations, which ultimately excite the function of the auditory speech center (see Fig. 1). We know that the spoken answer, whatever it may happen to be, is emitted by the vocal speech center. But we are not absolutely certain of the exact course which the nervous impulses take (a) in their passage from the ear to the auditory speech center; (b) in their passage from the vocal speech center to the lips, tongue, etc. We are still more ignorant of the exact course which the nervous impulses take in passing through the higher parts of the cerebral mechanisms—that is, between their point of entrance to the auditory speech center and their point of exit from the vocal speech center.

The question: "Do you think it will rain to-day?" after reaching, so to speak, and stimulating the auditory speech center, flows over and through connecting fibers to numerous associated centers and may excite a vast series of cerebral actions. A whole string of associated memories, ideas and impulses may be called up in the mind, a number of voluntary actions may be produced and a number of new ingoing nervous impulses may be generated. Thus (to quote):



From the London *Lancet*

FIGURE 1

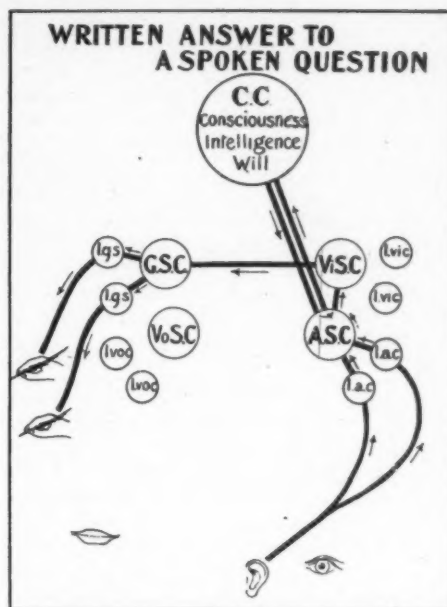
Diagrammatic representation of the course which the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a spoken answer to a spoken question take. A.S.C., auditory speech centre; l.a.c. and l.v.a.c., lower auditory centres on the left and right sides of the brain respectively. V.S.C., vocal speech centre; l.v.o.c. and l.v.o.c., lower vocal centres in the left and right sides of the brain respectively. C.C., hypothetical centre representing the seat of Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will. The nervous impulses concerned in a spoken answer to a spoken question enter, so to speak, through the ear and pass to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), through the lower auditory centres (l.a.c. and l.v.a.c.); from the auditory speech centre they pass to the ideational centres in different parts of the cerebral cortex, in the diagram hypothetically represented as a special centre (C.C.) the seat of Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will. After a judgment has been formed and the answer has been determined upon, the nervous impulse passes from the higher cerebral centres (C.C.) to the auditory speech centre, where it is put into concrete speech form; from the auditory speech centre it passes to the vocal speech centre (V.S.C.) and thence, through the lower vocal centres (l.v.o.c. and l.v.o.c.), to the larynx, tongue, lips, &c., where it is emitted as spoken sounds.

"The person who is questioned may look at the sky, at the barometer, at the weather report in his daily paper, he may note the direction and velocity of the wind, the temperature of the air and its degree of moisture, and then, after getting as much information as he can from the outside, he may fall back upon and compare the information derived in this way with his own personal experience and with the information (knowledge) which he has acquired (stored up in the nerve cells of his cerebral cortex) from other persons or from books. Then, after due deliberation, a judgment or conclusion is formed, an answer is mentally determined upon, and, finally, that answer is put into concrete speech form (probably, so far as our present knowledge enables us to judge, in most persons in the auditory speech centre) and is emitted through the

vocal speech centre. In order that this process of thought and reasoning may be carried out, a vast series of cerebral mechanisms and actions, throughout a large extent of the cerebral cortex (diagrammatically represented in Fig. 1 as a centre—C.C.), must be brought into play. Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will are actively engaged, the reasoning processes are called into play, after due deliberation a judgment is formed, and an answer is determined upon. All of these psychical phenomena are, it is needless to say, associated with corresponding physical changes, with definite changes of a physical kind in nerve (cell and fibre) mechanisms in the different parts of the cerebral tissue which are engaged and brought into action. Finally, under the influence of the will, of a *fiat* of the will, as it is termed, a motor discharge, which is represented externally by the spoken answer to the question, is emitted. Even the, comparatively speaking, elementary point—the exact course which the nervous impulses take in the final stage of the process after the answer has been mentally determined upon—is as yet uncertain. We do not know, after a judgment has been formed and an answer has been mentally determined upon, whether the nervous impulses which are necessary for the production of the discharge of the vocal speech centre (the production of the spoken answer to the question) must pass (a) through the auditory speech centre, in order to act upon the vocal speech centre (as is represented in Fig. 1); or (b) whether the higher parts of the cerebral mechanism (C.C.) in which the judgment has been formed and the answer determined upon can play directly upon the vocal speech centre (Vo.S.C.) (i.e., without acting through the auditory speech centre) . . . and, if so, (c) what is the course which such nervous impulses take."

It would appear, so far as our present knowledge and information enable us to judge, that in most normal individuals, at all events, the action is through the auditory speech center (Fig. 1). This would appear to be the case so far as the names of objects and many actions and attributes are concerned. Whether the same statement applies to the other parts of speech is more doubtful in Dr. Bramwell's opinion. Probably, he says, the auditory speech center is first stimulated, and then, under stimulation from the auditory speech center, the vocal speech center is put into action.

Again, the answer to a spoken question may be emitted or discharged by the graphic speech center. In this case it would appear that after the answer has been mentally determined upon, it is, as in the former case, first put into concrete speech form in the auditory speech center, from which the nervous impulses pass to the visual speech center (Fig. 2), where they are translated into visual speech symbols; and then from the visual speech center they pass on to and out by the graphic center. But there



From the London Lancet

FIGURE II

Diagrammatic representation of the course which the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a written answer to a spoken question take. A.S.C., auditory speech centre; l.a.c. and l'a.c', lower auditory centres. V.S.C., visual speech centre. G.S.C., graphic speech centre; l.g.s. and l'g's', lower graphic centres on the left and right sides of the brain respectively. The spoken question passes in by the ear to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), through the lower auditory centres (l.a.c. and l'a.c'); from the auditory speech centre, nervous impulses pass to the higher "ideational" centres, diagrammatically represented as the centre C.C. After the answer has been determined upon the nervous impulse passes from C.C. to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), where it is put into concrete speech form; from the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.) it passes to the visual speech centre (V.S.C.), where it is translated into visual speech symbols; from the visual speech centre (V.S.C.) it passes to the graphic speech centre (G.S.C.), thence it is emitted through the lower graphic centres (l.g.s. and l'g's') either to the right or left hand.

is reason to suppose that in certain circumstances (probably in some normal individuals and certainly in some cases of disease) the "ideational" centers (C.C.) can, as it were, play directly upon the visual speech center (V.S.C.). In some cases, for example, in which the auditory speech center is inactive or destroyed the patient is still able to write spontaneously.

The same uncertainty applies to the course of the nervous impulses which are concerned in the production of a spoken and written answer to a written question. It is not improbable that a solution of this problem would carry with it an explanation of the vagaries of human testimony conveyed by word of mouth and in writing.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING RED NOSES

The permanent redness of a human nose is due to pathologically enlarged blood-vessels and may be consequent upon a variety of predisposing circumstances, according to *The American Inventor* (New York). Excessive drinking, adds this paper, is far more seldom the cause of the anomaly than most laymen suspect. In fact, the redness is most commonly produced by an extensive though very slight freezing, resulting in a morbid sensitiveness of the blood-vessels as to variations in temperature.

An efficient means of remedying abnormal redness consists in scarifying by scratching the extremities of the small veins involved. This process is, however, rather lengthy, and, moreover, is liable to result in an even more serious disfiguring of the nose than the original color discrepancy occasioned. Treating the nose by means of small pins is a process which may be used to advantage, though its duration is quite out of proportion to the object aimed at. Now Professor Lassar, of Berlin, has designed an apparatus for this purpose:

"An electromotor is made to drive a concussor (as used e.g. in filling teeth). The latter is pro-

vided with a stump working in a vertical direction and to the centrifugal end of which a bundle of about 40 thin gilded platinum points has been attached. This stamp can be inserted and re-



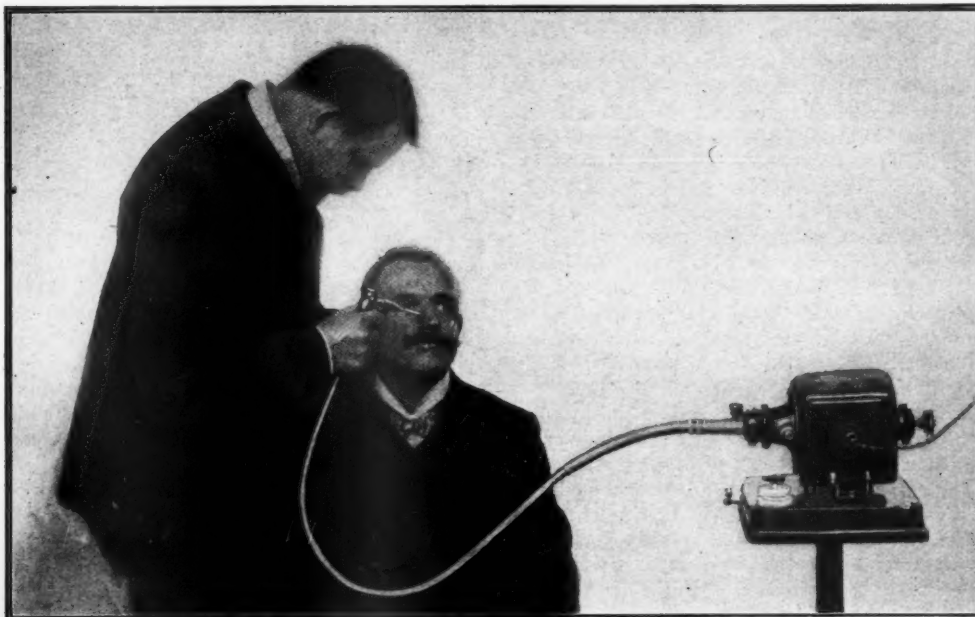
From *The American Inventor*.

PRICKING DEVICE

moved by means of a convenient key and is disinfected carefully before each treatment. The nose can be anaesthetized by chlorethyl spray, though most patients readily endure the pricking treatment. This is made by producing a very full bleeding of the skin (cleaned carefully beforehand) by a vertical application of the needles kept on for some minutes. The bleeding is arrested instantaneously by compression.

"Six to eight sittings (one or two per week) are said to be sufficient in most cases to restore even the most abnormal nose permanently to its normal color, without leaving any scar, by the superficial destruction of the excessive blood vessels.

"The rapidly-repeated pricking may be combined with the use of galvano-caustical or electrolytical needles. Dermatologists have been using the device with a marked degree of success.



From *The American Inventor*.

RESTORING A RED NOSE TO ITS NORMAL COLOR BY DESTROYING THE SUPERFICIAL BLOOD-VESSELS

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY OF MURDER

Many cases of poisoning go undetected simply because suspicion has never been aroused, thinks that noted English chemist, Dr. Litton Forbes, F.R.C.S.E. But, he adds, where suspicion has once been aroused, and where the case has gone to a point at which chemical analysis has been invoked, the guilty prisoner in the present day has very little chance of escape. It is not too much to say that there is now no known poison which, if administered in a sufficient dose, cannot be detected after death.

The analytical chemist in search of poison in a suspicious case has, however, some peculiar difficulties to encounter. The inherent difficulty of some of these cases may best be illustrated by an example long become classical in the annals of poisoning. Dr. Forbes narrates it as follows (in *The Grand Magazine*, of London):

"One afternoon in the month of March, 1882, Dr. Lampson called on his brother-in-law, a youth then at school. He brought him some cakes, and as the lad was not feeling well suggested his taking a little medicine. He then handed him a harmless-looking capsule, and twenty minutes later took his departure. A quarter of an hour after he had gone, the boy, whose name was Malcolm John, became seriously unwell. He complained of heartburn, of sickness of the stomach, of difficulty of swallowing, and eventually became delirious. He died within three and a half hours, apparently of paralysis of the heart!

"A *post-mortem* examination, as often happens, revealed nothing in particular. The doctors were at fault. The symptoms were not unlike those of hydrophobia, and the immediate cause of death seemed to have been, as in that disease, paralysis of the heart. But this supposition was untenable, for the illness had come on with extreme suddenness and had terminated in a very short space of time. The only inference permissible was that poison had been administered. This being assumed, the poison, it was clear, could only have been a vegetable one, since it had caused so little internal changes. It was *probably* an alkaloid, because of the rapidity of its action. But certain virulent alkaloids, such as strychnine, atropine (belladonna), and morphia, were excluded, because there were neither violent spasms, dilation of the pupils, nor a tendency to sleep. Such, then, was the riddle which the chemists had to read.

"They went to work very systematically, very patiently and very skilfully. They had practically to pass in review the whole group of vegetable poisons. Their first step in the analysis was to plunge the stomach and its contents into spirits of wine (alcohol), and leave it undisturbed there for two days and nights. Then this spirit was carefully poured off and filtered, and both it and the residue so obtained were set aside for further

examination. This residue was next subjected to the action of warm alcohol and tartaric acid, then allowed to cool, and once more filtered. After further treatment a clear solution was finally obtained. This was now shaken up with ether in order to remove various fatty and other matters. Then chloroform and ether were used, but this time together. They would, it was known, dissolve out all alkaloids present. On evaporation a deposit was left. This *must* now consist of one or more alkaloids. It only remained to say what the alkaloid was, and to give a reasonable estimate of the quantity of the poison originally administered.

"Now, some of the alkaloids are much more easily recognised chemically than others. In a few cases chemical tests are not wholly sufficient. They must be *supplemented* but not replaced by others, such as their taste, and especially their known action on living animals. The chemical tests in Lampson's case had now been exhausted. The residue above mentioned had been mixed with a preparation of gold, and a further deposit obtained. This had been weighed and then burned, and the gold left had then been carefully weighed again. The percentage of precious metal found remaining gave valuable information indeed, but not all that was required.

"Recourse was next had to the so-called 'physiological' tests on animals. A chemist must not be too nice nor squeamish. The mysterious residue had been tested. Though the quantity so tried was infinitesimal it at once gave that peculiar tingling sensation to the tongue which is absolutely characteristic of aconite, and which, once experienced, is never forgotten. There remained one test more. The quantity available was very small, and therefore very small animals had to be employed. A portion injected under the skin of a mouse caused symptoms of poisoning within two minutes and death within thirty. On this evidence, which, be it remarked, was absolutely conclusive when taken as a whole, and which could be evidence of aconite only, Lampson was hanged."

This case has been related in some detail by Dr. Forbes because it exemplifies the methods adopted, with slight variations, in the detection of all vegetable poisons.

Aconite (the active principle in wolf's-bane) belongs to the same class of vegetable poisons as atropine. Atropine is the active principle of belladonna or the plant sometimes known as the deadly nightshade. Criminal poisonings by atropine are somewhat rare in civilized lands, although relatively common in India. Atropine impairs the mental faculties while not destroying life. By centuries of practice Hindu poisoners have gained a subtle and deadly skill in its use. It is said that personal enemies, political rivals and historical personages have not, indeed, been killed outright by

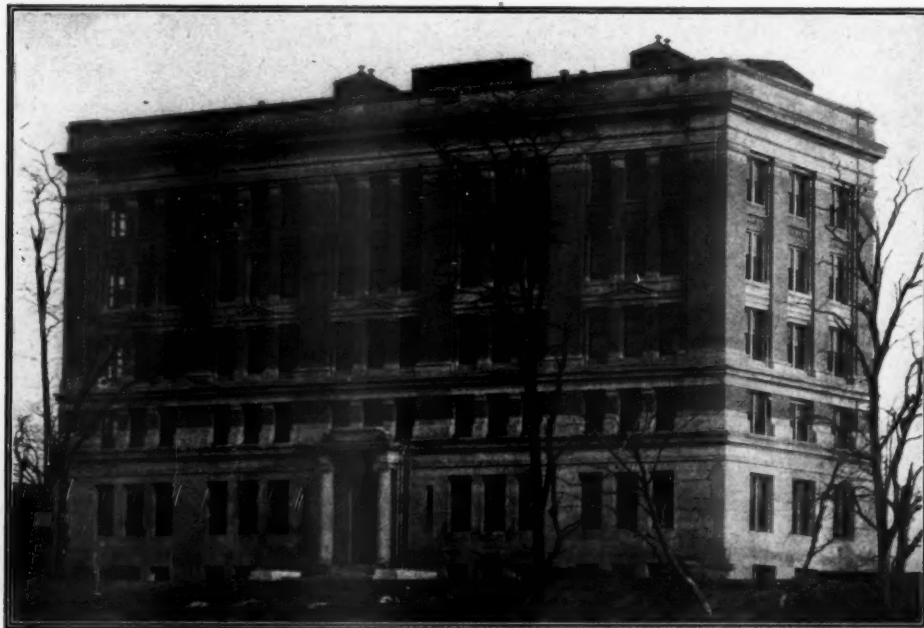
it, but rendered idiotic and harmless by the incessant administration of small doses.

Chemical tests for atropine are numerous, but the physiological test is at once the most delicate and the most characteristic. So subtle and so potent is the influence of the drug on the eye that the pupil will dilate if a solution of only one part in 130,000 be applied under the eyelid. The pupils of a rat's eyes will slowly dilate if only the animal's forepaw be placed in a solution of atropine. In man, a solution of the strength of one in 48,000 parts takes only about an hour to act. This reaction effectively marks off belladonna and its alkaloid from all other known poisons. It lasts long after death and cannot be interfered with by any other drug, except the alkaloid eserine. This, however, is not sufficiently powerful to interfere with it for long or completely to antagonize it.

There are many other vegetable alkaloids used as poisons, but the general way in which they are dealt with is in all cases the same. A solution of the internal organs is prepared by soaking in alcohol and followed up by other processes. Advantage is taken of the fact that most, if not all, the vegetable poisonous alkaloids are soluble in ether and chloroform; and that they can be "thrown down" from this so-

lution by a gold or platinum "salt" or compound. Once separated from the suspected mixture they can then each be tested separately. When thus tested, strychnine, for instance, gives a peculiar reaction with chromate of potash, a relatively common substance. If a small particle of the chromate of potash be placed in contact with the suspected strychnine on a porcelain plate, and a drop of strong sulphuric acid added, a rich blue color at once appears. More remarkable still, this color rapidly changes into purple and then red. This reaction is incredibly delicate and will detect strychnine with unfailing accuracy in any mixture. It is remarkable, also, that strychnine, unlike many other alkaloids, is a most stable substance and has been discovered in a body exhumed after 308 days. It is also recognized by its peculiar and searching bitter taste. The chief difficulty in its chemical analysis arises from the small quantity in which strychnine is generally used.

Of metallic poisons, by far the most interesting and important is arsenic. In France, out of a total of 793 accusations of poisoning, 287 were of poisoning by arsenic. The smallest fatal dose on record in a human subject was two and one-half grains. The actual mode of action of the drug is not known.



THE NEW ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH, NEW YORK CITY.

Music and the Drama

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME"—THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE WINTER

"At last Wagner has been surpassed," exclaims an enthusiastic German critic. His words are evoked by the extraordinary qualities of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Salome," and find an echo in an article by a London *Times* correspondent who speaks of "Salome" as "epoch-making" and sets it above Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Strauss's opera is the sensation of the musical year, and is exciting world-wide controversy. Forbidden by the censor in Vienna and condemned by the German Emperor, it was given its initial performance in Dresden, a few weeks ago, before an audience of musicians, actors, managers and critics from every civilized country. The spirit of acclamation in which it was received is declared to have been unparalleled in the annals of the theater. Tumultuous applause greeted the appearance of the composer and of Ernest von Schuch, the conductor. "Dresden has gone wild over 'Salome,'" writes a correspondent of *The Musical Courier* (New York). The same writer adds his conviction that the opera is "an artistic achievement of the most stupendous importance":

"In 'Salome' Strauss has succeeded splendidly in crystallizing his maddest dreams and imaginings. His characteristic technic, full of startling dynamics and musical epigrams, his rhythms liberated from scholastic bounds, all are Olympic. Strauss's great strength is his pathos, his humor, and the fantastic grandeur of his exotic and erotic inspiration. His treatment of the themes, their miraculous structure and development, his melodic vein, and his orchestral painting bewilder the listener and compel limitless admiration for the composer's astounding art."

The theme of "Salome" has tempted many painters and writers. It inspired pictures by Titian, Rubens, Dürer, Carlo Dolci, Roger van der Weyden and Gustave Moreau. Renan, in his "Life of Jesus," suggests a Salome passionately in love with John the Baptist and spurned by him. The idea is



RICHARD STRAUSS

Generally conceded to be the greatest living composer. In "Salome," he has succeeded in "crystallizing his maddest dreams and imaginations."



A SUGGESTION FOR A QUITE ORIGINAL ORCHESTRA FOR RICHARD STRAUSS'S NEXT OPERA!

—Jugend (Munich).

elaborated in Flaubert's "Herodias" and Sudermann's "Johannes." It reaches supreme expression in Oscar Wilde's "Salome," written some ten years ago, and performed recently in New York (see CURRENT LITERATURE, January). After witnessing a performance of Wilde's drama in Berlin, Strauss was so deeply impressed by the possibilities of the work from an operatic point of view that he decided to write an opera along the same lines. He has followed Wilde's text faithfully. The opera has but one act, which lasts an hour and forty minutes and takes place on the terrace of Herod's palace at Jerusalem. The story can only be regarded as morbid in the extreme. It is sultry with Oriental passion. All the "objectionable" features of the drama are incorporated and even emphasized. The unnatural relations existing between Herod, Herodias and Salome (such as Sophocles drew and D'Annunzio delights in) and the neurotic passion of the young princess for the ascetic prophet are treated in the most vivid fashion. The critics speak of "wild crashings," "dismal passages of great length," "a whirling chaos of instrumentation," "dissonances" whose only connection with what formerly, at least, used to be considered music was that they "came from musical instruments." Parts

of the opera are said to have filled the audience with horror, foreboding, and affright. We read of outbursts that "tormented," "made one sweat." Especially prominent in this gruesome depiction is the scene in which Salome sues for Johanaan's love, and is cursed by him; Salome's dance, the wild music for which is called "such as no musician has ever yet written"; and the opera's end, where the disordered Salome, after uttering her incoherent cries of passion, kneels and kisses the mouth of Johanaan's severed head in the silver charger on the floor (a scene that one critic calls "the most disgusting ever put upon the stage"). As with Wagner, at times, while characters are on the stage, no action for quite a while occurs—the play of thought and emotion the sweep of the drama's development, and the final outcome of the situation being conveyed by the orchestra. The music, as a whole, is so formless that a leading violinist, after practising his part for more than three months, confessed that he could not whistle a single phrase of it from memory. The complexity of "Salome," says the eminent Danish critic, George Brandes, in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipsic), "has an intoxicating effect; it bewilders, too, and deludes. It martyrs and irritates, actually breaks in pieces; it brutalizes, and keeps on the stretch to exhaustion. . . . Whether this collective working upon the nervous force of the hearers is to last, must be left to further experiences."

Prof. Oskar Bie, of Charlottenburg, subjects "Salome" to a lengthy analysis in the *Neu Freie Presse* (Vienna). He says, in part:

"Every man has his Salomé, and now Richard Strauss has made one of his own, that perhaps comes the nearest to the malevolent, voluptuous character of Moreau's imagination.

"Before Oscar Wilde's text sits Strauss. He is no dramatist, no lyric poet, no composer, no opera maker, but an orchestra poet. The instruments entice him, stimulate him; they fill his imagination with melodies. The wealth of the material, the inner, tuneful, dynamic, rhythmic conceptions press in upon him, urge him, in the most extravagant manner, to form and to fashion them. . . . More than in the semi-Wagnerian 'Guntram,' more than in the dry and somewhat double-tongued 'Feuersnot,' it seems as if all the latent powers of his nature rose up in one long, mighty response. The jewel casket is thrown open; it plays on his soul; and the sounds of the harp come forth, the tones of the flute ring out, the soft melodies of the stringed instruments soothe the senses; the reeds lend their deep coloring; the instruments of brass call forth the passions; the big kettledrums and the cymbals convulse the world, and the chorus of horns finds itself in a new romanticism centering around the

ascetic splendor of John the Baptist. Is it still the 'Salomé' of Wilde? According to the text she remains so, with a few unimportant abbreviations, but according to the character she has been transplanted from Wilde to Strauss. And why not? His Zarathustra is not Nietzsche; his Salomé, perhaps, not Wilde. Wilde only charms him as Argenteuil on the Seine charmed Monet. The one paints a picture of his enchantress, the other embodies her in a musical composition. In reality, however, Richard Strauss sets his own soul to music, while Herod, John, Salomé, sing to him in the words of Wilde. It is the song of songs of the Dionysus of the orchestra."

Dr. Paul Pfitzner, another German critic, concedes the enormous power back of "Salomé," but thinks it is power wasted and perverted. "The music," he says, "reveals the greatest genius in those very episodes where it concerns itself chiefly with the unnatural, criminal elements of the story." He comments further (in the *Musikalischer Wochenblatt*):

"I feel impelled to point out that it is a sign of the most dangerous decadence when such a work (which is valuable chiefly as a psychological document) is able to achieve a success so complete and so unanimous. And also it seems safe to assume that Strauss and his school have reached the limit of their kind of music and are now at the parting of the ways, where all further effort in the same direction must end in the destruction of all musical law and order, where tonal anarchy reigns supreme, where the future looms black and forbidding, where cacophony, ugliness and dissonance become merely a matter of sport, and the medium with which to cause astonishment or shock—and where, on the other hand, everything must be left behind that has ever been considered beautiful, true, poetical, legitimate and artistically satisfying and uplifting."

Arno Kleffel, a writer in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (Munich), comments in even more caustic terms, branding the subject of the opera as "vicious" and "rotten to its very roots." He says:

"It was considered almost a certainty that the intelligent and educated Dresden public, accustomed as it is to the best in art, would protest angrily and loudly at an opera whose story exceeds in gruesomeness and perverted degeneracy anything that has ever been offered in a musical work for the stage. These expectations were not realized, for the opera had a thunderous, stormy and unanimous success. At the close of the performance the three chief singers [Frau Wittich, Herr Burrian and Herr Perron] were called out many times, but the public would not rest until the composer and the officiating conductor had also come out before the curtain and bowed their thanks at least a dozen times. This proves, then, that the most perverted vice, the most degrading and revolting that was ever conceived by human mind and put into an art form, can be presented on the stage today, so long as the subject is new



RICHARD STRAUSS'S WIFE

Mme. Pauline Strauss-de Ahna was the heroine of Strauss's first opera, and accompanied him on his recent concert-tour of this country, interpreting his songs.

and excites the listeners with unfamiliar sensations.

"Are we to condemn an artist for following the impulse of his time when we are able to see all about us that on the stage—that truthful mirror of our period and our customs—the public is regaled with the most depraved pictures and its senses stimulated with the lowest forms of degeneracy? Strauss is the real child of his time. It is certainly to be regretted that he, one of the greatest minds we have ever known, and certainly one of the greatest tone painters with an orchestra, allowed himself to be attracted and inspired by such a vicious subject, rotten to its very roots."

"Is Strauss played out?" asks a writer in *London Truth*, perplexed by conflicting comment on "Salomé." He continues:

"As is usual in the case of Strauss's works, one finds plentiful expressions of wonder and amazement, but few which seem indicative of real pleasure or genuine admiration. In other words, there is too great a suggestion of mere eccentricity and cleverness run mad about all the comments which the work has so far called forth to encourage the hope that Strauss has presented to the world in 'Salomé' a work really worthy of his powers—and this apart alto-



PAUL HERVIEU

The leading contemporary French playwright. His new play, "Le Réveil," has "intense, throbbing and quivering dramatic vitality."

gether from the *outré* and unpleasant subject of its libretto. . . . It is only unfortunate that Strauss himself seems to strive so hard to in-

spire skepticism as to his real endowments by following precisely that procedure in regard to the choice and treatment of his themes which would commend itself to one who, though enormously clever, is conscious that real genius of the highest kind has been denied him. . . . Meanwhile as regards 'Salome,' if it should prove that the work is merely as the criticisms would seem to suggest, a success of eccentricity and technique, one can only regret it profoundly, for a new opera of worth is badly wanted at the present time."

The next presentation of "Salome" will probably be given in Leipsic, and the third in Turin. Mr. Conried is also reported to be negotiating for a production in New York. Only six or seven opera-houses in the world have the facilities for presenting it. The Dresden production is described as having been well-nigh perfect; the orchestra, of course (in Dresden), was peerless. The orchestra (to make more room for which a row of orchestra-chairs and part of the side casings of the proscenium-boxes were removed) numbered a hundred and twenty performers, and contained a new instrument called the hackelphone (from its maker, Hackel, of Mannheim)—a species of bassoon. German wits have suggested that four locomotive whistles, a foghorn, two steam sirens, and a battery of howitzers be added.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR IN PARIS

The theatrical season in Paris was brought to a climax last month by the production of a new play by Paul Hervieu entitled "Le Réveil" (The Awakening). Ever since his abandonment of novel-writing as a profession, about twelve years ago, Hervieu has applied himself chiefly to dramatic composition, and has given us, on an average, a drama every two years, carefully and thoughtfully studied out. The Paris critics and the public eagerly anticipate a new Hervieu play, and the London *Times* sent its dramatic critic, the friend and quondam collaborator of Bernard Shaw, Mr. A. B. Walkley, to Paris to witness and review the initial performance of "Le Réveil." He has expressed himself with wonderful enthusiasm for a critic as cautious and conservative as he is known to be, calling the play "a little masterpiece of its kind."

"You have in Hervieu," he rhapsodically exclaims, "the flower of a theatrical tradition

which has been the steady growth of centuries. Because it is an axiom for him, as it were of birthright, that the first and last duty of drama is to be dramatic." Mr. Walkley continues:

"Hervieu has the master quality in the theatre—intense, throbbing and quivering dramatic vitality. The mere rapidity of 'Le Réveil' is extraordinary. From the moment the curtain is up you are plunged into a turmoil of emotion; for a couple of hours you are whirled breathlessly round in the vortex; and, when the curtain comes down again, you realize that the dramatist in that brief time has hurried you through as much life-history as would furnish forth a dozen average plays. This is Panhard or Mercédès drama: drama which laughs at speed-limits."

The plot of "Le Réveil" as given by Mr. Walkley in the London *Times*, may be condensed as follows:

The curtain rises upon a hurried conversation between a couple whose names do not matter,

for we see them only for five minutes, and never again. All that it imports us to know is that they have made up their minds against a match between their son and little Rose de Mégée, because they suspect there is something wrong about Rose's mother, Thérèse. With this hint they depart (we are in the drawing-room of the Countess de Mégée, Rose's grandmother), and what is wrong about Thérèse leaks out in a conversation between the countess herself and her son Raoul. He is miserable, and cannot conceal it. What is the matter? He fears his wife no longer loves him. Thérèse, we soon find, has ceased to care for her rather wooden husband and has fallen in love with the fascinating Prince Jean. But her better instincts have saved her virtue, and she is in the act of giving Prince Jean his final *congé* when their conversation is interrupted by an unexpected visitor, Jean's father, Prince Grégoire—who, it seems, has made a wild dash for Paris from the Sylvania frontier on business of the most urgent importance.

What that business is he confides to his old friend the Countess de Mégée. The moment is ripe for him to wrest the throne of his Sylvania ancestors from the assassin who now occupies it, and he has come to Paris to summon the aid of his son Jean—in whose favor, when once the throne has been regained, he intends to abdicate. But Jean flatly declines to follow his father, declaring that he has renounced all ambition for the sake of a great love. The father, a stern, old war-wolf, is incredulous. "Will you be the prince that fails in his sworn duty," he says, "the knave prince, the coward prince?" In the upshot, Prince Grégoire gives Jean two days to think it over, and Jean tells Thérèse that the issue rests with her. He will stay—as her accepted lover—or will depart to Sylvania—and almost certain assassination. Terror for her beloved's life gets the better of Thérèse's scruples, and she makes a rendezvous with him for the morrow.

Act ii. passes in the house appointed for the meeting. But Prince Grégoire, suspecting the lovers, has reached there first, accompanied by Keff, an emissary from the Sylvania insurgents. The pair withdraw into the next room, plotting to catch the lovers in a trap. Enter Jean and Thérèse, who start the first bars of a love duet. There is a noise in the next room. Jean goes to see what it means, raises a cry which is quickly smothered as he is pulled in, and the door is locked in Thérèse's face. She beats madly against it, and, after an ominous silence, a man appears—Keff. "Where is Jean?" "On the floor of the next room, dead." Half dead with terror, Thérèse totters out. When she is safely off the premises, Jean, who has only been bound and gagged, is let loose. "Where is Thérèse?" "Gone back to her home, believing you dead." Jean turns in a frenzy upon his father, and casts off all allegiance.

Thérèse returns home in a terrible plight. She has tried to drown herself in the Bois, been intercepted and brought to her door more dead than alive. Her husband (a worthy dullard) believes her cock-and-bull story about a sudden fainting fit, and will not worry her for details, so glad is he to have her home again. His display of honest—almost canine—affection touches Thérèse. You detect the beginning of a change in her mood, a

dawning feeling that she has escaped from committing a great wrong. But Jean is dead—let her go to her darkened room and weep. Not so. There is her daughter to think of. Absorbed in her own passion for Jean she had seen nothing of Rose's poor little affair of the heart. An outburst of grief from the child enlightens her. Fortunately there is yet a chance of bringing off the match; but for this it is necessary that Thérèse should keep her old engagement to dine that evening with the young man's parents. And so the wretched woman, already put to the torture of having her lover, as she thinks, killed a fortnight before her eyes, braces herself up for this further martyrdom.

Thérèse then puts on her dinner dress—and is confronted by Jean! He had hastened to her home to assure her of his safety. He had half feared she had committed suicide. Then he looks at her dress and starts back astounded, while she convulsively clutches her cloak around her bare shoulders. "You had thought me dead," cries Jean, "and you dress yourself—like that!" And his bitter revulsion of feeling drives him to taunts. She tells him he knows nothing of the chain of events which have been acting upon her. Poison has been thrown into the springs of their love. They bandy to and fro their lost illusions. In Thérèse Jean had pursued the Ideal, the Absolute—and has suddenly found himself brought up sharply against material limits. A chill has fallen on his enthusiasm. Their great love lies dead, and they bid one another farewell as in a chamber of death, noiselessly, without a gesture or a word. Thereupon enters Prince Grégoire triumphant. "I have given you, Jean, the superhuman sensation of seeing how the companion of your dreams would behave at your funeral." Jean has nothing for it but to be off for deeds of derring-do in Sylvania. His father kisses his hand, murmuring "My kinglet," and the curtain falls.

Not all of the writers on the play share Mr. Walkley's enthusiasm. The very qualities that stir his admiration are condemned as faults by some of the French critics. Thus René Doumic, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says:

"What strikes us first is the plethora of events that follow each other in quick succession. The complaint has already been made that a tragedy is too constrained in the space of twenty-four hours. In less than a day and a half the multitude of events in 'Le Réveil' arise, evolve, and reach their culmination. In truth she [Thérèse de Mégée] has not a minute to lose. Not only are the events numerous and hasty, but it is from their combination that the entire drama results. We are continually obliged to make all sorts of concessions to the author, and to allow all the arbitrary arrangements in which it has pleased his fancy to indulge, and without which the very action of the drama would become impossible."

Still more hostile is the criticism of Marcel Mirlin, a writer in the *Grand Revue*, who pretends not to know whether to call the

play "a comedy, a drama bordering at times on vaudeville, according to the romantic formula, a piece with a sentimental theme, or a simple melodrama." He concludes: "Le Réveil" will not add another jewel to the theatrical crown of Paul Hervieu."

For all this adverse criticism, it is safe to

predict from the accounts of the wild enthusiasm with which the play was received by the public, that it will continue for a long time to be a favorite in Paris; and it is possible that Olga Nethersole will afford us an opportunity to see it next year on the American stage.

ANDRÉYEV'S REVOLUTIONARY DRAMA, "TO THE STARS"

All the storm and stress of the last fourteen months—the revolutionary struggle, the party dissensions, the defeats of the radicals, the danger of reaction—has been reflected by Leonid Andréyev the young Russian writer of short stories and impressionistic sketches, the author of the unique tale "The Red Laugh-ter," in a new play which he has just finished, and which is described in the St. Petersburg *Molva*. It is to be produced at Moscow—if the dramatic censor and the police do not prohibit it. The drama is essentially realistic, but like everything the author has written, it is in a sense symbolical. Like Gorky's last play, it deals with the burning question of the relation between the "intellectuals" and the masses, and deals with it largely in the same spirit, though the treatment of the subject is quite original. The plot is as follows:

A Russian scholar, a professor of astronomy, Ternovsky, has had to leave Russia on account of some political difficulty in which he was implicated. Yet he is not a revolutionist, or practical agitator. Science is everything to him; life—very little. He has settled abroad somewhere, in a secluded spot, in the hills, on the top of one of which he has an observatory. With him are his wife Ninà, his son Pierre, and three assistants—a Russian, a Jew and a German.

Another and elder son, Nicholas, has been with him, as well as the latter's sweetheart, Mariusia, an idealist, humanist and revolutionary. There is, however, a revolution raging in the vicinity—not the Russian revolution—and Nicholas is there, fighting for freedom. Mariusia is with him, risking her life. "It is not *our* revolution," says the Ternovsky family, but still a struggle for liberty and justice.

The professor himself takes faint interest in the agitation of his household or its cause. He sees the earth, with her affairs and movements, through the spectacles of eternity. Why should man think about his own life or death and exaggerate his importance? How little he matters in the universe in infinite time and space!

News begins to reach the isolated family from the center of the revolution—bad, alarming news. Blood is flowing in torrents; heroic fighters are falling by thousands; the soldiers (hypnotized victims, who are put into many-hued uniforms,

alienated from their own and induced savagely to kill their fathers, brothers, sisters) are firing on the revolutionists. A relative of the family, an engineer, is brought in, horribly dismembered, with both legs gone; a bomb had hit him. Other revolutionists come in, wounded, weary, desperate. The cause is lost; the government has triumphed again, after awful slaughter.

Mariusia at last appears; she has brought the revolutionary banner, concealed on her person, but Nicholas is not with her. He had been taken by the troops and put in prison. He was in the thick of the fight and would not save himself.

It is necessary to rescue him. A plot is laid, Mariusia must impersonate a countess, enter the prison and effect the escape of her beloved.

The plot fails, and all hope is abandoned. Nicholas loses his mind in confinement. Mariusia is in despair. The people had bitterly disappointed her. She thought they would storm the prison, sacrifice themselves cheerfully to save their leader and friend. But they are indifferent, cowardly, selfish. Why live? The best perish, the cause is defeated; the masses are ignorant, degraded, hopeless. "But the masses have always stoned their prophets," says the professor. "Then how can we live among those who stone their prophets?" asks the girl. Ternovsky answers that life is full of such tragedies. Every second a man dies—perhaps a world is destroyed every second in the infinite universe. If we could know what goes on in the universe, we might die of terror or be consumed by ecstasy. We are ignorant, but what we do know is that over all worlds and systems there reigns an eternal spirit.

But Mariusia is of the earth, and the things of the earth alone concern her. She refuses to be reconciled. She is bitter, ironical, scornful. She talks about building a new city, putting all the traitors and murderers in it, causing the houses to fall on them, venging Judas for a ruler and calling it "To the Stars."

Ternovsky says that only those who kill die, while those who suffer for the ideal live eternally. Mariusia finally recovers her faith and courage and wishes to go out into the world and fight again. The scientist says, approvingly: "Yes, go; give back to life what you took from it. You will perish, as did Nicholas; but in your death you will achieve true immortality, as have those who, happy in their devotion and sacrifice, have kept the sacred fire burning."

And Mariusia goes, realizing that the road to the stars is a hard and dangerous one, full of pitfalls and obstacles, with victims and human corpses lying in heaps all over it.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

In the opinion of Richard Mansfield, the distinguished actor, Shakespeare "expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity" when he put into the mouth of one of his characters the words:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part."

The lines quoted serve as a text for an informal and sprightly address on "Man and the Actor," recently delivered by Mr. Mansfield in Los Angeles and in Philadelphia, and now printed *verbatim* in the Boston *Transcript*. He observes:

"Shakespeare doesn't say 'may' play a part or 'can' play a part, but he says 'must' play a part; and he has expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity then and thereafter, now and hereafter. The stage cannot be held in contempt by mankind; because all mankind is acting and every human being is playing a part. The better a man plays his part the better he succeeds. The more a man knows of the art of acting the greater the man; for, from the king on his throne to the beggar in the street, every man is acting. There is no greater comedian or tragedian in the world than a great king. The knowledge of the art of acting is indispensable to a knowledge of mankind, and when you are able to pierce the disguise in which every man arrays himself, or read the character which every man assumes, you achieve an intimate knowledge of your fellowmen, and you are able to cope with the man, either as he is or as he pretends to be. It was necessary for Shakespeare to be an actor in order to know men. Without his knowledge of the stage Shakespeare could never have been the reader of men that he was."

Napoleon and Alexander, continues Mr. Mansfield, were both great actors—"Napoleon perhaps, the greatest actor the world has ever seen." To quote further:

"Whether on the bridge of Lodi, or in his camp at Tilsit; whether addressing his soldiers on the plains of Egypt; whether throwing open his old gray coat and saying, 'Children, will you fire on your general?'; whether bidding farewell to them at Fontainebleau; whether he was standing on the deck of the *Bellerophon* or on the rocks of St. Helena, he was always an actor. Napoleon had studied the art of acting, and he knew its value. If the power of the eye, the power of the voice, the power of that all-commanding gesture of the hand failed him when he faced the regiment of veterans on his return from Elba, he was lost. But he had proved and compelled his audience too often for his art to fail him then. The levelled guns fell. The audience was his. Another crown had fallen! By what? A trick of the stage! Was he willing to die then? To be shot by his old guard? Not he! Did he doubt for one moment his ability as an actor? Not he! If he had he would have been lost. And that power to

control, that power to command, once 'tis possessed by a man, means that that man can play his part anywhere and under all circumstances and conditions. Unconsciously or consciously every great man, every man who has played a great part, has been an actor."

We are apt to say, "Be natural"; but, as a matter of fact, asks Mr. Mansfield, is a man ever natural? For instance, the brave soldier—is he natural? Mr. Mansfield replies, No. The bravest man is the man who, knowing danger, is afraid and yet faces the danger. He acts the part, in short, of a brave man. If he were entirely natural, he would run away. Or take the case of Diogenes. He pretended to be absolutely natural. Yet he elected to live in a tub, where everybody came to look at him. It would have been more natural to live in an ordinary, comfortable house. But Diogenes in an ordinary house would not have been Diogenes. "So universal is the habit of acting," says Mr. Mansfield, "that when a man ceases to act we cease to believe in him, and the only creature who can be said to be absolutely natural is a maniac." To quote again:

"So fond are the people of this world of seeing a man act that I have noted, and it would be impossible not to note, the grave disappointment if any personage behaves as an ordinary everyday child at any public function, where he is not called upon for the exercise of his profession. This fact is well known probably to all men in public life, and that is why they dare not indulge in the unveiling of themselves. I have no doubt that if I had appeared before you today with a thick black curl over my brow and the rest of my hair floating over my collar, with a long pale face and brooding eyes, with an absent-minded air as if I were communing with the spirits of all the departed poets, I should have made a much greater impression upon you than I do in these clothes which convention compels me to wear, and with the expression on my face of a child that is badly scared—which I am."

"If I had my way I would ask you to come with me into the country, into some green field, and be allowed to sit on a fence and dangle my legs whilst I whittled a stick or pared an apple and discussed these matters with you. And as you would, as you probably now are, be soon very tired of this, somebody might pipe a tune and we could dance and sing and be children; instead of which I shall walk home with terrific dignity and grow old in my bones and stiff in my joints and condemn myself to an early grave by dint of acting not only on the stage but off."

It is just because everybody is acting in private life, concludes Mr. Mansfield, that every-

one thinks he can act upon the stage. "There is no profession that has so many critics" as the actor's. But acting, we are reminded, is a gift. It cannot be taught. "You can teach people how to act acting, but you cannot teach them to act. Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting." Mr. Mansfield adds:

"Actors on the stage are scarce; actors off the stage, as I have demonstrated, I hope, are plentiful. Life insurance presidents—worthy presidents, directors and trustees, have been so busy acting their several parts in the past—and are in the

present so busy trying to unact them—men are so occupied from their childhood with the mighty dollar; the race for wealth is so strenuous and all entrancing, that imagination is dying out; and imagination is necessary to make a poet or an actor. The art of acting is the crystallization of all arts. It is a diamond in the facets of which is mirrored every art. It is, therefore, the most difficult of all arts. The education of a king is barely sufficient for the education of a comprehending and comprehensive actor. If he is to satisfy everyone he should possess the commanding power of a Caesar, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the patience of Job, the face and form of Antinous, and the strength and endurance of Hercules."

HOW TO WRITE SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

Mr. Channing Pollock, reader for the theatrical firm of Shubert, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the well-known dramatic agent, have been offering some useful advice to aspiring playwrights. They seem to agree in feeling that lack of technique is the main difficulty with young dramatic writers, and the opinions of both are reflected in Miss Marbury's statement: "It is not that American playwrights cannot master technique, but either they think they have it as a gift needing no cultivation, or that it is not worth while."



CHANNING POLLOCK

He is said to have more successful plays to his credit, in proportion to his years, than any other American writer for the stage.

Mr. Pollock admits that "it is very difficult to squeeze new situations from the manners and moods out of which about a hundred dramas have been pressed every year during the past half century," and that "it is especially hard to devise original material in America, where prudish restrictions hedge about the theater, and anything which is deep and vital in life is immediately set down as immoral." But he adds: "Certainly it is true that this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing the work."

In certain elemental features, says Mr. Pollock, all plays must be alike. For example, "every play must have what is known as the 'dramatic triangle,' which means that its plot must be the story of two men and a woman, or of two women and a man. Every play must deal with that one great emotion—love." Mr. Pollock continues (in *Smith's Magazine*):

"There are a great number of things, however, which are so hackneyed and conventional that it is no longer possible for an author to attempt them. I do not think any manager would buy another play in which the crucial situation was the concealment of the heroine in the apartments of the hero or the villain. From time immemorial this has been the stock episode for the third-act climax in a four-act play, and audiences have begun to expect it, as they expect supper after the last act. Personally, I am free to confess that I would not recommend the purchase of any drama in which the conclusion of this third act did not bring a surprise calculated to make an audience sit up and take notice. No author of to-day would dare begin his work with a conversation between a maid and a butler. Neither would he care to conceal one of his char-

acters behind a screen or to conclude his play with the finding of a bundle of papers. The cigarette is still the hero of the society drama, and it is still true on the stage that the happy conclusion of the love affair between 'juvenile' and *ingénue* is coincident with the same conclusion of the love-affair between 'leading man' and 'leading woman.' We begin to have heroes who are not too angelically good, however, and villains who have motives more human than the mere desire to be beastly and draw fifty dollars a week for it. Very slowly and gradually, the perfect man, the high-hatted knave, the wronged girl, the funny Irishman, the naval lieutenant of comic opera, the English butler, and their associates are passing from our midst. Peace to their ashes!"

If the American dramatist intends to keep abreast with the times, suggests Mr. Pollock, he must seek *motifs* for his plays in the extraordinary mechanical development of the country. "The telephone and the motor car," he says, "are speedily becoming bulwarks of the stage in the United States." Furthermore; "The possibility of giving subtle and original treatment to familiar phases of life, together with the attendant opportunity of revealing human nature in the theatre holds forth the chief promise along this line. Clever twisting and turning will make a new episode from an old one, as is best demonstrated in what Beaumont and Fletcher did with Lope de Vega when they adapted 'Sancho Ortiz' into 'The Custom of the Country,' and playwrights are learning to turn little things to vital account in the construction of their works. A glance at a photograph nowadays is made to convey all that was indicated in a five-minutes' talk between butler and maid ten years ago." Mr. Pollock concludes:

"If I were a producing manager, I should keep in touch with the men whose first efforts, like those of Paul Armstrong and William C. DeMille, indicate the possession of marked ability. I would set them at work, not at the dramatic tailor task of cutting plays to fit personalities, but at realizing their ideals and their ideas. Certainly it is true that this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing the work. They will not be the illiterate glory hunters who deluge theatrical offices with their manuscripts, nor will they be the celebrities whose brains have been pressed dry. It were wise to look for them among the people whose professions draw them into close touch with the real world and the theater; among the newspaper men and the enthusiastic play-lovers; among those who are trying even now to know more about the writing and reading of plays."

Miss Marbury thinks that Americans would do well to follow more closely the methods of



MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY

She says: "No man springs from heaven a full-born playwright. He must serve his time, be it for one year or for ten, according to his qualifications."

the French playwright. Rostand, she points out, rewrites his plays six times; and she commends the adage: "Plays are not written, they are rewritten." She goes on to say (in *Harper's Weekly*):

"It is almost pathetic to see the people—poor, struggling, inconsequential, sometimes illiterate who attempt to write plays. I have had plays sent to me in four acts which would not require over half an hour to present on the stage, and again I have had manuscripts which would take five or six hours to be acted. I have seen plays where single speeches occupy pages of typewriting. I have read plays—well, it is fairly impossible to describe to the uninitiated how impossible these pieces are. Under no circumstances could they be acted; they are impractical. It is amazing the kind of people who write plays—commercial travellers, trained nurses, bricklayers, postmen, switchmen, engineers, actors and actresses—by the dozen—chorus girls, lawyers, college students, society women, ministers, doctors, the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, the young and the old.

"No man springs from heaven a full-born playwright. He must serve his time, be it for one year or for ten, according to his qualifications. He must learn the principles of the profession he has chosen. He should study the technique and construction, play upon the gamut of emotion, master the limitations of the stage, and recognize his inability in order that he may become able. When he does this—and he has already gone far along the highway—the American playwright will come into his own—no one can keep him from it."

TCHAIKOVSKY'S MELANCHOLY SELF-PORTRAYAL

Average men and women may find a certain consolation in the knowledge that supreme genius is almost always supremely unhappy. The greatest men are the men who suffer the most. Shelley and Wagner were tortured spirits, and Nietzsche went mad. In all the august company of genius there is no sadder figure than that of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky. He was the greatest of Russian composers and the master of an art that has bewitched and fascinated the world. His musical reputation, which is steadily growing, may be said to have culminated in the extraordinary demonstrations evoked in New York this winter by Safonoff's interpretations of his works. As a musician, Tchaikovsky scaled the heights; as a man, he failed pitifully. His newly translated "Letters"* reveal a temperament tortured by every kind of mental and physical ailment. It seems as though the very living of life was *pain* to him, and his words are often as poignant as the strains of his own haunting "Pathetic Symphony."

"A worm continually gnaws in secret at my heart," he cries in one of his letters to his friend, Frau von Meck; and the phrase gives us the key to his life. Like Goethe, he might have said that he never knew an hour of continuous happiness. His letters are burdened with references to his "queer, morbid soul," his "restless spirit," his "wearying, maddening depression." "But for music," he exclaims, "I should undoubtedly have gone mad." Life seemed to cheat him at every point, and each experience left him with a sense of longing unfulfilled. When he was living in the city as a young man, he craved the solitude of the country. He knew "no greater happiness than to spend a few days quite alone in the country." But when, in 1885, he was able to make his home in the village of Maidanovo, he became so tired of the country that he wrote to his brother: "I will not conceal it; all the poetry of country life and solitude has vanished. I do not know why. Nowhere do I feel so miserable as at home." The same sense of disillusionment dogged his relation to humanity. In one mood, he hungered for friendship and sympathy; in another, he drew back into himself and lived the life of a hermit. "I hate mankind in the mass," he says, "and I should be delighted to retire into some wilderness with

very few inhabitants." A further expression of his misanthropy appears in this passage:

"My whole life long I have been a martyr to my enforced relations with society. By nature I am a savage. Every new acquaintance, every fresh contact with strangers, has been the source of acute moral suffering. It is difficult to say what is the nature of this suffering. Perhaps it springs from a shyness which has become a mania, perhaps from absolute indifference to the society of my fellows, or perhaps the difficulty of saying, without effort, things about oneself that one does not really think (for social intercourse involves this)—in short, I do not really know what it is. So long as I was not in a position to avoid such intercourse, I went into society, pretended to enjoy myself, played a certain part (since it is absolutely indispensable to social existence), and suffered horribly all the time."

Sentiments of love dominated the soul-life of this solitary genius, but his love-affairs, like all his other experiences, were unhappy. "Often and often," he says, "have I striven to render in music all the anguish and the bliss of love." At the age of twenty-eight he was strongly attracted to Desirée Artôt, an opera-singer who visited Moscow. He went to see her often, and dedicated a romance for piano-forte to her. But his friends told him he was "too young" to marry her, and that if married to a famous singer he would play the undesirable part of "husband to his wife." He halted and vacillated, and finally she grew weary and married somebody else. Tchaikovsky bore no grudge against the faithless lady, and they remained life-long friends.

Tchaikovsky's second love-affair was at once more serious and more pitiable. He tells the whole story to Frau von Meck with delicious naïveté:

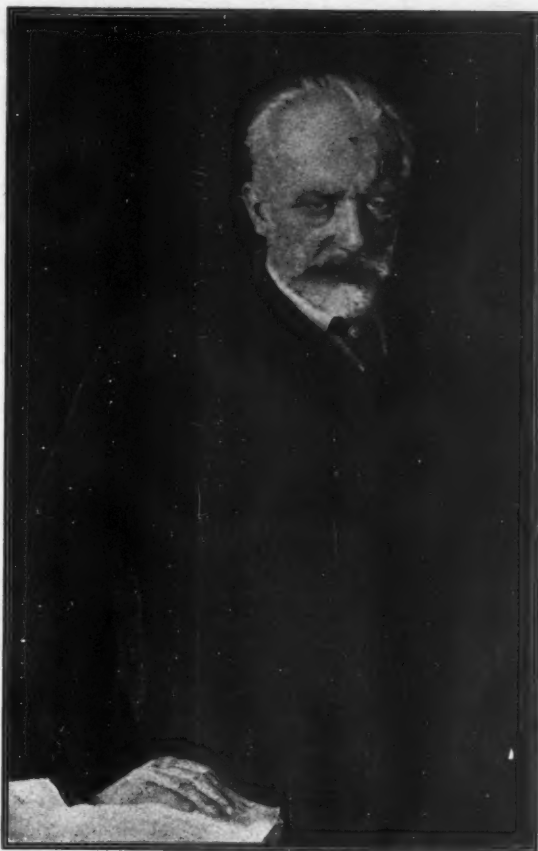
"One day I received a letter from a girl whom I had already seen and met. I learned from this letter that for a long time past she had honored me with her love. The letter was so warm and sincere that I decided to answer it, which I had always carefully avoided doing in other cases of the kind. Without going into the details of this correspondence, I will merely say that I ended by accepting her invitation to visit her. Why did I do this? Now it seems as if some hidden force drew me to this girl. When we met I told her that I could only offer gratitude and sympathy in exchange for her love. But afterwards I began to reflect upon the folly of my proceedings. If I did not care for her, if I did not want to encourage her affections, why did I go to see her, and where will this all end? From the letters which followed, I came to the conclusion that, having gone so far, I should make her really unhappy and drive her to some tragic end were

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY. By Modeste Tchaikovsky. Edited and translated by Rosa Newmarch. John Lane Company.

I to bring about a sudden rupture. I found myself confronted by a painful dilemma: either I must keep my freedom at the expense of this woman's ruin (this is no empty word, for she loved me intensely), or I must marry. I could but choose the latter course. Therefore I went one evening to my future wife and told her frankly that I could not love her, but that I would be a devoted and grateful friend; I described to her in detail my character, my irritability, my nervous temperament, my misanthropy—finally, my pecuniary situation. Then I asked her if she would care to be my wife. Her answer was, of course, in the affirmative. The agonies I have endured since that evening defy description. It is very natural. To live thirty-seven years with an innate antipathy to matrimony, and then, suddenly, by force of circumstances, to find oneself engaged to a woman, with whom one is not in the least in love—is very painful."

No miraculous power of imagination is needed to predict the result of such a union. More tragic than the destiny of Balzac, who waited sixteen years for a woman only to find at last that love had turned to ashes in his hands, was that of Tchaikovsky. He was married on July 6, 1877. Twenty days later he wrote to Frau von Meck: "I leave in an hour's time. A few days longer, and I swear I should have gone mad." In October of the same year he is declared to have been in a condition actually bordering on insanity, and he parted from his wife forever. He expressly declared, however, that she had "always behaved honorably and with sincerity," had never consciously deceived him, and was "unwittingly and involuntarily" the cause of all his misery.

The most romantic episode in Tchaikovsky's career was his friendship, extending over thirteen years, with Frau von Meck. She was the wealthy widow of a railroad engineer, and the mother of eleven children. Starting as an ardent admirer of Tchaikovsky's musical compositions, she ended by offering him an annuity of 6,000 rubles (\$3,000) with the understanding that they should never see one another. The bargain was kept. They never met except by accident, and then only as strangers. More than once Frau von Meck opened her home to Tchaikovsky and placed her servants at his disposal, but on each occasion she withdrew before his arrival. This remarkable friendship was a potent influence in Tchaikovsky's life. That it was deeply colored by his



PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Whose compositions have been interpreted in New York this winter, with signal success, by Wassily Safonoff, the Russian conductor.

melancholy goes without saying. In one of his first letters to his benefactress he finds the chief bond between them in the fact that they both suffer from the same malady. "This malady," he says, "is misanthropy; but a peculiar form of misanthropy, which certainly does not spring from hatred or contempt for mankind. People who suffer from this complaint do not fear the evil which others may bring them, so much as the disillusionment, that craving for the ideal, which follows upon every intimacy." To Frau von Meck he dedicated his fourth symphony. It was in large part inspired by their friendship, and is the subject of copious comment in his letters. He explains to her that the leading idea of the whole work is Fate—"that inevitable force which checks our aspirations towards happiness ere they reach the goal, which watches jealously lest our

peace and bliss should be complete and cloudless—a force which, like the sword of Damocles, hangs perpetually over our heads and is always embittering the soul." These words might be applied to the very friendship that evoked them; for it ended in disaster. Differences in regard to money matters arose; there was mutual misunderstanding, and at last a definite rupture.

The vein of pessimism that underlay all Tchaikovsky's thought appears in his musical judgments. In many cases they seem too petulant and exaggerated to be taken seriously. To Brahms he once referred as "a self-conscious mediocrity"; Wagner "deteriorated after 'Lohengrin,'" and his "Parsifal" was "more suited to a ballet than to an opera"; Bach was "no genius"; Handel was "fourth-rate and not even interesting"; while of Richard Strauss he says: "Such an astounding lack of talent, united to such pretentiousness, never before existed." Mozart, the "Raphael of music," alone has his unqualified admiration. "I not only like Mozart," he says, "—I idolize him. To me the most beautiful opera ever written is 'Don Juan.'" Of Beethoven he

writes differently at different times. In one letter he says that he "really hates Beethoven's last period, especially the latest quartets. They have only brilliancy, nothing more." Then again he pays homage to Beethoven "as to a god." He adds: "I think Michael Angelo has a spiritual affinity with Beethoven. The same breadth and power, the same daring courage, which sometimes almost oversteps the limits of the beautiful, the same dark and troubled moods."

Music, in the largest sense, was the one consoling and abiding influence in Tchaikovsky's life. "I am glad you apply the word *divine* to the art to which I have dedicated my life," he says in one of his letters to Frau von Meck. In another letter he registers his conviction:

"Music is indeed the most beautiful of all Heaven's gifts to humanity wandering in the darkness. Alone it calms, enlightens and stills our souls. It is not the straw to which the drowning man clings; but a true friend, refuge and comforter, for whose sake life is worth living. Perhaps there will be no music in Heaven. Well, let us give our mortal life to it as long as it lasts."

"A CANADIAN"—HEYSE'S LATEST DRAMA

Paul Heyse, the author of the play "Mary of Magdala," renowned in the New World as well as the Old (it was successfully produced here by Mrs. Fiske), is best known in Germany as an exquisite writer of short stories, some of which, notably "L'Arrabiatta," are already regarded as classics. His latest drama shows, as so much of European literature today shows, the extent to which Nietzsche's doctrines are engrossing the mind in literary and artistic circles. Heyse is a fierce opponent of these doctrines and loses no opportunity to combat them. This tendency to discredit Nietzsche's philosophy is to be seen in his latest drama.

The hero of "A Canadian" is Anselm, brother of the landowner, Joachim von Driberg. He had sacrificed his own happiness for the sake of his older brother, who, like Miles Standish, was too timid to court the girl whom he loved, and with whom Anselm also was in love. Anselm did the courting for him, but, unlike John Alden, failed to speak for himself. After the marriage of his brother Joachim with Luise, Anselm went to

America, where he lived a somewhat primitive life in the tropics and in Canada, following his favorite study of nature. Four years afterward he returns to his brother's estate and in the first private conversation with Joachim the latter pours out his gratitude for Anselm's act of renunciation, and tells how happy he is with his wife Luise. Everything indicates a perfectly happy union. But this appearance of felicity is suddenly dispelled in the following conversation which Anselm has with Luise:

Anselm (to Luise): Come, sit down for a while if you are not too tired and do not wish to go to bed yet. (*Takes her to the sofa.*) I would like to chatter with you for a while and, above all, I wish to tell you how thankful I am to you.

Luise (apathetically): Thankful to me?

Anselm: Yes, dear sister, because you have made my brother as happy as he deserves to be, and as I have always wished him to be. That he is happy he has confessed to me with touching pathos in the first talk I have had with him.

Luise (remains silent).

Anselm: I have now only one more desire—to hear from you that you also are happy. You can tell me that, I suppose, with perfect truth?

Luise (after a pause): Such a question of conscience! Why do you put it to me?

Anselm: Does that surprise you? Am I not answerable for your happiness, since I was instrumental in making you the wife of Joachim?

Luise (evasively): Such an old story! Don't let us get back to it.

Anselm: Indeed, for perfect happiness there is one thing still lacking which, to you women who have the gift of motherhood, often seems the main thing. But if you will let time take its course—

Luise (gloomily): No amount of time can make good again what has been spoiled by one single inconsiderate moment.

Anselm (frightened): Luise, are you in earnest?

Luise: Oh, yes. One does not joke in a question of life and death. Happiness? I also imagined once that there was such a thing when I was yet a silly young child and knew life only from novels. Now—but I don't want to spoil your first night at home. Sleep well, Anselm. *(Rises quickly.)*

Anselm (holding her back): No, Luise, you must stay. After such a conversation I could not think of sleep anyway. Is it possible? Having a husband who worships you, deifies you, who would bring down the blue from the sky for you—

Luise (bitterly): What I require for my happiness cannot be brought down from heaven. I have sought it on earth and have not found it.

Anselm: And what was that?

Luise: Freedom for my soul, the permission, as the old word says, to become happy or unhappy in my own way.

Anselm: And in this Joachim has restrained you?

Luise: Since we are on this subject now, I am going to speak to you. You must know how I lived like a prisoner in the house of my parents. My father, a crushed, old, pensioned major, treated me, his only daughter, as he once did his soldiers; and the meals on our table were not much better than the food of the barracks. It is true, I was permitted to dance at the balls in our little town and to show my shoulders as far as the philistine mothers considered respectable. But I did not catch a husband thereby; all the men who danced with me knew that the pretty girl was as poor as a church-mouse. And I had such a desire to spread my wings and to fly off into the large, large world, to see all, and enjoy all that was beautiful and sweet and fascinating, and with this longing I grew twenty-three years old, and still I remained in my cage. Then you came to me, Anselm, and said to me that the landowner Von Driberg was dead in love with me. And you praised your brother beyond all measure, and told me that he would put all that he possesses at my feet, and that I would be the mistress, and enjoy unlimited freedom—and this word decided my fate.

Anselm: But have I deceived you? Did he ever tyrannize over you? Is he not the best of men?

Luise: Yes, Anselm, but just that is the worst tyranny. If he were not so kind and amiable toward me I could muster up courage to stand up against him and to carry through my own will. But I saw that it would be impossible for him

to live elsewhere, that he is a countryman, body and soul. So I renounced my own desires in despair, and have languished away here at his side for four endless years in constant danger of choking in this dreary waste.

Anselm (after a pause): He wrote to me that he took a trip with you on the Rhine last fall, and that every winter you spend three or four months in the city.

Luise: In the city? You mean to say in the nest where I but exchange one kind of boredom for another, for he never takes me to Berlin, he hates the cosmopolitan city. Oh, Anselm, why did you not court for yourself at that time, since you also loved me?

Anselm (moved): How do you know it?

Luise: He told it to me himself when he seemed to be unable to find words enough to describe your great heart. You see, I should have accepted you as well as him, although I was no more in love with you than with him. Because he was richer than you I would certainly not have preferred him. I would have been happier with you, because you would have taken me along on your travels, and shown me the large world of which I get to see here no more than of the starry sky when I look at it through a smoked glass. *(Pre ses her handkerchief to her eyes.)*

Anselm (after a pause): That is very, very sad. And suppose you were to have a child?

Luise: A child? Would that not be another tyrant to whom I should have to sacrifice whatever liberty I still possess? I know, Anselm, you do not understand me. Such a thing no man understands. You all think that we must be supremely fortunate if one of you, especially if he happen to be a good man, condescends to feed us, to fondle us, and to pay our dressmaker's bills. That one may feel oneself powerless and fettered in such an existence, and never be allowed to give free play to one's heart—

Anselm (with emphasis): Who of us men may do so? Who is it that knows no limits before which he must halt reverently and acknowledge a higher law? At any rate, since this summer your house has not been so lonely. You have had some amusement. This young man, Martens, whom Joachim has taken in his charge, to try to make a man of him, if at all possible, has so many accomplishments. It is true he is a worthless fellow, and does not deserve to be in a decent family, and if it were not for his father, who is a particular friend of Joachim—

Luise (rises excitedly): He?— Good night, Anselm. I am very tired. *(Joachim enters.)*

Joachim: Are you together yet? Well, brother, has she poured out her heart to you about the old cripple, her husband? You are so nervous, dear, you ought to go to bed. Take your orangeade and go. *(Draws her to him and wants to kiss her; she wards him off.)*

Luise: Good night, Joachim. *(Exit.)*

Joachim (following her with his eyes): The dear angel! Did you notice, brother, that she would not allow herself to be caressed even by her own brother-in-law? It is now four years that she has been my wife, and I still feel as if it were a bride that I held in my arms.

Now, dear son, good night. Do you need anything?

Anselm (agitated): Nothing.

Joachim: Dörte will light you up to your room. Sleep well, and dream good dreams. (*Taps him good-naturedly on his back, and departs.*)

Anselm (to himself): Good dreams, under this roof!

A young man, Adalbert von Martens, lives in the house of Joachim. He is a worthless scamp and roué, who had been destined by his father for a diplomatic career, but having failed in his studies, he was, at the urgent request of his father, a close friend of Joachim, taken into the house of the latter to study the management of an estate. He is an accomplished musician and singer, and of a rather attractive personality. All sorts of ill rumors float about as to the relations between him and Luise, partly due to the utterances of Adalbert himself. These rumors reach the ears of Anselm, who, of course, pays no attention to them at first. By chance a picture of Luise, which the servant has found in Adalbert's room, falls into his hands. As he looks at it in surprise Luise enters the room:

Luise: Are you still here, brother? You must have looked around the garden and marveled how everything has grown up?

Anselm: Yes, in four years a person is apt to find some things grown up way above his head.

Luise: I guess it must all seem to you small and trivial in comparison to your gardens in the tropics.

Anselm: Oh, I should miss nothing if I had only found my old home here.

Luise (regards him with a searching look): What picture is this you look at so curiously?

Anselm (shows it to her): I suppose it is not altogether strange to you.

Luise (paling): My picture? How did you happen to get it? I missed it—it was in my album.

Anselm (heaving a breath of relief): You missed it? So 't was taken out without your knowledge? The servant said at once that you could not have given it to him yourself.

Luise: The servant?

Anselm: She found the door of his room open, and walked in to clean it up a little. She found the picture on his desk and brought it to me. Of course he must have gotten it without your knowledge, she said.

Luise (after a pause): The servant is mistaken. I presented it to him.

Anselm: That—that man Martens? Excuse me, sister, I have no right to reprimand you for your doings, that is Joachim's place—

Luise: He knows nothing about it.

Anselm: Then I take the liberty to tell you that I do not find it quite in order that you should, without the knowledge of your husband, give your picture to a young man in his charge, and

who, unfortunately, cannot be depended upon not to abuse a thing of that kind.

Luise (with hesitation): A woman may well give her picture to the man to whom she intends to give herself.

Anselm (staggered): Luise!

Luise: Yes, Anselm, it is so. I know that you will hate me now. But you shall not despise me. That you would have the right to do if I had the face to lie. Oh, I have had enough of lying! It deprives us of the best that we possess, of ourselves. That must cease. I want to regain myself, to do only what my heart tells me to do, to be free, free, free (*extending her arms*)! Oh, to fly away from all the bonds, fetters and chains! (*Sinks down on the garden chair near which she stood.*)

Anselm (in a hollow voice): I must have heard wrong. This is what your heart tells you? To go away from here, from him to whom you are all and all, whom you make as poor as a beggar if you leave him?

Luise: Have I ever belonged to him? When I promised that I would belong to him, did I know what I was promising? In general, does one out of a thousand know it who binds her life to that of a husband? I told you yesterday why I did it, and how terribly mistaken I was. But a mistake must be corrected, and not allowed to drag after us our whole life long, and debase us by a lie.

Anselm: Debase ourselves?— That we can do, only by selfishness.

Luise: A big word, which is as false as it sounds noble. But suppose it were true, would it not also condemn Joachim as well? Would it not be selfishness to wish to keep me even if he knows that thereby my soul is ruined? I have been his, now, for four years. He has at least believed that I have made him happy in these four years. Now it is my turn. I want to achieve something like happiness. Am I demanding too much?

Anselm: No, Luise, I would not begrudge you that, if it were at all possible for you to be happy after doing a thing of that kind. But you deceive yourself on this point. You will not be happy. The kind, true face of the man whose life you will have ruined—for that you will have done when you leave him—his hearty voice, all the love and kindness that you have ever received from him, will forever follow you, and embitter every hour in which you hope to draw joy and pleasure for yourself or for someone else.

Luise (gloomily): Yes, that is how it will be. It is the punishment for having given him my hand without having been able to give him my heart. God knows how it grieves me to pain him! I will at least do it sparing him as much as I can. I will go to my mother, and from there I will ask him to leave me alone for a while. I will tell him that I am ill and that I must be left all alone, that he should not try to see me and take me back. And then, after some time has passed—weeks—months—with all his love to me—he will wear himself away from me—especially now.

Anselm: Now?

Luise: Since he has you again. For you he loves above everybody. It is because you are here that I have resolved at last to leave him. It is in vain to try to dissuade me.

Anselm: And yet, Luise, I will stake my all to keep you from carrying out your purpose.

Luise (looking at him boldly): Do you, also, want to put yourself in the way of my freedom, bind me hands and feet and put a gag over my mouth, so that I cannot cry out aloud: "I must go away from here?"

Anselm: If a perfect stranger entered upon a road that led to a quagmire, and did not heed my warning call I should take the liberty to seize him by the collar and pull him back, much as I might respect his liberty otherwise. He would be thankful to me later when he came to his senses. But you, Luise, whom I loved so dearly, I am to allow to follow the road that will lead to ruin and destruction without using all the means to keep you from it? And even if it were not for my brother, whose whole future is at stake, I should fight for your own with all the weapons at the command of a firm will.

Luise: What do you know about what will make me happy or unhappy?

Anselm: I know the man to whom you want to give yourself; that is enough.

Luise: You know him? Really? Since yesterday? It may be that you do not understand how he can be found amiable? I also have not fallen in love with him blindly and madly in a day or two. It began with a sentiment of pity, almost a motherly feeling, for I saw how heavily his condition weighed upon him—at his age to have to start again from the very bottom, in such a severe school. And then, when I came to know him better—

Anselm (bitterly): His past also?

Luise: Yes, his past also! What do you men understand about the power that your very weaknesses exercise over us? His have their origin in this, that he is an artist, has an artistic temperament, which his father ignored when he refused to allow him to develop it.

Anselm: Poor Pegasus in the yoke! And that is why he had to lead a wild life, gamble and incur debts? But, of course, you are of opinion that you cannot demand that an artistic temperament behave decently like Philistines such as we.

Luise: Don't sneer. If you had heard him sing you would believe in the nobility of his soul. But whatever may lie behind him, I know that I can make a different man of him, have, in fact, already done so, through my love. That love, however, came upon me without any question as to worth or worthiness. You are such a sensible man, Anselm. Have you forgotten that love is higher than reason, and do you want to preach reason to me?

Anselm: Preach? No, but act, and prevent the unreasonable. If I looked on passively while this person—don't be afraid, I am not going to tell you in naked words what I think of him, how far below you I regard him; but it must not happen that I shall learn how, after a couple of years, he has abandoned you to misery, and that you have recognized too late that you gave up the noblest, truest, largest-hearted man for a—*for a* Martens.

Luise: And how do you propose to prevent that? He has my word for it. He will never give it back to me, and I?—Yes, there is a way to keep me from my purpose. Take your

revolver, Anselm, and aim it at this breast. Perhaps you will do me a service by it. For no matter what happens I have great struggles before me, and at times I am cowardly and wish that it all may be spared me.

Anselm: Yes, you will be spared all that, but not at such price. I still have hopes to restore your peace of mind at a lesser cost.

Luise (in alarm): A duel?

Anselm: In order to make a noise and open Joachim's eyes? No, Luise, you can rest assured that I am past all such nonsense. But another species of foolishness is too deeply rooted in my nature for me to be able ever to free myself from it: the passion to use certain precautions to prevent calamity to persons whom I love. That is the way I have acted with Joachim; it has not been a very great success. Now comes your turn. Believe me, if that supposed "artist" of yours were a man to whom a woman's happiness could be confidently entrusted, I would let you do what you cannot help doing, without a murmur. Joachim would have to bear his fate as thousands of men do whose wives prefer others to them. But, as it is, for *such—such a man?* Never! I shall have to speak some *Canadian* to him. Adieu, Luise! (*Exit.*)

Anselm exerts all his efforts to put Martens out of the way. He even offers him half his fortune if he will leave Germany and go to America; but all to no avail. Luise tells Martens that she will go to live with her mother, wait until he establishes himself, and then arrange to marry him. He is surprised at this radical step, as he had never thought of the matter in such a serious way; but he does not deter her from her plan. Anselm finds Martens in the forest, where he is waiting to take his departure from Luise on her way to her mother. He shoots him dead. He cannot give himself up to justice, for then Joachim would learn of the whole affair, so he invents the story of having gone out hunting and killed Martens accidentally. Luise comes upon the scene just as the shooting occurs, and is later brought home in a state of unconsciousness, having fallen from her horse. Anselm and Luise remain alone in the room.

Anselm (goes quickly to the sofa, takes Luise's hand and speaks into her ear): Luise, do you hear me? Luise! (*Wets her forehead.*)

Luise (with closed eyes, makes a feeble movement): Oh!

Anselm: You are alive! Luise, wake up!

Luise (opens her eyes languidly and looks about drowsily): Where—where is he? I—want to go to him! Is it you? Do not touch me! You are—his murderer! (*Sinks back, closes her eyes again.*)

Anselm: Listen to me, Luise! Can you hear me?

Luise (warding him off with her hands): You have—murdered him. Away from me! The smell of blood emanates from you.

Anselm: Murdered? No—judged. That I did it—was compelled to do it—let that remain between me and the Eternal Judge. Does not even earthly justice acquit a man who has committed murder in self-defense? And self-defense it was—who will attempt to deny it? But, by God, the All-knowing, I did not follow him to shoot a bullet in his heart, outright. I meant to speak once more to his conscience before I broke the staff over him. But then, as I saw you galloping up, and knew that if I hesitated you would throw yourself away on him, and that you would be lost, and my brother lost, then I could not contain myself any longer. It came upon me, and I raised my weapon and executed judgment. Who will accuse me, unless you yourself, who must hate me?

Luise (raising herself and sitting down on the sofa): I? No, your own conscience. It is written: "Judge not that ye be not judged!"

Anselm (firmly): The Eternal Judge will acquit me. What I did, I did out of love—to you—and to my brother!

Luise: Was it a capital crime that he loved me, and wished to possess me, and to free me? But go, go! I—I must go to see him—his last breath—his last glance—(attempts to rise; he holds her back).

Anselm: Stay here. You will come too late. Don't throw your life away after him. You have not strength enough. They have gone with the wagon to bring him here. O, Luise, if Joachim saw how you broke down at the sight of him—

Luise: So much the better! Then there would have been an end to my life, and the lie of my life. But no, I feel it, the fall was not fatal, only my senses left me, not my life. How shall I bear this life hereafter? I cannot imagine it! I know only one thing; if I should be condemned always to look his murderer in the face, the horror of it would stifle me, and burst my heart asunder.

Anselm (gloomily): Rest assured, that will be spared you. I own up to what I have done, but only before you and the Judge on high, not before earthly justice. They would not believe me here if I said that I removed him from the world because of hatred, since yesterday was the first time I ever saw him. And if I told the real reason, that I did it out of love, then everything would have been done in vain, and Joachim would find out what I wanted to keep from him. Oh, my poor woman, believe me, there are conflicts in which action and inaction are equally fateful; that involve us in crime no matter what we choose, and every crime is avenged on earth. Mine drives me away from this place where the smell of the blood that I shed ascends to heaven, away from all that is dear to me, from my home, for which I yearned so passionately; from my brother; from you, upon whom I had to inflict such great pain. I shall wander again through the earth, no more a happy wayfarer as of old, but a restless and discontented man, who flies from the shadow of his past, like Cain the first murderer of his brother—to die at last in a strange land, without the touch of a dear hand. (His voice breaks.)

Luise (moved): Unhappy man! And there is nothing, nothing to extenuate your lot.

Anselm: Yes, Luise, one thing, and that lies within your power.

Luise: In mine?

Anselm: If, in my life-long exile, you give me the consolation of knowing that the terrible, unattonable act that I have perpetrated has not been in vain; that it will redound to the good of those for whom I did it! Remain with my brother.

Luise: How can you demand it? Have you forgotten—

Anselm: That you no longer want to lie? O, Luise, to simulate love to a man to whom we owe gratitude is a lie that turns into a virtue, and, finally, into truth. You, too, will live to see that.

Luise: What can I live to see that will extinguish the recollection of this hour? Can I continue to believe in a divine justice, seeing that it visits the punishment of death upon those who follow the inclinations of their hearts?

Anselm: Ask your own heart. Will it acquit you of all blame? Did you not desire to destroy a life that was devoted wholly to you, condemn so infinite a love as was rarely ever the share of woman, and break the pledge given to the noblest of men of fidelity unto death? O, Luise, if the happiness that you supposed you would find has been taken away from you, one thing remains as a compensation: the consciousness of having fulfilled a duty, an onerous duty, Luise, but one which in time will turn into a blessing and heal your life-wound. Can you persuade yourself to assume this penance?

Luise (after a pause): I—shall try!

Anselm: Thank you! (Extends to her his hand, which she does not take.) You are right. You must have a horror of this hand.

(Enter Joachim.)

Anselm: She lives, brother; she will be preserved for you.

Joachim (drops or his knees before her, seizing her hand): Is it true—you are alive—you are going to live? Tell it to me yourself, my only, my beloved wife!

Luise (bending down to him): Stand up, Joachim! Yes, I will try it—if God gives me strength.

Joachim: Oh, my jewel, my greatest treasure, am I worth it?

Luise: My poor friend, can you forgive me?

Joachim: You speak as in a fever. I forgive you, because you went out horseback riding once without my knowledge?

Luise: No, not that—everything, everything in which I ever failed you.

Joachim (to Anselm): Do you know what she means? What harm could she ever have done me? My dear heart! that God has mercifully averted this terrible accident—(bends down and kisses her hair).

Anselm: Farewell, brother.

Joachim: Do you want to go away?

Anselm: I want to give myself up into the hands of justice.

Joachim: They will let you go again soon. Accidental manslaughter, regrettable as it is. Poor young man! And his unhappy father! But stay in the city until all is over, Anselm. It will be painful for you to be here now.

Anselm: You are right, brother. I will stay away until everything, everything is over. Farewell! (Turns to go, comes back once more and embraces Joachim with profound emotion, then goes out with an imploring look at Luise.)

Persons in the Foreground

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT THAT WAS

Alice Roosevelt is no more. Four years ago she made her debut in Washington, and now, at the age of twenty-two, she has dropped one of the oldest and most honored names in American history, left her girlhood forever behind her, and become the helpmeet, not of a titled foreigner, but of a young American who has already begun to make a career for himself. Probably no other American girl ever received such an amount of publicity in such a short period. Most of it, of course, has been due to the distinction of her father; but much of it has been due to her own personality and the way in which she has carried herself in the dazzling limelight. "The renown of this young American girl," said a magazine writer recently, "is such that one hears of her from end to end of the civilized world, while the names of English, German, or Russian princesses are mentioned only in connection with diplomatic events, possible matches that may concern them, or charity bazaars that they may consent to patronize." When she traveled in Japan, a postal card was issued in Tokyo bearing her picture and underneath it the inscription—"An American Princess." When it was rumored that she was going to travel in Europe, a leading French paper began to discuss the titled foreigner she would be most likely to marry, publishing her picture in the middle of a page surrounded by pictures of such eligible young princes as Eitel Fritz, Adalbert of Prussia, Prince George of Greece, the Czar's brothers and various other sprigs of royalty, as if to say that she could take her choice. She did take her choice, and she chose to marry no

title. Young America is good enough for her.

Alice Lee Roosevelt was three days old when her mother—Alice Lee, of Boston—died; three years old when her father married again; eighteen when she made her debut. She was born to social position and would have had it if her father had never been made President. "She might have met just as many distinguished people," we are told by a writer in *Munsey's Magazine*, "and she would have danced just the same at Mrs. Astor's great ball, given to mark the social début of her granddaughter, Helen Roosevelt, who is Alice's distant cousin."

This same writer, Emma B. Kaufman, describes Alice as a débutante and her regard both then and since for good clothes:

"The privileged ones among us saw a young, slight girl in white mousseline with brown hair, a retroussé nose, laughing eyes, and a mouth whose curves inclined by nature upward. The combination is excellent in any woman, for it means amiability, the capacity to get where ambition leads, and the desire to please. Without these externals, keynotes to the interior, Alice Roosevelt might have been careless of the effect she makes upon the public. She might have believed, as, judging from their photographs, many princesses believe, that any old thing, without any hint of slang in the phrase, would do for the President's daughter. There was discrimination, if it lacked discretion, in M. Balzac's remark: 'I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.'

"Alice Roosevelt takes the trouble to please the eye, and, having taste, wears clothes that are neither too plain nor too gaudy. She has not the vanity to believe that she can wear anything. Once, to her horror, she was sketched in a hat that she



Courtesy of *Munsey's Magazine*.

ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT AT THE
AGE OF TWO



WITH HER SISTER-IN-LAW

This photograph was taken when Miss Roosevelt was visiting the Longworths at Cincinnati last summer. Her companion in the picture is Mrs. Wallingford, Nicholas Longworth's sister.

considered old-fashioned. She grieved thereat as the humblest woman might. 'Never, never, never,' she cried, 'must that picture be published!'

"'But does it matter so much?' asked the President, with the innocence of a mere man.

"'Really, papa,' answered his daughter demurely, 'I should have believed you would never question the importance of a proper hat in any one's career!'

* She is even rated as at times "a leader" in fashion. "She was the first woman," it is said, "to set upon her head the big, broad-brimmed, rough-and-ready straw sailor hat, that has since become a vogue."

Her father is proud of her physical en-

ergy. He once said of her: "She is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking-chair. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skate, and shoot, though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."

She is a true Roosevelt, too, we are told by those who know, in her love of adventure and her courage. Before her father took his trip in a submarine boat she had accomplished the feat without fear. Various incidents are told of her coolness in moments that might well have been deemed perilous by a young girl. The latest incident is that of her climbing up a rope-ladder last month to the deck of the great ocean liner, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. She had gone down the bay to meet her fiancé's sister, the Countess de Chambrun:

"The officers on the steamship were apprised of Miss Roosevelt's coming, and there was much excitement among them. Preparations were at once made to lower the gangway, a task requiring no little time and trouble, but Miss Roosevelt would have none of it. Standing upon the revenue cutter's deck and making a megaphone of her gloved hands she shouted to the Kaiser's first officer: 'The ladder's all right. Never mind anything else.' The

Manhattan nosed alongside the liner, Miss Roosevelt awaiting the moment when she could grasp the ladder's rungs. Congressman Longworth stood beside her, protesting, but not persuading. The instant she was able to reach the ladder she drew herself up and started her climb of some 25 feet. There was no great danger about the undertaking, but it required strength and coolness. Miss Roosevelt climbed up steadily, rung by rung. When she reached the rail and was lifted to the deck she was cheered by the passengers."

This love of adventure, her friends assert, is the real and only reason for her being on the go so continually. "She wants to see, to know, to do. She astounds by her capacity

for life and living. This is the keynote of her personality, a personality so impressive that it cannot be displaced or overshadowed."

In a general way, it is known that her Roosevelt ancestry has figured long and honorably in American history. The details are given by Dexter Marshall, in a recent newspaper study of the family. Alice has behind her eight generations of American Roosevelts. The first of the line was Claes Martenzen Van Rosenvelt, who came from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1649, one year before the first Vanderbilt came here. The published genealogy of the family now includes 1,600 numbered names, the President's being numbered 644. The New York Social Register includes 42 Roosevelts and only 17 Vanderbilts and eight Astors. It was in the fourth generation that the prefix Van was dropped and the name changed to Roosevelt—pronounced almost as if the name were spelled rosy-velt. There were Roosevelts who were active in the Revolution. Jacobus served as

commissary of the Continental Army without a cent of pay. Isaac was a member of the Provincial Congress. Nicholas J., of the fifth generation, was a very distinguished man. He was the inventor of the "vertical paddle-wheel" that made Fulton's first steamboat a success, and it was Nicholas Roosevelt who in 1811 took the first steamboat down the Ohio River (from Pittsburg) and the Mississippi to New Orleans. He and his wife were the only passengers and the trip was one that made the country talk, and the excitement of the natives along the banks of the Mississippi as the boat came down belching fire and steam has been described in history.

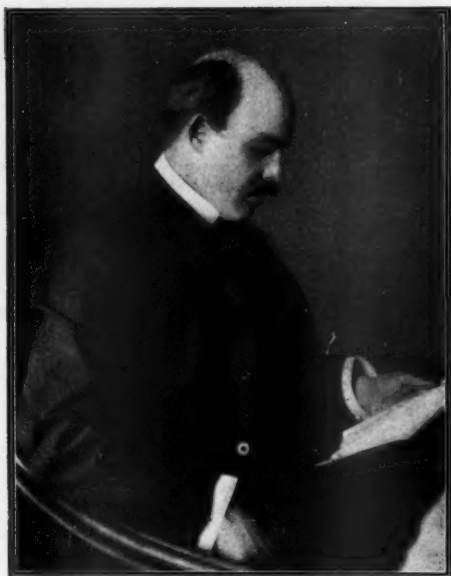
The grandfather of Alice, Theodore Roosevelt the first, was one of the founders of the Union League in New York City, and of the Newsboys' Home, the Children's Aid Society, the Y. M. C. Association, and the Orthopedic Hospital. The love of outdoor sports was as strong in him as in the President.

The family of Longworths, into which Alice



[THE FUTURE HOME OF MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

"The home of all the Longworths is Rookwood. No matter what grand palaces they may build, or cottages they may rear by the seaside, Rookwood, the great estate at Cincinnati, will be 'home.' For three generations the great, rambling gray structure has been the center of Cincinnati society, and Mrs. 'Nick' Longworth will hold social sway over the city as the women of the Longworth family have from the beginning."



THE BRIDEGROOM

It is embarrassing, says Mr. Longworth, to court a girl with seventy million persons looking on. He is described as having "little of the look of the multimillionaire and less the look of the society man. He is bald headed and jolly, clever, and something of a reformer, although mixed with Republican ring politics in Cincinnati for years."

Roosevelt marries, has long been well known in southern Ohio, and stories of the wealth and eccentricity of "Old Nick" Longworth, grandfather of the present Congressman, have been legends of the State for decades. One of them tells of his sitting on a dry-goods box on the sidewalk, in Cincinnati, looking so poverty-stricken, because of his careless attire, that as he held his hat out with one hand, while mopping his face with his handkerchief in the other, a passer-by kindly dropped a coin in the hat to relieve his supposed poverty. Another of the legends tells of visitors to his handsome home who, meeting inside the gate a supposed working man, asked him to show them the grounds, which he did so courteously that he received (and pocketed) a quarter or more for his pains. The working man, of course, was "Old Nick."

In Cist's "Cincinnati in 1851," Longworth was said to be, next to Astor, of New York, the largest taxpayer in the United States. When he died, "Old Nick's" property, most of it made in real estate, was estimated at \$15,000,000. The present "Young Nick," whom Miss Roosevelt marries, is, like his bride, of Dutch Knickerbocker stock, his great

grandmother being Apphia Vanderpoel. He is thirty-six years old, an A. B. of Harvard, a lawyer, and, after several years' service in the Ohio State legislature, has been twice elected to the national House of Representatives.

"Rookwood," the new home of "Nick" Longworth's bride, has for three generations been the center of Cincinnati society. The Grandin road, which leads to it, winds its way along the bluff overlooking the Ohio River, skirting precipices and deepening into shady ravines. The house is thus described by a recent writer:

"Rookwood stands almost in the center of extensive, heavily wooded hilly grounds. The house is massive in construction, the style of architecture being adapted from an old English country home. It rambles over a great space of ground, being but two stories high, with a heavy square tower. The house faces east, with the conservatories and greenhouse extending far back towards the big stables. It is of brick and stone and now is gray with age, and its wide porches and porticos are heavily draped in ivy. The windows are deep set and wide. At the front is a porch extending almost the width of the house itself, and the great double doors at the entrance open into a wide hallway with huge, high ceilinged parlors at either side. . . . The trees around Rookwood stand as in the original forest, and from a distance the estate appears like an unbroken forest. The beeches and elms and oaks stand as they did when the white men first came to build a block house on the hillside to the west. The carriage way, winding through valleys and over hills, runs back from the Grandin road through a grove of elms and oaks to the clearing where the house stands among its greeneries and gardens."

The house is noted for its collection of art treasures—paintings by American, Dutch and German artists (including those of Achenbach, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Knaus) and a ceramic collection said to be the best private collection in the United States and perhaps in the world. It was "Nick" Longworth's aunt, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, who established the now famous pottery Rookwood, and it was she who discovered the Rookwood methods of glazing and tinting and first began the work.

Rookwood has been overhauled for its new mistress, the living rooms redecorated and a separate suite prepared for the bride. There will be, it is said, fêtes and festivities more gay than the house has ever before witnessed. The social renown of the family has from the first rested on the women. From the time of Nicholas the first, the Longworth men have married brilliant and beautiful women, and the new mistress will find a brilliant social circle awaiting her advent.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT

No one could be more devoted to billiards than the gentleman who assumed the chief magistracy of the French Republic last month. It has been his "vice," as he puts it, for years, and he regrets that official life interferes with his propensity. But M. Clement Armand Fallières, to give him his full name, never smokes. In that one respect, he is a contrast to his immediate predecessor, M. Loubet, who smoked a pipe. In all other personal traits, the resemblance between Fallières and Loubet is deemed striking. Fallières never omits his morning walk, which sometimes lasts two hours. The object of so much perambulation is to correct the tendency to obesity, which has caused some alarm to the family doctor. M. Fallières is quite abstemious in the use of wines. Nearly all the alcoholic beverage of his consumption is the President's own vintage. It comes from the little estate which makes up the President's whole fortune, estimated to be worth about \$80,000, his property being in real estate and mortgages. One of the rules of his life is to avoid the purchase of stocks, bonds and government securities. One in public life, he has said, cannot always escape being compromised by speculative investment.

All this is but a tithe of the detail to be gleaned from copious sketches of Fallières in the *Gaulois*, *Temps*, *Figaro*, of Paris, and the leading dailies of Europe. Not one unfriendly notice of the man has been printed anywhere, unless we take into account the purely political animadversions of those dailies which deplore the mildness of M. Fallières's republicanism.

Paris is already regretting that the new President cares very little for the theater. He seldom or never spends an evening away from his own fireside. His favorite companions are his wife, a thoroughly domestic woman to whom he was wed in 1871, his son André, a rising barrister, and his daughter Mlle.

Anne, an enthusiastic grower of roses and heliotropes. This taste of the daughter is shared by the President. One of the young lady's diversions is to pelt her father with azaleas as he reclines under the trees upon his little property at Loupillon, a typical French village community.

The character of the man is thought to be most clearly revealed in certain phrases of his, to which the *Temps* has been giving currency. "Noise," he is made to say, "does not interfere with achievement, but silence promotes it." This suggests M. Loubet, with his fondness for quiet ways and quiet men. But most of the aphorisms of Fallières, like the stories about the man, indicate that his salient trait is sturdy good sense and straightforwardness. Yet he can be sly, after a fashion. He has been known among his



THE QUIET PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. Fallières is inclined to get stout. He tries to keep his flesh down by long two-hour walks in the streets of Paris. The officials of the Elysée are in dread of Anarchist assaults upon the new President unless his exercise be restricted.

constituents for years as a man of the kindest heart. A boy who had been convicted of theft came to Fallières for aid. "I am afraid," mused the statesman, "that you have come to me too late. I might have done something for you had you called earlier. Now, suppose you had called earlier, that is, before you had committed the theft. I should have had an excellent piece of advice to give you—don't. As it is, all I can say is that you had better go to prison. Next time, you must come to me before you steal." Other anecdotes are supplied by the London *Telegraph*:

"He has three nephews, whom he has practically

brought up. One of them, yearning for the violet ribbon of the Order of Public Instruction, applied himself to the Minister, who, perhaps, out of consideration for the uncle, then President of the Senate, duly promised the decoration. The list of names came before M. Fallières, who, seeing his nephew's, called the young man, and said, 'So you asked for the violet ribbon, my boy, and used my name to get it? I will not have it said that I ask favors for my own people. I have struck out your name from the list myself.'

"Not long ago one of his farm hands was married, and M. Fallières sent four bottles of his own cherished brandy, distilled from his own wine, to the bridegroom. The servant was walking round with the present when M. Fallières stopped him and told him to go first to the excise office and pay the duty. The servant expostulated, and thought that the President of the Senate need hardly trouble to pay on four bottles; but he had to pay when M. Fallières said that if the President of the Senate cheated the exciseman, one could not expect anyone else not to do so."

Down in the Lot-et-Garonne, the native soil of M. Fallières, stands the humble shanty where the grandfather of the President worked as a blacksmith. When this grandfather died, he left a snug little sum to his son, who, becoming a land surveyor, prospered. But the new President was born in an annex to the old blacksmith shop, which he still owns, and where he resides at certain seasons of the year. The village is called Mézin. The permanent home of the family of Fallières is, however, at Loupillon, a few miles from Mézin. It is an old country mansion which is thus described:

"At Loupillon, M. Fallières has a rustic mansion, which, like the late Emile Zola's house at Medan, outside Paris, was enlarged from the small cottage of a peasant, originally bought by his grandfather. In this country mansion hospitality is the rule. When M. and Madame Fallières are there in the summer they practically keep open house. Loupillon is about an hour's drive from Mézin, and is situated in the heart of a pleasant country dotted with thatched farmhouses, surrounded by fields full of oxen and goats. The house of the President is simply furnished, and contains few ornaments.

"In the ground-floor drawing-room there are oil paintings, a few engravings, one showing Rouget de Lisle singing the 'Marseillaise' before the Mayor of Strasburg, and on the mantelpiece there is a bust of Gambetta. The dining-room has a table for twenty guests, and the kitchen is of a thoroughly homelike sort, with its large rustic chimney, its rows of settles or seats, and its well-burnished copper pots and pans. The bed-rooms have only the most ordinary furniture. A little attempt at comfort, if not luxury, is visible in the President's study, where he sits long over his books and papers, and where he receives his visitors. Over the desk is a black-and-white drawing representing M. Fallières sitting, clad as a peasant, on a stone seat in his garden."



NOT RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

But the second son of the German Emperor—Prince Eitel—who is to marry the twenty-seven year old Grand-Duchess Sophie. He is the most popular of the Emperor's sons.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S FAMILY CIRCLE

Emperor William decided that on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage, his second son, Prince Eitel, should espouse a German princess some years the senior of the youth. His Majesty, according to foreign papers reporting court gossip, thus shows that after a quarter of a century of domestic life he is still master in his own household.

The household is reduced now to seven. Prince Eitel goes with his new bride to make a princely home of his own. The Crown Prince, whose name is William, has been married some little time. There remain at home with their parents, Prince Adalbert, the widely traveled; Prince August, a robust youth; Prince Oscar, of whom one hears very little; Prince Joachim, now nearly sixteen, and Princess Victoria, the Emperor's only daughter, the idol of the German nation, although she is but thirteen. At any rate, one of the official organs gives her the title of "idol," adding that she is enshrined in every true German heart. The Socialist organs take a different cue. The Crown Prince not so long ago denounced Socialists and Socialism, whereupon the party organs declared that the imperial children are being educated in an anti-Socialistic atmosphere.

They are really educated in a scientific atmosphere, according to the *Paris Gaulois*. The Emperor is said to distrust certain tendencies in German education. He thinks too much attention is paid to the classics and to literature. He has had his own children taught the sciences, with some ambitious courses in the arts. Thus, the Crown Prince, although trained as a military man first of all, knows a good deal about chemistry. Prince Eitel is a mathematician. His younger brothers have been made to acquire a knowledge of engineering. The little princess takes to "domestic science." The Emperor wants no dreaming Germans in his family.

But the arts are by no means neglected. William II deems himself an unusually competent art critic—some Germans profess amusement at his taste—and he has dabbled with the brush. The Crown Prince does not give much time to pictures, but he is pronounced a fine performer on the violin. Prince Eitel is—something of a Wagnerite. His brother Adalbert paints. Information regarding the tastes of the younger children is not forthcoming. But the world is assured

that William II oversees their studies with paternal solicitude. Every three months he examines the princes as if he were their tutor. He gives them subjects for essays, criticizing the productions severely. The princess is left to the supervision of her mother, the Empress.

The Empress, says the *London Mail*, is first and foremost a housekeeper. Her daughter supervises one of the linen closets in the Neues Palais. Neither of these royalties



ENGAGED TO A MAN YOUNGER THAN HERSELF

She is the Duchess Sophie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. The German Emperor's second son, four years her junior, has been accepted as her future husband, in flat defiance of Shakespeare's "Let still the woman take an elder than herself."



THE DIPLOMATIST

Prince Adalbert is sent by William II on trips to foreign countries when international strains require much social solving.



THE SAILOR PRINCE

Prince Joachim is now nearly sixteen and something of a naval engineer.



THE FIRST BORN

He is to inherit the two thrones of his father, William II, King of Prussia, German Emperor, if he lives.

can be deemed beautiful, if the English daily be not too ungallant. The Empress has beautiful arms and shoulders, but her feet and hands are too large. She gains flesh on the least provocation and is rather unsuccessful in her efforts to lose it. Her eyes are a bluish gray, not particularly brilliant. Her Majesty's brows and lashes incline to scantiness. She has the misfortune to be unpopular with the people of Berlin, who are said to consider her Majesty "near" in pecuniary transactions. The truth is, if we may accept the statements



SHE IS STOUTER NOW

The German Empress is unwilling to be photographed in consequence. This picture dates from 1902.

of the official German press, that the Empress, as a model housekeeper, practises the thrifty virtues. She is said by English observers to be much in awe of her husband. In fact, the entire royal family of Germany look up to Emperor William as the supreme arbiter of German destinies, their own included. Even the Crown Prince did not dream, it is said, of going to the Emperor's shooting-box called Hubertusstock, to show the Crown Princess over the place, without first securing his Majesty's permission. When William II is especially pleased with one of his sons, he takes him out for a day's hunt.



A POSSIBLE KING

This Youth is thought of as a future King of Hungary by Pan-Germans, say some gossips. He is Prince Oscar, Emperor William's fifth son.



THE ONLY GIRL

William II's daughter helps her mother with the housekeeping.



THE HUNTER

Prince August finds his greatest pleasure in pursuing with gun and knife the big game on his father's "preserves."

THE BEST MAYOR OF THE BEST GOVERNED CITY IN THE
UNITED STATES

The city is Cleveland, Ohio; the mayor is Tom L. Johnson; the man who characterizes him as the "best" mayor is Lincoln Steffens. As Tom Johnson began life in penury, became a millionaire before he was thirty-five, has been a Congressman, mayor of Cleveland several times, candidate for governor of Ohio, and is always mentioned in any list of possible Democratic candidates for the presidency, the sketch of the man which Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public* (Chicago), draws of him in that paper is of political as well as human interest.

Tom Johnson is an American from "way back." It was his grandfather's great grandfather that began the family career here, coming from England in 1714 to the colony of Virginia. The line of lineage since then includes nearly all the old Virginia families of Kentucky. By marriage or direct descent, Tom is related to "all the Kentucky Johnsons and some of the Johnstons, the Paynes and the Flournoys, the Bufords, the Colemans, the Popes and the Clays, as well as the Sandefords and the Breckenridges." The list includes Richard M. Johnson, who (perhaps) slew Tecumseh, and who was Vice-President from 1837 to 1841. Tom's father was a cotton planter with 100 slaves in Arkansas, and served on the staffs of John C. Breckenridge and Jubal A. Early in the Confederate army. When the war closed, the family were in Staunton, Va., "absolutely penniless." Tom was but eleven, but he started in to retrieve the family fortune. He knew a railroad conductor—the railroad conductor, rather—that had charge of the one and only train that ran to Staunton in those days. Tom obtained a complete monopoly of the sale of newspapers on that train, and as there was "something doing" in those troublous days, he charged 15 cents for dailies and 25 cents for picture papers, reaping a harvest of real silver money to the extent of \$88 in five weeks. That took the whole family to Louisville, where they were able to borrow. Tom got a few years schooling and his mother and father tutored him when he couldn't go to school. He cared nothing for literary studies, but came out strong on mathematics, and to his aptitude in figures he attributes in great measure his success in life.

It was a cold day when he got his first steady job. The day was cold because his mother had "nothing fit to wear" on her head but a crocheted hood, and she waited for a cold day in order that she might wear that hood when going with Tom to find the job. It was found in a rolling-mill—the job, not the hood. Four months later he embarked in the street-railway business. He collected and counted the money which the passengers dropped in the box of the conductorless cars. He soon became secretary of the company and his father was made superintendent. A few years later, when the father was made chief of police of Louisville, the son was made superintendent of the road at about the age of twenty. He kept on rising. He invented a fare-box that has since netted him \$30,000. He borrowed money in 1876 to buy out the Indianapolis street-car system, selling it out later at a personal profit of over half a million dollars. He bought a small line in Cleveland, made it a big line, and entered upon a glorious running fight for years with Mark Hanna, who was in control of the opposing system. The fight was the sensation of Cleveland for a time. Sometimes one side won, sometimes the other, but the public got reduced fares as a result. Two big consolidations were formed, a truce was declared, and when Johnson later disposed of his interests in the railways, Hanna's company gobbled up the whole system. His street-railway career contains other interesting features, notably his unsuccessful attempt, in connection with Governor Pingree, of Michigan, to bring the street-car lines of Detroit under municipal ownership and operation, and his more or less successful effort to reduce car fares in Cleveland to three cents, in consequence whereof he has been dubbed by the *New York Sun* in one of its facetious moods "Three-Cent Tom."

Tom Johnson's entry into politics was brought about by a book, a newsboy and a car conductor. Mr. Post narrates as follows:

"While interested in street car systems, both in Cleveland and Indianapolis, Johnson frequently rode on the cars between those cities. On one of these trips a newsboy asked him to buy a book called 'Social Problems.' It was Henry George's second book on the industrial question, but Johnson supposed it to be a work on the social evil. Saying as much, and adding that he had no in-

terest in that subject, he refused to buy the book. The train conductor, who happened to be within hearing, happened also to be familiar with George's teachings, and knowing Johnson well he told him he was mistaken in the character of the book. 'It will interest you more,' he assured him, 'than any book you have ever read.' Upon this assurance Johnson reluctantly invested half a dollar in the book and read it. A new world was revealed to him, and he promptly bought and read George's 'Progress and Poverty.' After reading this, he challenged his lawyer, L. A. Russell, of Cleveland, and his partner, Arthur J. Moxham, to show him any flaw in the argument. Unable to comply, they objected to the premises. But Johnson convinced them that the premises were sound. The final result of their controversy was the complete conversion of all three to George's views."

Johnson soon sought out Henry George and a warm friendship ensued. Mr. George advised him to go into politics. "I can't make a speech," said Johnson. "You have never tried," said George; "if you put your mind to it, you can succeed at speaking as well as in business." He put his mind to it and made a timid speech five minutes long in Cooper Union. He "probably could not have spoken ten minutes more had his life been the forfeit," so Mr. Post tells us. But that was enough for a start. He has never become an orator, in the usual sense of the word; but he has learned to say what he wants to say in a direct, forcible and fetching way. He made a free-trade campaign for Congress in a Republican district in Ohio and was beaten. He tried again and won by 3,000 plurality. At Washington he was "shelved"—so they thought—on the District of Columbia Committee. He didn't stay shelved. He instituted an investigation into the taxation system of the district, and issued what the single taxers still call "a classic document on the principles of taxation practically applied." His feat during a second term in Congress (1892) in getting "Progress and Poverty" printed in *The Congressional Record* is still famous. Under the "leave to print" rules of Congress, he arranged with six other free-traders, each of whom, securing the floor on one pretext or another, got "leave to print" successive chapters of the book. They were then put together in a public document and franked through the mails free, as a campaign document, to the extent of more than a million copies.

As a business man, Johnson has been a monopolist to such an extent that he once came near being committed for contempt of court because, when asked what his occupation was, he insisted on answering, "A monopolist."

In politics he has been an active foe of monopolies. Challenged on the floor of Congress for inconsistency, he replied: "As a business man I am willing to take advantage of all the monopoly laws you pass; but as a member of Congress, I will not help you to pass them and I will try to force you to repeal them." He supported Bryan, though he regarded "free silver" as a mere "accidental slogan of a more fundamental democracy." He supported Parker "as well as circumstances permitted." His record as mayor is highly praised by Steffens, and he has been elected three times.

According to Steffens, he closed the dives and opened the parks to the people and made playgrounds for the children. He "equalized" taxation by raising the rates on railroads, pardoned workhouse prisoners held for non-payment of fines, and instructed subordinates to run departments on business principles regardless of politics. The legislature deprived him of most of his power of appointment, but he succeeded in getting his own men elected when he could no longer appoint them. In the following pen-picture Mr. Post gives what he thinks suggests the secret of his leadership:

"It is a picture of a low green-leather lounge, faced and flanked with easy chairs and ottomans and rambling in front of a cheerful hearth fire in a room of mellowed light in the very center of Mayor Johnson's home. Here he keeps 'open house.' Not 'open house' for drinking, for Johnson neither drinks nor invites drinking. Nor a politician's den where wires are pulled and combinations made. It is the family living room of the mayor of an American city who takes his official responsibilities seriously. In the house of a rich man, this room is expensively as well as comfortably furnished; yet the social atmosphere is such that the poorest who join the circle there forget all distinctions of wealth. Around this fireside for the past five years the civic conditions of Cleveland have been discussed—academically to the roots and practically to the uttermost branches—by those who are responsible officially and by those who are interested only as citizens, and by visitors also from other places."

Another of the secrets of his success is, we are told, revealed in an incident of his babyhood:

"When he was a little fellow in frocks playing Noah's ark with his baby cousin, a grown-up accidentally swept over the array of animals they had set on the floor. The little cousin gave up in despair. But the future mayor of Cleveland caught sight of two undisturbed figures of their Noachian array. A smile broke through the tears that had come, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, look! two of 'em are standing, and that's enough to begin over again!'"

Recent Poetry

From Victor Hugo's posthumous volume of poetry and dramatic fragments, from which we have already quoted in this department, we extract another poem, weird in conception and terrible as a nightmare. Surely the idea of the transmigration of souls was never put into more striking form:

A ROYAL FUNERAL

By VICTOR HUGO

O death! O judgment! chastisement! reward!
Bottomless deep whither all being tends,
Where all must go unaided and alone!
This man, but yesterday an emperor,
To-day lies dead.
The cannons' thunder and the brazen peal
Of funeral bells re-echo from the heavens.
The winds are sighing, He is dead! Alas!
The elect! the dread and sovereign majesty!
The ruler of all, the shadow of God himself!
The mighty and the strong is with the blest!
He was great in life, he is greater still in death!
And mourning crowds rush on in fevered haste,
And the great lanterns flare up in the streets,
And the royal convoy passes.

Twenty proud squadrons head the mournful line,
And heralded by trumpets there appears
A species of tomb—huge, dazzling and superb,
A grand sepulchral throne flooded with light,
A giant cenotaph with waving plumes
Rolling resplendent, shedding on the air
Odorous showers of myrrh and frankincense;
A flare of gold, light purple and proud banners,
The royal hearse seems to th' amazed crowd
The height of human glory:
An imperial robe, a sceptre and a crown—
A corpse!
And the great city wails its widowhood;
While the whole country round, the hamlets,
towns,

Echo the sound of drum and martial tread.

But hark!

While yet the air is echoing to the shout:
"Hail King and Royal Master! sovereign Lord,
Whom God hath aided in his enterprise!"
The dread and sinister spirit suddenly wakes
In yon black horse yoked in the funeral team
That draws the car of triumph to the shadows.
Shuddering, he cries, "Where am I?" and re-
members.

He feels his corpse behind him hurrying on,
He sees the marble portals and the arch,
He hears the driver's voice urging him on.
Fain would he cry, "'Tis I, the master of all!"
But death has bound him in its terrible knot.
He trembles in his new and frightful form;
And, while he traverses in thought his Louvre,
His Kremlin, Windsor or Escorial,
Blazoned with eagles or the fleur-de-lis—
Spain, Savoy, Austria, Lorraine, Bourgogne—
He feels the lash and draws his corpse along.
Wretch! he is prisoned in a lowly beast,

His immortal part shuddering in punishment,
His immortality drawing his corruption.
Horror on horror! while his far-flung fame,
Attested by his standards borne aloft,
Is flaunted from his walls and battlements;
While Saint-Denis, august and beautiful,
Opens its gates to the imperial pomp—
As to the sun the portals of the night—
A vast sarcophagus lit with a million stars,
As though the night had put on mourning robes,
While standards bow before the royal bier,
While Bossuet celebrates the heroic dead—
His virtues, glory, justice and world greatness—
His soul writhing beneath the driver's lash
Bears his anointed body to the worms.

"I would much rather," said Alfieri a hundred years ago, "write, so to say, in a dead language and for a dead people than write in those deaf and stammering tongues, French and English, notwithstanding they are the fashion, with their rules and exercises." Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League, who has been making a lecture tour in America telling us about the "Celtic Revival," quotes this sentiment and makes it his own in the preface to his book of poems, "Ubbla de're Craoibh" ("Apples from the Branch"). Fortunately there are some who know the Gaelic and are not too averse to English to turn some its poems into verse that all of us can read, whether or not we can understand. Lady Gregory in her volume of translations and studies from the Irish ("Poets and Dreamers") devotes a chapter to "Au Craoibhin's Poems," some of which, in the original, she says, a friend of hers has heard sung and repeated by country people in many parts of Ireland. Here is one which she thinks has "as distinct a quality as that of Villon or Heine":

THE DEVIL THAT IS CALLED LOVE

By DOUGLAS HYDE

There are three fine devils eating my heart—
They left me, my grief! without a thing:
Sickness wrought, and Love wrought,
And an empty pocket, my ruin and my woe.
Poverty left me without a shirt,
Barefooted, barelegged, without any covering;
Sickness left me with my head weak
And my body miserable, an ugly thing.
Love left me like a coal upon the floor,
Like a half-burned sod, that is never put out.
Worse than the cough, worse than the fever
itself,
Worse than any curse at all under the sun,
Worse than the great poverty
Is the devil that is called "Love" by the people.
And if I were in my young youth again,
I would not take or give or ask for a kiss!

"It is better to be quarreling than to be lonesome" is an Irish proverb that strikes us as deliciously Irish. The theme of lonesomeness is common in Dr. Hyde's poems. Here is one that breathes it in every line:

LONELINESS

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

Cold, sharp lamentation
In the cold, bitter winds
Ever blowing across the sky;
Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The loud sounding of the waves
Beating against the shore,
Their vast, rough, heavy outcry,
Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The light sea-gulls in the air,
Crying sharply through the harbors,
The cries and screams of the birds
With my own heart. Oh! that was
loneliness.

The voice of the winds and the tide,
And the long battle of the mighty war;
The sea, the earth, the skies, the blowing
of the winds.
Oh, there was loneliness in all of them
together.

Here is a vision of a battlefield—after the battle. It weeps in every line of it:

AFTER THE BATTLE

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

The time I think of the cause of Ireland
My heart is torn within me.

The time I think of the death of the people
Who protected Ireland bravely and faithfully.

They are stretched on the side of the mountain
Very low, one with another.

Hidden under grass, or under tall herbs,
Far from friends or help or friendship.

Not a child or a wife near them;
Not a priest to be found there or a friar;

But the mountain eagle and the white eagle
Moving overhead across the skies.

Without a defence against the sun in the daytime;
Without a shelter against the skies at night.

It's many a good soldier, joyful and pleasant,
That has had his laughing mouth closed there.

There is many a young breast with a hole through
it;
The little black hole that is death to a man.

There is many a brave man stripped there,
His body naked, without vest or shirt.

The young man that was proud and beautiful yesterday,
When the woman he loved left a kiss on his
mouth.

There is many a married woman, with the child
at her breast,
Without her comrade, without a father for her
child to-night.

There's many a castle without a lord, and many
a lord without a house;
And little forsaken cabins with no one in them.

I saw a fox leaving its den
Asking for a body to feed its hunger.

There's a fierce wolf at Carrig O'Neill;
There is blood on his tongue and blood on his
mouth.

I saw them, and I heard the cries
Of kites and of black crows.

Ochone! Is not the only Son of God angry?
Ochone! The red blood that was poured out
yesterday!

Coming to less somber themes, we find in a new volume of verse, entitled, "The Shoes That Danced and Other Poems," the following that appeals to us. The author has shown us beauty in a rather vulgar spectacle, and that, we take it, is an important part of the high mission of the poet:

TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED
- FOR SUNDAY

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

To-day I saw the shop-girl go
Down gay Broadway to meet her beau.

Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet,
She spread abroad and took the street.

And all that niceness would forbid,
Superb, she smiled upon and did.

Let other girls, whose happier days
Preserve the perfume of their ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour
Adds splendor to their opening flower.

But from this child too swift a doom
Must steal her prettiness and bloom,

Toil and weariness hide the grace
That pleads a moment from her face.

So blame her not if for a day
She flaunts her glories while she may.

She half perceives, half understands,
Snatching her gifts with both her hands.

The little strut beneath the skirt
That lags neglected in the dirt,

The indolent swagger down the street—
Who can condemn such happy feet?

Innocent! vulgar—that's the truth!
Yet with the darling wiles of youth!

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare
With such hauteur, beneath such hair!
Perhaps the men will find me fair!

Charming and charmed, flippant, arrayed,
Fluttered and foolish, proud, displayed,
Infinite pathos of parade!

The bangles and the narrowed waist—
The tinsel'd boa—forgive the taste!

Oh, the starved nights she gave for that,
And bartered bread to buy her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage
And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes,
Insolent with the half surmise.

We do not quite admire, I know
How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see
No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold
To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed
Apostle to what things are best.

Let him who starves to buy the food
For his soul's comfort find her good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows
That are the prettiest things she knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes
Make no more perfect sacrifice.

Who knows before what inner shrine
She eats with them the bread and wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few
That madly sought the best they knew!

Dear—let me lean my cheek to-night
Close, close to yours. Ah, that is right.

How warm and near! At last I see
One beauty shines for thee and me.

So let us love and understand—
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

And we will cherish your brief Spring
And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this
Surely His angels lay their kiss.

Here is more of modernity done into rhyme.
The writer is sometimes obscure but never banal.
We reprint from *McClure's*:

THE RAILWAY YARD

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Into the blackness they grind
With ever slackening speed,
And out to the widening light
With the thunder of valves that are freed.
Myriad headlights,
Green lights and red lights,
A tangle of sparks and of darks;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Poured out to the city's blend;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Sped forth to their journey's end.
Oh, neighbor, what is the end you seek?
There is none to reply, though the dead
should speak.

Click of a switch, a lever's turn,
The clang of the opened gate.
Has the hour struck? Will the train be late?
One prays to his God and one curses his fate.
The lover smiles as he touches her hand,—
And the outgoing passengers wait.
It is only two who thread the throng.
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Pass by and hurry along.

There are some who stand and never go
When the porter opens the gate;
"Good-by, good-by, come back to us soon!"
Their heart is sick with the merciless tune;
Whoot, whoot, hough, hough, zig-zig and away,
To-morrow we follow but never to-day.

A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Who have cast their lot together;
And some set out for a whole new life
And some for a change of weather.
For a dance or for death,
Yet they sit and they sleep,
Or they stare at the engine's curling breath;
They sigh or they smile
At each vanishing mile.

Oh, soul, give your neighbor greeting!
But faces are clouds
Like the flashing trees
And the dizzy houses retreating.

They are running a race, though they know it
not,
With a thousand lives that have gone before;
And a thousand souls with a thousand goals
Must press through a single door.

Oh neighbor, think, as the drive-wheel spins,
Of the gutted lamps and the torch-like sins,
Of the babes unborn and the yawning gins!
What is the Crown and Who is it that wins?

We like the simplicity of this serenade, which we find in *The American Illustrated Magazine*:

A SERENADE.

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

The winds of the South,
All fragrant with blossom,
Shall fly to your mouth
And steal to your bosom;
The day songs of meadows
Around you shall leap,
And melt in cool shadows
To soothe you to sleep.

No song of the grove,
No birdling at nest,
So sweet as your love—
So soft as your breast.
No night-moth that flies,
No honey it sips,
So soft as your eyes—
So sweet as your lips.

The winds of the West,
The stars without number,
Shall lull you to rest—
Shall soothe you to slumber,
The summer around you,
The sunshine above you,
With gladness surround you—
Dear heart! how I love you!

Wallace Irwin is gradually working his way up out of the rank of mere newspaper poets. He is now a magazine poet, which doesn't mean very much necessarily; but he has a vein of originality, a versatility and a facility that may carry him high as they have already carried him far. This also is from *McClure's*:

SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

BY WALLACE IRWIN

When I was young and slender, a spender, a lender,
What gentleman adventurer was prankier than I,
Who lustier at passes with glasses—and lasses,
How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting by!
(But now there's none to sigh at me as I come creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,
A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose;
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and dances,
And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to my toes!
(Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic
Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in her eyes,

Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.

Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it where it lies!
(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted where she lies!)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble
At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing by?
Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who passes,
And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my eye.
(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of my eye!)

There is a difficult meter well handled in the following poem which we find in *The Independent*:

DARBY AND JOAN

BY HENRY AUSTIN

Do you remember
The red September,
When, like an ember from sunset skies,
The orchard olden
Shone rosy-golden
Thru violet haze, a vain disguise;
And I beheld the earth's gay beauty,
Its autumn splendor, full and fruity,
Reflecting deep in hazel eyes?

Do you remember
The gray November,
When, brown and amber from hill to shore,
With pearl tints dimmer
Was all the shimmer
The languid land at sunset wore?
Yet then thru downcast lids Love beckoned,
And you, for one shy, sudden second,
Looked up, a woman—girl no more!

Do you remember
The white December,
The carven chamber, the hearth's faint beams,
Whereat I found you,
Soft fragrance 'round you,
Low singing to the weird gleams?
Then first I dared to stroke your tresses,
And you sighed back, amid caresses,
"Love, 'tis the Christmas of my dreams."

Now, red September
And gray November
And white December, a double score,
Gliding around us,
Like dreams have found us
Lovers; yes, lovers more and more;
With sweeter, deeper, holier blisses
In all our glances, all our kisses,
Than e'er we dreamed in youth of yore.

And we have pleasures
Past mortal measures,
Have hidden treasures in Faith's calm skies;
So might we care not,
Since here they are not,

That Life no longer flows, but flies.
And I, whose day now dims to even,
Am glimpsing, nay, beholding, Heaven,
Reflected deep in hazel eyes.

It was a long time ago that Ella Wheeler, in her country home, twelve miles from Madison, Wis., began at the age of thirteen to write for publication. She has not added to the world's classics since that time, but she has held her popularity and, in an age when poetry is rated a "drug on the market," her poetry has a message to many hearts that preserves it in unnumbered scrap-books. The poem below, from *Lippincott's*, is a very characteristic specimen:

LOVE'S CONFESSIONS

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I

How shall a maid make answer to a man
Who summons her, by love's supreme decree,
To open her whole heart, that he may see
The intricate strange ways that love began?
So many streams from that great fountain ran,
To feed the river that now rushes free:
So deep the heart, so full of mystery,
How shall a maid make answer to a man?
If I turn back each leaflet of my heart
And let your eyes scan all the records there,
Of dreams of love that came before I KNEW,
Though in those dreams you had no place or
part,
Yet, know that each emotion was a stair
Which led my ripening womanhood to you.

Nay, I was not insensate till you came;
I know man likes to think a woman clay,
Devoid of feeling till the warming ray
Sent from his heart, lights hers with sudden
flame.
You asked for truth; I answer without shame;
My human heart pulsed blood by night and day,
And I believed that love had come my way
Before he conquered with your face and name.
I do not know when first I felt this fire
That lends such lustre to my hopes and fears,
And burns a pathway to you with each thought.
I think in that great hour when God's desire
For worlds to love flung forth a million spheres,
This miracle of love in me was wrought.

II

An open door, a moonlit sky,
A childlike maid with musing eye,
A manly footstep passing by.
Light as a dew-drop falls from space
Upon a rose-bud's folded grace,
A kiss fell on her girlish face.

"Good-night, Good-bye," and he was gone.
And so was childhood; it was dawn
In that young heart the moon shone on.
His name? his face? Dim memories;
I only know in that first kiss
Was prophesied this later bliss.

The dreams within my bosom grew;
Nay, grieve not that my tale is true,
Since all those dreams led straight to you.

III

One time when autumn donned her robes of
splendor,
And rustled down the year's receding track,
As I passed dreaming by, a voice all tender
Hailed me with youth's soft call to linger back.
I turned and listened to a golden story,
A wondrous tale, half human, half divine—
A page from bright September's book of glory
To memorize and make forever mine.
Strange argosies from passion's unknown oceans
Cruised down my veins, a vague, elusive fleet,
With foreign cargoes of unnamed emotions,
While wafts of song blew shoreward, dim and
sweet.
And sleeping still (because unwaked by you)
I dreamed and dreamed, and thought my
visions true.
I woke when all the crimson color faded
And wanton Autumn's lips and cheeks were
pale;
And when the sorrowing year had slowly waded,
With failing footsteps, through the snow-filled
vale.
I woke and knew the glamour of a season
Had lent illusive lustre to a dream,
And, looking in the clear, calm eyes of Reason,
I smiled and said, "Farewell to things that
seem."
'Twas but a red leaf from a lush September
The wind of dreams across my pathway blew;
But oh! my love! the whole round year, remem-
ber,
With all its seasons, I bestow on you.
The red leaf perished in the first cold blast;
The full year's harvests at your feet I cast.

L'ENVOI

Absolve me, Prince; confession is all over.
But listen and take warning, oh, my lover.
You put to rout all dreams that may have been;
You won the day, but 'tis not all to win;
GUARD WELL THE FORT, LEST NEW DREAMS ENTER IN.

We borrow from *The Smart Set* this little poem
in the minor strain:

MIGHT HAVE

By EDITH M. THOMAS

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend;
And what was the goal, when the years were
fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
I have lived my life, and I face the end.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

The dearth of new novels during the last few months is a very striking fact, the significance of which is a matter for discussion. It may mean

The Wheel of Life

temporary decline in artistic impulse, or a satiety of the reading public, or merely a business policy on the part of publishers of holding back their wares for certain propitious seasons of the year. Whatever the reason, Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel* is afforded an unusual prominence thereby and receives an unusual amount of attention. It is by general admission the best thing she has done, a work of high aim and strong execution. "As capably executed a story as we have read in a long time," says *The Sun's* critic. Mr. M. Gordon Pryor Rice, writing in *The Times*, is again and again reminded of "the simple convincing directness of Tolstoy." The author belongs to the few writers, he thinks, who succeed in representing goodness as not only the right and beautiful thing, but the strongest and manliest thing. "She has gone down into the deep places, and the distinction, the lift that is all its own is that in the last analysis it is the Apotheosis of Goodness."

The story reminds one of "The House of Mirth" in that the scenes are laid in New York, and the "smart set" figure largely. The barrenness of the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is the underlying theme. The title is taken from the sacred writings of the East and is meant to indicate the stages through which the individual is bound to pass. These are four, indicated by the subtitles to the four parts into which the book is divided, namely: Impulse, Illusion, Disenchantment, Reconciliation. For those who have seen only the first three of these phases of life there remains the fourth, more beautiful even than the second. Roger Adams, the hero, passes through acute physical and mental anguish to find this out at last, and Laura Wilde, the heroine, passes through the valley of humiliation to reach a realization of the same truth. And the author, who has chosen this sort of a theme and handled it with power, is a young lady barely over thirty! *The Argonaut*, recalling this fact, wonders what she will do when she has matured her art. It says of this work:

"This remarkable novel deserves consideration apart from its form and content and interest. It

* THE WHEEL OF LIFE. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co.

is really an approach by Miss Glasgow to masculine art—inspiration carried to completion. One may criticize her style, resent her constant qualification of the verbs 'to say,' 'to smile,' and 'to address.' Yet it has its effect. The style is culminative and, however rough the method, it is powerful."

The Independent's reviewer stands almost alone in thinking the work inferior to Miss Glasgow's previous works—"The Voice of the People," "The Battle Ground," "The Deliverance"—and sighs over the fact that "Life" is to our young women novelists so sorry a business. Says this reviewer:

"We are unwilling witnesses at the death of several souls and the birth of others, and which is the more painful of the two it would be hard to say. Perhaps the echoes of old loves and sins never sounded more harshly thru the strains of a pure love-idyl than in the crucial chapter of Laura's heart-history; but the suffering seems so useless and so hopeless, as the wheel of life turns now up, now down, with its living burden, and we sigh, as often before, for some fresh, sweet and happy presentment of the actual joy of living."

The *Springfield Republican* finds that Miss Glasgow does the big things best. Her hand still lacks the delicacy necessary for the finer touches, and she is weak in the matter of reality: "one gets but scantily the spontaneous conviction that these are real people speaking in their natural voices."

Another business novel comes to us, this time from the pen of Robert Barr. The hero of his novel* is, in the first chapter, a young station-

The Speculations of John Steele

master, and in the last chapter he is on the way to wed the richest woman in the world. Between the two chapters he is taken through many and thrilling experiences in the pursuit of wealth and the contests with "the octopus" of monopoly. His adventures in the world of speculative finance are characterized by the critics as "absorbing," "thrilling," etc., but the feeling is pretty general that when Mr. Barr undertakes to develop the sentimental side of his hero he falls down woefully. This love story, which, however, does not put in an appearance until the eleventh hour, is, according to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "phenomenal in its silliness," and, according to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "worse even than melodrama: it is 'yellow.'" But both

* THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

critics admit that the main part of the story is well worth reading. Says *The Bookman*:

"A well-known author has called the speculator the pirate of commerce, and Mr. Barr's book is a story of adventures as interesting as those of Captain Kidd, for it has been reserved for America to surround the business of money-getting with the varied incidents that make a book of this type as thrilling as a novel of adventure and lifts the hustle of commercial life into the domain of romance. John Steele is a type, not a character, and he is a fair example of that class of hustler which may be called typically American, in that no other country produces it."

A reviewer in *The Record-Herald* (Chicago) is enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Barr's style. For instance:

"From a purely dramatic point of view 'The Speculations of John Steele' is the most lively and absorbing series of episodes that I have read for some time. Not a line, not a word has the author wasted. If Herbert Spencer had only met it before he wrote 'The Philosophy of Style' he must have set it down as a superb example of economy of the reader's attention."

The Churchman (New York) is equally strong in condemnatory phrases. It calls the book "a fantastic tale of speculation and plunging," "a cold-blooded, sordid piece of work," in which "one finds nothing to respect."

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has given us a new novel,* which is an extravaganza, but a most delightful one. The

Princess Priscilla's Fortnight

princess, who is the heroine, hails from one of those kingdoms in the Old World which exist for the sole benefit of novelists and their readers. Her "fortnight" is spent incognito in a rural district in England whither she flees to escape the monotony of court life and marriage with a prince she has not met. She takes with her her maid and her father's old librarian, and the way in which the inexperience of the three and the beauty and charitable impulses of the princess disturb the simple life of the place is told with humor and with a skill that convinces one even of the most impossible things. When the money gives out, Annalise, the maid, reveals the whereabouts of the truants and the prince comes to claim his own. It is, the *Chicago Dial* thinks, "the most charming extravaganza imaginable," and the fortnight described is "all too brief for our enjoyment." The critic of the *London Academy* confesses that he has been "enchanted" against his reason. The author's qualities "lie outside the realm of sober argument," and when-

*THE PRINCESS PRISCILLA'S FORTNIGHT. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Charles Scribner's Sons.

ever the critic was torn from the book he "thought with pleasure and impatience of getting back to it." The *London Athenaeum* speaks in similar vein of the author's "ready wit and light handling," of the "astonishing adventures" of the characters, and sums the book up as "pure light-hearted comedy occasionally over-stepping the border-land of farce." Says the *New York Nation*:

"The characters, though overdrawn, are full of interest, especially the librarian, the princess, the hopelessly adoring squire and his mother, and the rescuing prince, while the description of the kind old vicar is the best passage in the book. As a travesty of the Simple Life the story is amusing and timely, and no one will quarrel with the moral as expressed towards the close."

A first book by a new writer is apt to receive words of generous praise, if at all worthy. Mr. Lawrence Mott is a new author, with a love for wild life and with the means (be-

Jules of the Great Heart

ing the scion of a wealthy family) to gratify it. His first novel* has received praise of the superlative degree. It is compared favorably even with the work of Jack London and Gilbert Parker. But the dialect in which much of it is written has given the critics some bad moments, being, in the opinion of *The Critic*, the thorniest dialect he (or she) has ever had to cope with. The story is Canadian, the dialect a French-English patois. The hero, Jules Verbaux, is a free trapper who fights against the Hudson Bay monopoly, and becomes "a kind of cross between Robin Hood and Leatherstocking." He is an outlaw, who eludes his pursuers time and again. His mercy to his enemies when he has them in his power wins him the title of "Great Heart." Here is what *The Reader Magazine* says of the hero:

"No other single character evolved for us out of the vast silences, the forest twilight, the winter storms, the fleeting summer beauty and the year-round loneliness and mystery of the great Canadian wilderness knocks at our hearts so unerringly as he. The atmosphere of the stories excites admiration; it is as good as Gilbert Parker's best."

The Critic calls the tale "strong, imaginative and picturesque," and Frederic Taber Cooper, writing in *The Bookman*, says:

"The sense of the cold and loneliness of northern forests, the pitiless cruelty of northern storms, is given with the same sort of strength that gave distinction to Jack London's early Alaska stories; and there is in addition a warm human quality, a suggestion of kindness and sympathetic heart beats, which is precisely the quality that has always been missing in the author of 'The Sea Wolf.'"

*JULES OF THE GREAT HEART. By Lawrence Mott. The Century Company.

The Story of the Lost Conscience

This allegorical little tale is by "the Juvenal of Russia"—M. I. Saltykov-Schedrin—and is translated for *CURRENT LITERATURE* from the Russian. The writer is less well known than some of his contemporaries outside Russia, but there he has created types some of which are known popularly in much the same way as those created by Dickens are known here. His literary activity began in the fifties. Toward the close of the eighties, the rigor of the censor made it necessary for him to master the style in which one thing is said and another meant, and his health broke under the strain. "Oh, this work of an author!" he exclaims. "It is not only pain; it is hell. The blood of the writer trickles down drop by drop. What have they not done with my work! Cut it, distorted it, declared publicly that I am a dangerous character!"

Conscience had disappeared. The people crowded the streets and theaters as before; pursued their occupations; enriched themselves; and no one seemed to notice that anything was missing, that one instrument in the concert of life had grown silent. Many felt even more robust and free, held their heads up higher, could now more readily dig pitfalls for their fellows and were better able to simulate, to flatter, to cringe, deceive, slander and denounce. All remorse vanished as if blown away by the wind; no sad reflections oppressed them; the present and the future stood open before them. The loss of Conscience was not at all felt.

It had disappeared quite suddenly. But yesterday, that borsome, importunate creature was continually bobbing up before one's eyes, and harrassing the heated imagination. Now it was suddenly gone, and with it the moral unrest, the worrying phantoms that always accompany the ever-censuring and damning Conscience. It was now possible to enjoy God's glorious world undisturbed, and the clever people recognized for the first time that they were freed from the last hindrance in the way of their ambitions. Of course they did not fail to make use of the opportunity thus offered them. People went amuck, plundering and robbing went on, right and left, and there was devastation everywhere.

Poor, bespattered, torn Conscience, meantime, lay in the street trampled upon by every passer-by. It was pushed aside like a useless rag, and those who saw it wondered why such a nasty-looking thing was tolerated on the most frequented street of the city—Heaven knows how long it would have lain there had not a drunken sot happened along who, in his intoxication, did not think it beneath his dignity to pick up this rag for which he hoped he might, perhaps, get a glass of whisky.

Straightway he felt something like an electric current pass through his body. He looked with a sad gaze before him; as the alcoholic vapors that

befogged his mind disappeared, the bitter recognition of the reality gradually asserted itself. At first he was seized with a dull sense of terror that made him fearful of some impending danger; then his memory began to stir and his imagination became active. From out the darkness of his sinful past his memory unsparingly dragged forth the recollection of his misdeeds, his infidelity and his indolence. His imagination reanimated this past, and the judge in him awoke.

His whole life now seemed to him like an unbroken chain of crime. He could neither justify nor defend himself. He was so greatly oppressed by the overwhelming evidence of his depravity that his voluntary self-condemnation was a more painful punishment than any human court could have imposed. He no longer solaced himself with the thought that the greater part of this past was chargeable not to himself, a poor, wretched drunkard, but to some mysterious, nebulous power at whose mercy he was, and by which he was tossed about like a frail blade of grass in the whirlwind. What, in fact, constituted his past? What was it that had made it his own and not someone else's? Why did he live it thus and not otherwise? What was he himself? Questions without end came which he faced helplessly, knowing no answer.

Alas! Awakened consciousness brought him neither peace nor hope; the tormenting Conscience showed him but one outlet—that of fruitless self-condemnation. Heretofore he had been surrounded by darkness; that same darkness still surrounded him, but now it was peopled with torturing specters. Before, heavy chains had dangled at his wrists; now they seemed to him doubly heavy. Futile tears ran down his face, and people stopped in front of him and said that the whisky had squeezed them out.

"Help! I cannot bear it any longer!" exclaimed the poor inebriate, and the crowd laughed and jeered. It did not know that the drunkard had never before been so sober.

"It is impossible to bear. I must get rid of it somewhere or I shall perish like a dog!" thought the poor drunkard, and he was about to throw Conscience away when he was hindered by a clerk of the court who had just then come along.

"Why, friend," he cried threateningly, "you want to spread about contaminated papers! Take care, or you will be 'pinched' for it."

The drunkard hid his package and walked off as quickly as he could. He looked about him carefully and edged up to the saloon of his old friend Prokhorich. He looked carefully through the window and when he saw the saloon-keeper all alone napping behind the bar, he opened the door, rushed in, and before Prokhorich knew it the fateful package was in his hands.

* * * * *

The saloon-keeper stood for a while with eyes wide open, then he began to perspire. It seemed to him, now, as if he was running a speak-easy, that he had no legal authority to keep a saloon; but he immediately convinced himself that he had the necessary license. Then he looked at the object in his hands and recognized it.

"Ha!" he cried. "That is the very same sort of thing that I had so much trouble in getting rid of before arranging my payments for duty and for license!"

Now it flashed upon him that he himself would be compelled to bring about his own financial ruin.

"It is an unpardonable meanness to drive this drink devil down poor people's throats!" whispered Conscience into his ear.

"Arina Ivanovna, wife!" he called, beside himself with fear.

Arina appeared, and as she perceived Conscience she screamed at the top of her voice: "Help! Robbers! Thieves!"

"Why must I now, on account of that drunken scoundrel, suddenly lose everything that I have?" thought Prokhorich.

Presently the saloon began to fill with people, but Prokhorich, instead of serving his customers with his usual amiability, not only hesitated to give them whisky but tried his utmost to convince them that drink is the source of the ruin of the poor.

"If you drank but one little glass, that might not be so bad," said he with tears in his eyes; "but you would rather drink a whole gallonful. And what is the consequence? You are dragged to the police-station, stripped of your clothes and given a whipping. Now, then, brother, think of it; is it worth while to strive for a thing of that

kind, and pay me, an old fool, money for it, besides?"

"What ails you, Prokhorich? You are clean daft," the guests retorted in astonishment.

"If you had fared as I have you would have lost your senses also. See here, what a treasure I have!"

Prokhorich showed everybody the conscience that so unexpectedly came into his possession and asked whether anybody wanted to have it. But when they saw the suspicious-looking thing no one wanted to take it; they turned away and drew back.

"But what are you going to do about it, Prokhorich?" asked the guests.

"There is nothing left for me to do but to die. I can no longer deceive and cheat, and I do not wish to drown the poor people in whisky. Hence, I must die."

"Quite right!" responded the guests with a mocking laugh.

"I should like," continued Prokhorich, "to break all the glasses and everything here, and let the whisky run out. For he who has become virtuous as myself can no longer bear the smell of alcohol; it fills him with disgust."

Although Arina steadfastly refused to allow him to break the glasses and let the whisky run out, not a drop of spirits was sold on that day. Toward the evening Prokhorich grew even cheerful and said to his weeping wife:

"Well, my dear, although we have made no money to-day, yet my heart feels lighter in the possession of a conscience." And, in truth, he did actually fall so fast asleep that he neither dreamed nor snored, as was his custom when he was making money.

But his wife was occupied with her thoughts. She was of opinion that a conscience could only result in loss and injury to a saloon-keeper. That uninvited guest had, therefore, to be got rid of at all hazards. With this purpose in her mind she lay awake the entire night, and as the first ray of daylight broke through the dust-covered window-panes, she stole Conscience from her sleeping husband and ran with it out into the street.

It happened to be a market-day. The peasants were coming with their carts from the villages. Police-Officer Lovetz was just then on his way to the market. When Arina saw him she was suddenly struck by a happy idea. She ran after the policeman and succeeded in slipping Conscience into his overcoat pocket.

* * * * *

Lovetz was not the worst type of police officer,

but he imposed no restraints on himself, and he thrust out his fangs in all directions. What his eyes saw and desired his hands readily stuck to. In short, he was an unscrupulous extortioner.

This personage suddenly began to feel an uneasiness never known to him before. It seemed to him as if everything he saw in the market-place belonged, not to him, but to somebody else. That had never happened before. He wiped his eyes and thought. "What can this mean? Have I grown stupid or am I dreaming?" He came up to a wagon and tried to thrust his hand into it, but his hand did not move; the same thing happened to him at another wagon. He wanted to seize a peasant by the beard, and give it a hard pull, but, wonderful to say, his hand refused the service.

He was frightened.

"What can have occurred to me?" thought he. "If this keeps up I shall go to the dogs pretty soon. I wonder if I had not better go home?"

He still had hopes, however, that this strange condition would pass, and he walked about through the market. Here and there he saw fowls and dainty bits of delicacies; but they only seemed to mock him and he did not venture to touch them.

When the peasants noticed that they grew bold and laughed and made fun of him.

"I must be sick, that's certain," Lovetz decided, and he went back home with empty hands.

On his arrival there his wife, who had expected him with full sacks, noticing his empty hands, exclaimed:

"Where are the sacks?"

"I must declare that my conscience—" Lovetz began to apologize.

"I ask you where have you left the sacks?"

"I must declare that my conscience—" he repeated.

"Well, then, you can wait with your conscience until the next market-day for your dinner!" decreed his wife.

Lovetz hung his head, for he knew that his wife kept her promises. He took off his overcoat, and suddenly felt like a changed man. Since Conscience now hung on the wall in his overcoat his heart was suddenly free and easy again, and he was convinced as before that there was nothing alien to him in the world, that everything belonged to him. His ability to grasp and snatch had again returned.

"Ha!" he cried, rubbing his hands, "now, gentlemen, you will not get rid of me so easily"; he put his overcoat on again and started to return to the market.

But marvel of marvels! his coat was scarcely

on his shoulders when he felt again the same hindrance. It seemed as if two persons dwelt in him: the one without the overcoat was shameless and greedy; the other with the overcoat, modest and diffident. Although Lovetz felt that he had again become tame he made up his mind to go to the market anyway, hoping that he might again succeed in subduing himself.

But the nearer he came to the market the more violently his heart began to beat and the more peremptorily the need asserted itself for him to live in peace with these poor people who, in order to earn a few pennies, had to expose themselves the whole day to the cold rain. To take away other people's sacks did not even occur to him; his own purse even became burdensome to him, and it seemed that the money in it did not belong to him but was other people's property.

"Here, brother, are fifteen kopeks," he said to a peasant, handing him a coin.

"But, sir, what for?"

"Because I insulted you once before. Forgive me, friend, for the sake of Christ!"

"Well, God will forgive you."

Thus he walked about the whole market-place distributing all his money. And now only he felt easy at heart, although he was likewise oppressed by disturbing thoughts.

"Surely, this must be a disease; I will go home, but I must take a number of beggars along with me in order to feed them."

No sooner thought than done. A numerous throng of beggars followed him and he led them to his court. Fedosya wrung her hands and waited to see what all this would come to. Lovetz approached her and said in a kind voice:

"Here, Fedosyuska, I have done your wish, and brought these poor folks along; feed them, in the name of our Lord."

But he had scarcely hung his coat on the wall when he was suddenly possessed by quite different sensations. He saw the crowd of beggars in the court.

"What is that mob doing here?" he cried, rushing out of the door.

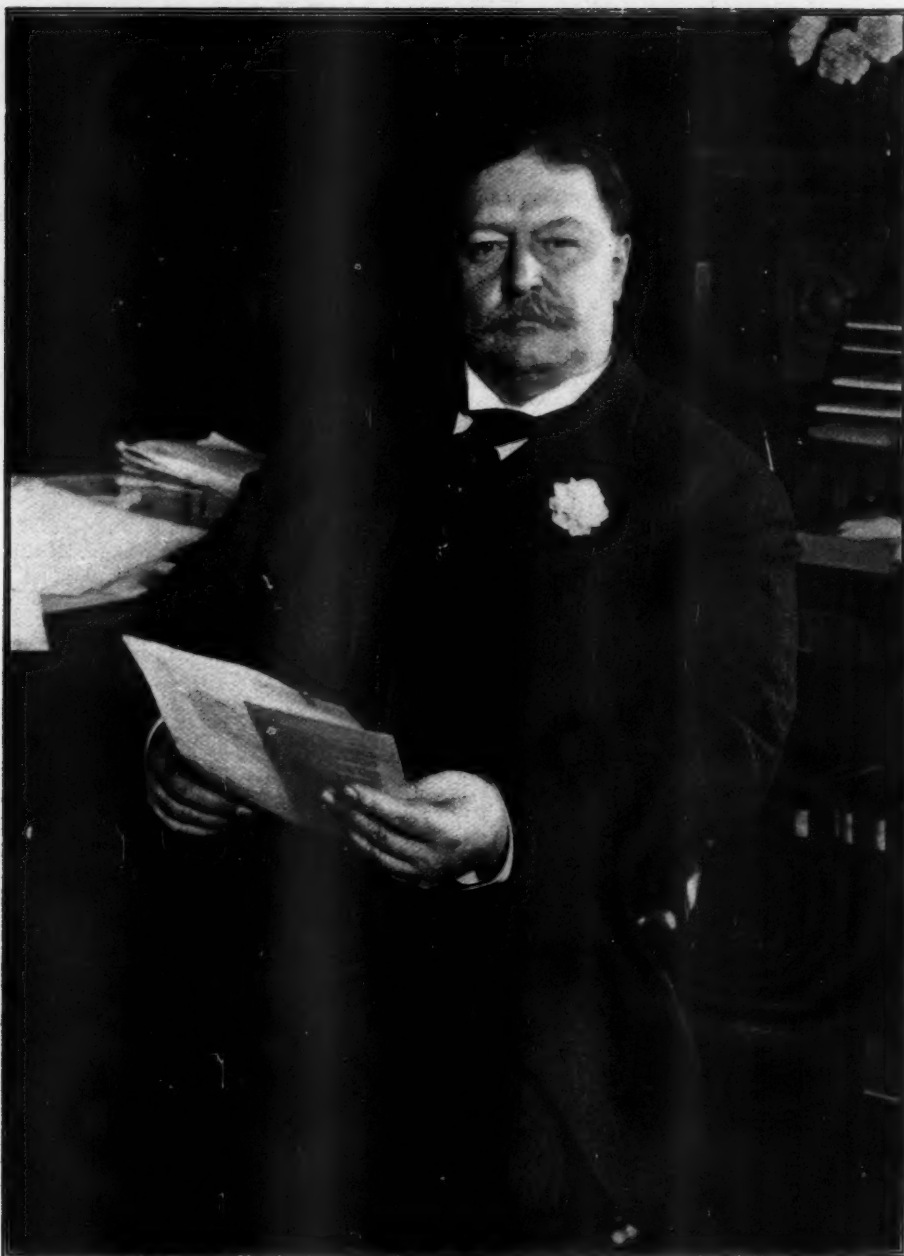
"What a question! Why, they are the poor people whom I am to feed!" retorted his wife bitterly.

"Drive them out! Beat them! Get out!" he cried in a rage and ran back into the house as if in a fit of insanity.

Long he pondered on what had happened to him. He had always been the right kind of a fellow, and an exemplary official, and now he had suddenly become a milksoap!

"Fedosya Petrovna, for Heaven's sake, do bind me, dear. I feel that I am doing things that I

Continued on second page following.



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THE SPOKESMAN OF THE ADMINISTRATION

A new picture of the Secretary of War, who has twice refused an appointment to the Supreme Court.
"Taft is a mighty hustler, but there is nothing 'strenuous,' as that word has been defined in later days, about him.
"He hustles calmly. He disposes of immense quantities of work with an air of beneficent leisure."